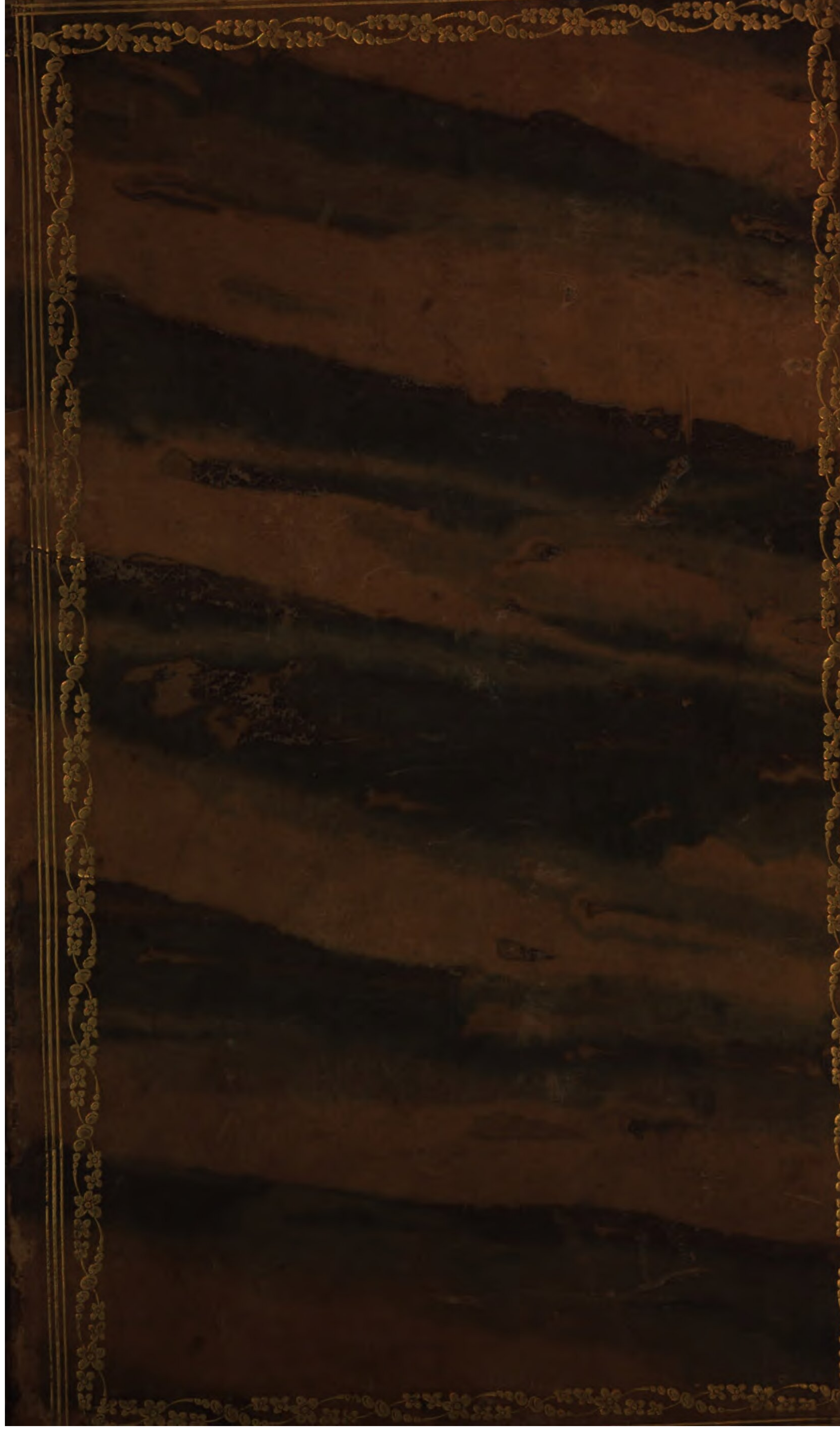


Elegant Extracts or useful and entertaining Pieces of Poetry selected for
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

IN

P O E T R Y.

ELEGANT EXTRA

Alex. Jones

Elegant Extracts:

OR,

useful and entertaining

PIECES of POETRY, (Book I. a. II)

Selected for the Improvement

Of Young Persons:

being similar in Design to

ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE.



Their's is the Sunshine of the Breast. — Gray.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Johnson, G. G. & J. Robinson, W. J. & J. Richardson, J. Sewell, F. & C. Rivington, R. Baldwin, R. Faulder, Ogilvy & Son, J. Cuthell, Clarke & Son, W. Lowndes, J. White, G. Wilkie, Cadell & Davies, J. Scatcherd, Longman & Rees, Murray & Highley, Verner & Hood, J. Walker, G. Kearsley, W. Miller, S. Bagster, T. Boosey, T. Kay, F. Wingrave, Wynne & Scholey, G. Cawthorne, Grosby & Letterman, J. Harding, T. Hurst, Lackington, Allen & Co., J. Nunn, Pote & Williams, D. Walker, J. Wallis & J. Mawman.



P R E F A C E.

SINCE Poetry affords young persons an innocent pleasure, a taste for it, under certain limitations, should be indulged. Why should they be forbidden to expatiate, in imagination, over the flowery fields of Arcadia, in Elysium, in the Isles of the Blest, and in the Vale of Tempe? The harmless delight which they derive from Poetry, is surely sufficient to recommend an attention to it, at an age when pleasure is the chief pursuit, even if the sweets of it were not blended with utility.

If indeed pleasure were the ultimate object of Poetry, there are some who, in the rigour of austere wisdom, would maintain that the precious days of youth might be more advantageously employed than in cultivating a taste for it. To obviate their objections, it is necessary to remind them, that Poetry has ever claimed the power of conveying instruction, in the most effectual manner, by the vehicle of pleasure.

There is reason to believe that many young persons of natural genius would have given very little attention to learning of any kind, if they had been introduced to it by books appealing only to their reason and judgment, and not to their fancy. Through the pleasant paths of Poetry they have been gradually led to the heights of science: they have been allured, on first setting out, by the beauty of the scene presented to them, into a delightful land flowing with milk and honey; where, after having been nourished like the infant from the mother's breast, they have gradually acquired strength enough to relish and digest the solidest food of philosophy.

This opinion seems to be confirmed by actual experience; for the greatest men, in every liberal and honourable profession, have given their early years to the charms of Poetry. Many of the most illustrious worthies in the church and in the state were allured to the land of learning by the song of the Muse; and they would perhaps have never entered it, if their preceptors had forbidden them to lend an ear. Of so much consequence is the study of Poetry in youth to the general advancement of learning.

And as to morals, "Poetry," in the words of Sir Philip Sydney, "doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect of the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, the Poet doth, as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music;—and with a tale;—he cometh unto you with a tale, *which holdeth children from play*, and old men from the chimney corner. Even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reasons they stand upon, yet will be contented to be delighted; which is all the good fellow Poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness; which seen they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a *medicine of cherries*."

Thus Poetry, by the gentle, yet certain method of allurements, leads both to learning and to virtue. I conclude, therefore, that under a few self-evident restrictions, it is properly addressed to all young minds, in the course of a liberal education.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that many sensible men, both in the world and in the schools of philosophy, have objected to an *early* study of it. They have thought that a taste for it interfered with an attention to what they call the MAIN CHANCE. *What poet ever fined for sheriff?* says Oldham. *It is seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold and silver in Parnassus*, says Mr. Locke. Such ideas have predominated in the exchange and in the warehouse; and, while they continue to be confined to those places, may perhaps, in some instances, be advantageous. But they ought not to operate on the mind of the gentleman, or the man of a liberal profession; and indeed there is no good reason to be given why the mercantile classes, at least of the higher order, should not amuse their leisure with any pleasures of polite literature.

That some object to the study of Poetry as a part of education, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that many, from want of natural sensibility, or from long habits of inattention to every thing but sordid interest, are totally unfurnished with faculties for the perception of poetical beauty. But shall we deny that the cowslip and violet possess a vivid colour and sweet fragrance, because the ox who fattens in the meadow tramples over them without perceiving either their hues or their odours? The taste of mankind, from China to Peru, powerfully militates against the opposers of Poetry.

Young

P R E F A C E.

Young minds have commonly a taste for Verse. Unseduced by the love of money, and unhacknied in the ways of vice, they are indeed delighted with nature and fact, though unembellished; because all objects with them have the grace of novelty: but they are transported with the charms of Poetry, where the sunshine of fancy diffuses over every thing the fine gloss, the rich colouring, of beautiful imagery and language. "Nature" (to cite Sir Philip Sydney again) "never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done, "neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling-flowers, nor "whatsoever may make the earth more lovely. The world is a *brazen world* "—the poets only deliver a GOLDEN; which whoever dislike, *the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of SWEETLY-UTTERED* "KNOWLEDGE."

It will be readily acknowledged, that ideas and precepts of all kinds, whether of morality or science, make a deeper impression when inculcated by the vivacity, the painting, the melody of poetical language. And what is thus deeply impressed will also long remain; for metre and rhyme naturally catch hold of the memory, as the tendrils of the vine cling round the branches of the elm.

Orpheus and Linus are recorded in fable to have drawn the minds of savage men to knowledge, and to have polished human nature, by Poetry. And are not Children in the state of nature? And is it not probable that Poetry may be the best instrument to operate on them, as it was found to be on nations in the savage state? Since, according to the mythological wisdom of the ancients, Amphion moved stones, and Orpheus brutes, by music and verse, is it not reasonable to believe, that minds which are dull, and even brutally insensible, may be penetrated, sharpened, softened, and irradiated, by the warm influence of fine Poetry?

But it is really superfluous to expatiate either on the delight or the utility of Poetry. The subject has been exhausted; and, whatever a few men of little taste and feeling, or of minds entirely sordid and secular, may object, such are the charms of the Goddess, such her powerful influence over the heart of man, that she will never want voluntary votaries at her shrine. The Author of Nature has kindly implanted in man a love of Poetry, to solace him under the labours and sorrows of life. A great part of the Scriptures is poetry and verse. The wise son of Sirach enumerates, among the most honourable of mankind, SUCH AS FOUND OUT MUSICAL TUNES, AND RECITED VERSES IN WRITING.

With respect to this Compilation, the principal subject of this Preface (but from which I have been seduced into a digression, by giving my suffrage in favour of the art I love)—if I should be asked what are its pretensions, I must

freely answer, that it professes nothing more than (what is evident at first sight) to be a larger Collection of English Verse, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, than has ever yet been published IN ONE VOLUME. The original intention was to comprise in it a great number and variety of such pieces as were already in use in schools, or which seemed proper for the use of them; such a number and variety as might furnish something satisfactory to every taste, and serve as a little Poetical Library for school-boys, precluding the inconvenience and expence of a multitude of volumes.

Such was the design of the Publication. The Editor can claim no praise beyond that of the design. The praise of ingenuity is all due to the Poets whose works have supplied the materials. What merit can there be in directing a famous and popular passage to be inserted from Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, and many others of less fame, indeed, but in great esteem, and of allowed genius? Their own lustre pointed them out, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. There was no occasion for singular acuteness of vision, or for optical glasses, to discover a brightness which obtruded itself on the eye. The best pieces are usually the most popular. They are loudly recommended by the voice of Fame; and her eulogy, when long continued, becomes an infallible guidance.

Utility and innocent entertainment are the sole designs of the Editor; and if they are accomplished, he is satisfied, and cheerfully falls back into the shade of obscurity. He is confident that the Book cannot but be useful and entertaining; but he is at the same time so little inclined to boast of his work, that he is ready to confess, that almost any man willing to incur a considerable expence, and undergo a little trouble, might have furnished as good a collection.

As taste will for ever differ, some may wish to have seen in it passages from some favourite, yet obscure poet, and some also from their own works; but it was the business of the Editor of a *school-book like this*, not to insert scarce and curious works, such as please *virtuoso readers*, chiefly from *their rarity*, but to collect such as were *publicly known and universally celebrated*. The more known, the more celebrated, the better they were adapted to this Collection; which is not designed, like the lessons of some dancing-masters, for *grown gentlemen*, but for *young learners only*; and it will readily occur to every one, that what is old to men and women, may be, and for the most part must be, *new to boys and girls receiving their education*. Private judgment, in a work like this, must often give way to public. Some things are inserted in this Volume, entirely in submissive deference to public opinion; which, when general and long continued,

is the least fallible test of merit in the fine arts, and particularly in Poetry. Whatever was found in previous collections, which experience had pronounced proper for schools, has been freely taken and admitted: the stamp of experience gave it currency. The freedom of borrowing, it is hoped, will be pardoned, as the collectors, with whom it has been used, first set the example of it.

It is unnecessary, and perhaps might be deemed impertinent, to point out the mode of using the Collection to the best advantage. It is evident that it may be used in schools either in recitation, transcription, the exercise of the memory, or in imitation. It furnishes an abundance of models, which are the best means of exciting genius. Such *Arts of Poetry* as those of Gildon, Byshe, Newbery, and their imitators, effect but little in the dry method of technical precept; and the young Poet, like the Sculptor, will improve most by working after a model. It is evident that this Collection may be usefully read at ENGLISH SCHOOLS, in the classes, just as the Latin and Greek authors are read at the grammar-schools, by explaining every thing grammatically, historically, metrically, and critically; and then giving a portion to be learned by memory. The Book, it is hoped, will be particularly agreeable and useful in the private studies of the amiable young student, whose first love is the love of the Muse, and who courts her in his summer's walk, and in the solitude of his winter retreat, or at the social domestic fire-side.

In the latter part many little pieces are admitted, mere *lusus poetici*, chiefly for the diversion of the student. They are, it must be confessed, no more than flowerets at the bottom of Parnassus; but it is hoped, that their admission will be approved, as they may gradually lead the scholar to ascend higher up the hill, who might have been deterred from approaching it if he had seen nothing in the first prospect, but the sublime, the solemn, and the sombrous.

The reader will have no cause to complain, if instead of *Extracts*, he often finds whole poems inserted. This has been done whenever it seemed consistent with the design, and could be done without *injustice*. In this matter, the opinion of those who must be supposed best qualified to give it, was asked and followed. The wish was to take nothing but what seemed to lie on the *common*, relinquished or neglected by the lord of the manor.

Though the Book is divided into Four Parts, yet the formality of regular and systematical arrangement of the component pieces, has not been strictly observed. Such compilations as these have not unfrequently been called garlands and nosegays: but in a garland or nosegay, who would place the tulips, the lilies, the pinks, and the roses in separate compartments? In so artificial a disposition, their beauty and fragrance would be less pleasing than if they were carelessly

mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety. I hope the analogy will hold: if not, I must throw myself in this, as I do in all other circumstances of this Publication, upon my Reader's indulgence. I expect not praise; but I confide in receiving pardon.

Perhaps the Reader will be the more inclined to extend it towards me, if I do not weary him with apologies. I will then conclude my preface with the ideas of Montaigne:—"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought
"nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

In every succeeding Edition a great variety of long and valuable Poems have been added, and the volume is consequently much enlarged.—If some mistakes have insinuated themselves, in consequence of the Editor's distance from the press, it is hoped they will be considered with candour, as they are certainly but trivial, and may be corrected by the Reader's own sagacity.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

TO THE

IMPROVED EDITION.

To the above general Preface the Editor has only to add, that in this new Impression he has made very considerable Improvements and Additions: particularly, by a new and copious Selection from Young's Night Thoughts, with appropriate Titles prefixed to each Extract; by the insertion of Poems and Extracts from Churchill, Soame Jenyns, Langborne, Akenfide, and several recent Authors of distinguished merit; and by the introduction of many ludicrous and ingenious Pieces of the Lyric and Epigrammatic kind, designed to add to the Amusement of the Young Reader, after the Study of graver, longer, and more finished Compositions.

The favourable Reception and long continued Approbation of this Collection cannot but give Satisfaction to the Editor, who, while he sees it placed, as it is, in the hands of ingenuous Youth, of both Sexes, throughout this extended Empire, has the happiness to reflect that he has been humbly instrumental in sowing, in the vernal season, the Seeds of Taste, Knowledge and Virtue, wherever the English Language is cultivated.

He hopes also that he has contributed to mingle Roses with the Thorns of Life, and to sweeten the Bitterness of the Cup, by infusing into it the Sweets of Poesy.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Address to the Deity.* THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD
SUPREME!

O teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss! [pure;

§ 2. *Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call upon
all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in
extolling their common Maker.* MILTON.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies.

And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

§ 3. *On the Deity.* Mrs. BARBAULD.

I READ God's awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see,
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;

B

In

In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul:
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws
nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

§ 4. *Hymn on Gratitude.* ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.
Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

§ 5. *Hymn on Providence.* ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

§ 6. *Another Hymn, from the beginning of the 19th Psalm.* ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

§ 7. *Another Hymn.* Mrs. ROWE.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.
But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!
Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature every where around
Displays thy excellence!
The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.
The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the East its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.
The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whispers own, from Thee
Their pleasing odours come.
The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murmur'ing fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause
With diff'rent voices call.
Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No; rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee!

§ 8. *Another Hymn.* Mrs. ROWE.

THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space:
Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:
Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd:

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:
Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung:
Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life!
Thy glory, was the same.
And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;
When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;
For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

§ 9. *Another Hymn, from Psalm 148th.* OGILVIE.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.
Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry lift'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.
Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said;
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.
Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:

Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice:

Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise:

Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise

To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:

Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:

Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

§ 10. *Psalms 4th.* MERRICK.

DEFENDER of my rightful cause,
While anguish from my bosom draws
The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless pray'r,
O make thy servant still thy care.
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
To aid again, entreated, yield.
How long, ye sons of pride, how long
Shall falsehood arm your impious tongue,
And erring rage your breast inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame?
To God my heart shall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his blessings to bestow
On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.

Him wouldst thou please? With rev'rend awe
Observe the dictates of his Law:

In secret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy restless mind,
Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die.
With purest gifts approach his shrine,
And safe to Him thy care resign.

I hear a hopeless train demand,
"Where's now the wish'd Deliv'rer's hand?"

Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
And let thy presence from on high
In full effusion o'er our head
Its all-enlivening influence shed.

What joy my conscious heart o'erflows!
Not such th' exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long expecting eyes
The vintage and the harvests rise,
And, shadowing wide the cultur'd soil,
With full requital crown his toil.
My weary eyes in sleep I close,
My limbs, secure, to rest compose;
For Thou, great God, shalt screen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed.

§ 11. *Psalms 5th.* MERRICK.

THE words that from my lips proceed,
My thoughts (for Thou those thoughts canst
My God, my King, attentive weigh, [read,])
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.

With earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
To Thee my soul shall pour its pray'r,
And, ere the dawn has streak'd the sky,
To Thee direct its longing eye:
To Thee, whom nought obscur'd by stain
Can please; whose doors to feet profane
Inexorable stand; whose Law
Offenders from thy sight shall awe.
Let each whose tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who lessons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirsts a brother's blood to shed,
Thy hate and heaviest vengeance dread.
But I, whose hope thy Love supports,
(How great that Love!) will tread thy courts,
My knees in lowliest rev'rence bend,
And tow'rd thy shrine my hands extend.

Do thou, just God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hostile snare;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my steps thy way.
Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
Of falsehood and of guilt compos'd:
Their throat a sepulchre displays,
Deep, wide, insatiate; in their praise
Lurks flatt'ry, and with specious art
Belies the purpose of their heart.
O let the mischiefs they intend
Retorted on themselves descend,
And let thy wrath correct their sin,
Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win.
May all whose trust on Thee is plac'd
Peace and delight perpetual taste,
Sav'd by thy care, in songs of joy
Their ever grateful voice employ,

And

And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
Who love the name of *Jacob's* God.
To each who bears a guiltless heart,
Thy grace its blessings shall impart;
Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid
Around him casts its cov'ring shade.

§ 12. *Psalms 6th.* MERRICK.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
With pitying eye my weakness view,
Heal my vex'd soul, my strength renew;
And O, if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
Return, great God, return, and save
Thy servant from the greedy grave.
Shall Death's long-silent tongue, O say,
The records of thy pow'r display,
Or pale Corruption's startled ear
Thy praise within its prison hear?
By languor, grief, and care oppress'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breast,
And tears, in large profusion shed,
Incessant lave my sleepless bed.
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year,
(While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hostile storms invade my soul,)
Relentless from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health erase,
And spread before my wasting sight
The shades of all-obscuring night.

Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,
Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With shame their vain attempts forego,
And, struck with horror from on high,
In wild disorder backward fly.

§ 13. *Psalms 8th.* MERRICK.

IMMORTAL King! Through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends.
From infants Thou canst strength upraise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise:
By these the vengeance-breathing Foe
Thy mightier terrors taught to know,
In mute astonishment shall stand,
And bow beneath thy conqu'ring hand.
When, rapt in thought, with waketul eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have spread;
The silent Moon, with waxing horn
Along th' ethereal region borne;
The Stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round,
Lord! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share;
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?

His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them see,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
Subjected to his feet by Thee,
To Him all Nature bows the knee;
The beasts in him their Lord behold;
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
The savage race, a countless train,
That range at large th' extended plain,
The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky,
And all the wat'ry tribes, that glide
Through paths to human sight deny'd.
Immortal King! Through Earth's wide frame,
How great thy honour, praise, and name!

§ 14. *Psalms 23d.* MERRICK.

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy Charge,
And my couch with tend'rest care
Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that still and flow
Through the verdant meadow flow.
He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread;
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wish I see
By thy rod and staff supplied;
This my guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown:
Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows;
For thy Love no limit knows.
Constant, to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallow'd Dome
Yield me an eternal home.

§ 15. *Psalms 122d.* MERRICK.

1.
THE festal Morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd Dome
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy Courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.
Ev'n now to our transported eyes
Fair *Sion's* tow'rs in prospect rise;
Within her gates we stand,
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy Sons unite
In friendship's firmest band.

3.
Hither from *Judah's* utmost end
The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend;
Their off'rings hither bring;
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

4.
By his Command impell'd, to Her
Contending Crowds their cause refer;
While Princes from her Throne,
With equal doom, th' unerring Law
Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
From *Jesse's* favour'd Son.

5.
Be Peace by Each implor'd on thee,
O *Salem*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob's* God we pray:
How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

6.
O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May Plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand
Distribute all her store.

7.
Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
To bid'st thy lov'd abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansion of my God?

§ 16. *Hymn to Cheerfulness—The Author being sick.* DR. AKENSIDE.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire!
—Alas, in vain I try within
To raise the dull, dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.
Is there in Nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come, CHEERFULNESS, triumphant fair,
Shine through the painful cloud of care;
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen!
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Attune my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.
As once ('twas in *Astrea's* reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,

It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye,
The year's returning pomp to spy:
He saw the radiant God of day
Lead round the globe the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels *Aurora* pass'd,
And *Hesper's* golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
All gay with smiles, to see below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heav'n design'd
To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever chance or nature brings
To strain the tuneful poize within,
And disarrange the sweet machine;
Thou, goddess, with a master-hand
Dost each attemper'd key command,
Refine the soft and swell the strong,
Till all is concord, all is song.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
Deform the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother rises to the friend:
By thee their board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound,
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And evening-hours in peace decline.

Behold the youth, whose trembling heart
Beats high with love's unpitied smart;
Tho' now he strays by rills and bowers,
And weeping wears the lonely hours;
Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Shames the soft story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease,
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again;
And may the votive lay disclose
How much to thy fair aid she owes!
See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
How pure the stores of fancy shine;

Hark,

Hark, when thy breath her song impels,
How full the tuneful current swells.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Instruct the nightly strains of Y——;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy myrtles crown'd the * Lesbian meads;
Thy voice awak'd † Sicilian reeds;
Thy breath perfumes the ‡ Teian rose,
And Tiber's vine spontaneous flows,
While Horace wantons in thy quire;
The gods and heroes of the lyre.

See where the pale, the sick'ning sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert-scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell,
Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps arise,
And gathering storms involve the skies;
He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole;
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by ev'ry horrid sound,
He pants to traverse nature's ways:
His evils haunt him thro' the maze:
He views ten thousand demons rise,
To wield the empire of the skies,
And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
And Malice blots the throne of God.
—O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till Nature wears her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds in discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues the hostile forms to rest,
And bids the universe be blest.

O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace corroding care.
But most exert thy genial power
On friendship's consecrated hour:
And while my Agis leads the road
To fearless wisdom's high abode;
Or, warm in freedom's sacred cause,
Pursues the light of Grecian laws;
Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
With all thy garlands, all thy smiles,
But if, by fortune's stubborn sway
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,

Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent, tender themes
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear;
Yet leave that charming sense of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

§ 17. *The 8th Psalm translated.*

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

O KING eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heavens thy throne.
How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws;
The tongue that never spoke before,
Shall labour in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd;

Who in their dance attend the Moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light:

Lord! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard should share?
What is his son, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care?

Next to the blest Angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd
To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign;
The flocks that through the valley stray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his superior might,
The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their king at awful distance dread,
And sullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim;
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

§. 18. *Psalm the 24th paraphrased.* PITT.

AS the world can stretch its bounds
The Lord is king of all,
His wondrous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.

* Alcæus and Sappho.

† Theocritus

‡ Anacreon.

For he within the gloomy deeps
 Its dark foundations cast,
 And rear'd the pillars of the earth
 Amid the watery waste.
 Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,
 And see Jehovah there?
 Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe
 The sacrifice of prayer?
 He only whose unfully'd soul
 Fair virtue's paths has trod,
 Who with clean hands and heart regards
 His neighbour and his God.
 On him shall his indulgent Lord
 Diffusive bounties shed;
 From God his Saviour shall descend
 All blessings on his head.
 Of those who seek his righteous ways
 Is this the chosen race,
 Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,
 And flourish in his grace.
 Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
 With hasty reverence rise;
 Ye everlasting doors, who guard
 The passes of the skies,
 Swift from your golden hinges leap,
 Your barriers roll away,
 Now throw your blazing portals wide,
 And burst the gates of day.
 For see! the King of Glory comes
 Along th' ethereal road:
 The cherubs through your folds shall bear
 The triumphs of their God.
 Who is this great and glorious King?
 Oh! 'tis the Lord, whose might
 Decides the conquest, and suspends
 The balance of the fight.
 Lift up your stately heads, ye doors!
 With hasty reverence rise;
 Ye everlasting doors! who guard
 The passes of the skies.
 Swift from your golden hinges leap,
 Your barriers roll away,
 Now throw your blazing portals wide,
 And burst the gates of day;
 For see! the King of Glory comes
 Along th' ethereal road:
 The cherubs through your folds shall bear
 The triumphs of their God.
 Who is this great and glorious King?
 Oh! 'tis the God, whose care
 Leads on his Israel to the field,
 Whose power controuls the war.

§ 19. *Psalm 29th.* PITT.

YE mighty princes, your oblations bring,
 And pay due honours to your awful King;
 His boundless power to all the world proclaim,
 Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.
 For hark! his voice, with unresisted sway,
 Rules and controuls the raging of the sea;

Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
 And in their watery cavern awes the deeps:
 Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
 Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.
 The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,
 And Lebanon is left without a shade.
 See! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
 And fly for shelter from the thundering God:
 Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
 And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.
 His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
 Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.
 Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,
 With all his Savages the desert shakes.
 At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
 And in the lonely forest drop their young;
 While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
 His glorious honours, and adore his name.
 High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
 He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey:
 He reigns o'er all; for ever lasts his power,
 Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more.
 With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,
 And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

§ 20. *Psalm 46th paraphrased.* PITT.

ON God we build our sure defence,
 In God our hope repose:
 His hand protects us in the fight,
 And guards us from our woes.
 Then, be the Earth's unwieldy frame
 From its foundation hurl'd,
 We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
 The ruins of the world.
 What though the solid rocks be rent,
 In tempests whirl'd away?
 What though the hills should burst their roots,
 And roll into the sea?
 Thou Sea, with dreadful tumults swell,
 And bid thy waters rise
 In furious surges, till they dash
 The flood-gates of the skies.
 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
 Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
 Whose soft and silver streams refresh
 The City of our God.
 Within the proud delighted waves
 The wanton turrets play;
 The streams lead down their humid train,
 Reluctant to the sea.
 Amid the scene the temple floats,
 With its reflected towers,
 Gilds all the surface of the flood,
 And dances to the shores.
 With wonder see what mighty power
 Our sacred Sion cheers,
 Lo! there amidst her stately walls,
 Her God, her God appears.
 Fixt on her basis we shall stand,
 And, innocently proud,
 Smile on the tumults of the world,
 Beneath the wings of God.

See!

See! how their weakness to proclaim,
 The heathen tribes engage!
 See! how with fruitless wrath they burn,
 And impotence of rage!
 But God has spoke; and lo! the world,
 His terrors to display,
 With all the melting globe of earth,
 Drops silently away.
 Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
 Securely we resort;
 For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
 Our succour and support.
 Hither, ye numerous nations, crowd,
 In silent rapture stand,
 And see o'er all the earth display'd
 The wonders of his hand.
 He bids the din of war be still,
 And all its tumults cease;
 He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
 The harmony of peace.
 He breaks the rough reluctant bow,
 He bursts the brazen spear,
 And in the crackling fire his hand
 Consumes the blazing car.
 Hear then his formidable voice,
 "Be still, and know the Lord:
 "By all the heathen I'll be fear'd;
 "By all the earth ador'd."
 Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
 Securely we resort;
 For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
 Our succour and support.

§ 21. *Psalms 90th paraphrased.* PITT.

THY hand, O Lord, through rolling years
 Has sav'd us from despair,
 From period down to period stretch'd
 The prospects of thy care.
 Before the world was first conceiv'd,
 Before the pregnant earth
 Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
 Who struggled to their birth;
 Eternal God! thy early days
 Beyond duration run,
 Ere the first race of fleeting time
 Was measur'd by the Sun.
 We die; but future nations hear
 Thy potent voice again,
 Rise at the summons, and restore
 The perish'd race of man.
 Before thy comprehensive sight
 Duration fleets away;
 And rapid ages on the wing
 Fly swifter than a day.
 As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
 Eternity explore,
 The longest æra is a night;
 A period is an hour.
 We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
 Our fancy'd beings leave,

Rous'd from the flattering dream of life,
 To sleep within the grave.
 Swift from their barrier to their goal
 The rapid moments pass,
 And leave poor man, for whom they run,
 The emblem of the grass.
 In the first morn of life it grows,
 And lifts its verdant head;
 At noon decays, at evening dies,
 And withers in the mead.
 We in the glories of thy face,
 Our secret sins survey,
 And see how gloomy those appear,
 How pure and radiant they.
 To death as our appointed goal
 Thy anger drives us on;
 To that full period fix'd at length
 This tale of life is done.
 With winged speed, to stated bounds
 And limits we must fly,
 While seventy rolling suns complete
 Their circles in the sky.
 Or if ten more around us roll,
 'Tis labour, woe, and strife,
 Till we at length are quite drawn down
 To the last dregs of life.
 But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
 Though dreadful and severe?
 That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
 Is equal to his fear.
 So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
 And eye their constant race,
 To measure what we want in time,
 By wisdom, and by grace.
 With us repent, and on our hearts
 Thy choicest graces shed,
 And shower from thy celestial throne
 Thy blessings on our head.
 Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
 And come without delay;
 Then our whole course of life will seem
 One glad triumphant day.
 Now the blest years of joy restore,
 For those of grief and strife,
 And with one pleasant drop allay
 This bitter draught of life.
 Thy wonders to the world display,
 Thy servants to adorn,
 That may delight their future sons,
 And children yet unborn;
 Thy beams of Majesty diffuse,
 With them thy great commands,
 And bid prosperity attend
 The labours of our hands.

§ 22. *Psalms 144th paraphrased.* PITT.

MY soul, in raptures rise to bless the Lord,
 Who taught my hands to draw the fatal sword,
 Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
 In the first ranks of death, and front of war.

He

He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,
And mow the glorious harvest of the field.
By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I pass'd,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle

In him my hopes I centre and repose, [waste.
He guards my life, and shields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade:
Against all hostile violence and power,
He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my sway,
And teach my willing subjects to obey.

Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he should thus thy secret counsels share?
Or what his son, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his measure but a span?
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.

Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein;
Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and so great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
'The folding skies shall tremble to the poles:
Heaven's gaudy Axle with the world shall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.

Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills ex-
Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire; [pire
On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy sky.

Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heaven thy bright abode,
And shield me from my foes, whose towering pride
Lowers like a storm, and gathers like a tide:
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blasphemy, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane;
They plead their boasted innocence in vain.

Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the sacred numbers of my song:
To thee my Muse shall consecrate her lays,
And every note shall labour in thy praise;
The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.

Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;
And snatch'd thy servant in the last despair
From all the rising tumult of the war.

Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,
Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by fostering showers arise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies:
That our chaste daughters may their charms
display,

Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they.

Pil'd up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burst with all the Seasons of the Year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every street.
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd summer home.
Oh! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,
To stain our triumphs with the tears of woe.

Blest is the nation, how sincerely blest!
Of such unbounded happiness possest,
To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

§ 23. *The 3d Chapter of Job.* PITT.

JOB curs'd his birth, and bade his curses flow,
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe:
Lost be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and struggling from the womb;
Whose beams with such malignant lustre shone,
Whence all my years in anxious circles run.

Lost be that night in undetermin'd space,
And veil with deeper shades her gloomy face,
Which crowded up with woes this slender span,
While the dull mass rose quick'ning into man.

O'er that curs'd day let sable darkness rise,
Shroud the blue vault, and blacken all the skies;
May God o'erlook it from his heavenly throne,
Nor rouse from sleep the sedentary sun,
O'er its dark face to shed his genial ray,
And warm to joy the melancholy day.

May the clouds frown, and livid poisons breathe,
And stain heaven's azure with the shade of death.

May ten-fold darkness from that dreadful
night

Seize and arrest the straggling gleams of light;
To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
Still be it banish'd from the train of time;
Nor in the radiant list of months appear,
To stain the shining circle of the year:

There through her dusky range may silence
roam,

There may no ray, no glimpse of gladness come;
No voice to cheer the solitary gloom.

May every star his gaudy light with-hold,
Nor through the vapour shoot his beamy gold;
Nor let the dawn with radiant skirts come on,
Tipp'd with the glories of the rising sun;
Because that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
Nor seal'd the dark recesses of the womb.

To that original my ills I owe;
Heir of affliction, and the son of woe.

Oh! had I died unexercis'd in pain,
And wak'd to life, to sleep in death again!

Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
And give me back to my congenial earth?

Why was I, when an infant, sooth'd to rest,
Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breast?

For now the grave would all my cares compose,
Conceal my sorrows, and inter my woes:

There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
Safe had I slumber'd in the arms of peace;

There with the mighty kings, who lie in roll'd
In clouds of incense, and in beds of gold:

There

There with the princes, who in grandeur shone,
And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne,
Afflicted Job an equal rest must have,
And share the dark retirement of the grave;
Or as a shapeless embryo seek the tomb,
Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
Ere motion's early principle began,
Or the dim substance kindled into man. [cease,

There from their monstrous crimes the wicked
Their labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
There blended sleep the coward and the brave;
Stretch'd with his lord, the undistinguish'd slave
Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.

An equal lot the mighty victor shares,
And lies amidst the captives of his wars;
With his, those captives mingle their remains,
The same in death, nor lessen'd by their chains.
Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
Why curs'd to bear the painful light of day?
O! with what joy the wretches yield their breath,
And pant in bitterness of soul for death!
As a rich prize the distant bliss they crave,
And find the glorious treasure in the grave.
Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief
To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
And drawn the line of miseries around?

When nature calls for aid, my sighs intrude,
My tears prevent my necessary food:
Like a full stream o'ercharg'd my sorrows flow,
In bursts of anguish, and a tide of woe;
For now the dire affliction which I fled,
Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
My terrors still the phantom view'd, and wrought
The dreadful image into every thought:
At length pluck'd down, the fatal stroke I feel,
And lose the fancy'd in the real ill.

§ 24. *The 25th Chapter of Job paraphrased.*

PITT.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur still,
And stand on terms with his Creator's will?
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven?
With reason's line the boundless distance scan?
Oppose Heaven's awful majesty to man?
To what a length his vast dimensions run!
How far beyond the journeys of the sun!
He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
Fix'd and sustain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th' ethereal plains the myriads rise,
And pour their flaming ranks along the skies:
From their bright arms incessant splendors stream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulphs of undulating air:
For man he taught the glorious sun to roll
From his bright barrier to his western goal.

How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
Plead with his judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come
Unstain'd from sin, untingur'd from the womb?

The Lord, from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe regards the silver moon.
Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train;
Dim are the brightest splendors of the sky;
And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
This short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boast, [dust.
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the

§ 25. *The Song of Moses in the Fifteenth Chapter of Exodus, paraphrased.* PITT.

THEN to the Lord the vast triumphant throng
Of Israel's sons, with Moses, rais'd the song.
To God our grateful accents will we raise,
And every tongue shall celebrate his praise:
Behold display'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waste!
How did his power the steeds and riders sweep
Ingulph'd in heaps, & whelm'd beneath the deep?
Whom should we fear, while he, heaven's awful
Unsheaths for Israel his avenging sword? [Lord,
His outstretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and sav'd us in the last despair:
His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
Unbound our shackles, and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our father's God, we'll rear
A sacred temple, and adore him there
With vows and incense, sacrifice and prayer.

The Lord commands in war: his matchless
might

Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to storm.
His name, O Israel, heaven's eternal Lord,
For ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.

When to the fight, from Egypt's fruitful soil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile;
The Lord o'erthrew the courier and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th' encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the sea:
The chiefs, and steeds, and warriors whirl'd
around,

Lay 'midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.
Who shall thy power, thou mighty God, with-
stand,

And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror rose,
To crush that day thy proud Egyptian foes.
Struck by that hand, their drooping squadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
Soon as thy anger charg'd with vengeance came,
They sunk like stubble crackling in the flame.

At

At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd,
And a still silence lulls the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the crystal ridges strike the skies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and seas o'er seas arise.
Around in heaps the listening surges stand,
Mute and observant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rous'd from the secret chambers of the main.

With savage joy the sons of Egypt cry'd,
(Vast were their hopes, and boundless was their pride)
Let us pursue those fugitives of Nile,
This servile nation, and divide the spoil;
And spread so wide the slaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a stronger red the blushing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hosts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring sword!

As thus the yawning gulf the boasters pass'd,
At thy command rush'd forth the rapid blast.
Then, at the signal given, with dreadful sway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring sea;
And now the disentangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled surges to the war;
Till her proud sons astonish'd Egypt found
Cover'd with billows, and in tempests drown'd.

What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppose his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confess their fear and shame;
The world attends thy absolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the swelling sea,
The conscious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the surges sweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our servile toil,
And each insulting tyrant of the Nile:
Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Egypt's realms, to Canaan's sacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their
God,

To smooth the way, and clear the dreadful road.
The distant kingdoms shall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philistines shall confess their fear;
Thy fame shall over Edom's princes spread,
And Moab's kings, the universal dread;
While the vast scenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the bravest heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan shall shrink, and tremble for his sons:
Till thou hast Jacob from his bondage brought,
At such a vast expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and blest abodes,
Led through the dark recesses of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes shall proud Moriah rise,
And rear his summit nearer to the skies.

Through ages, Lord, shall stretch thy bound-
less power,
Thy throne shall stand when time shall be no more:
For Pharaoh's steeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the sandy plain:
While in the dreadful road, and desert way,
The shining crowds of gasping fishes lay:

Till, all around with liquid toils beset,
The Lord swept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his secret chain, [main.
And on each hand discharg'd the thundering
The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the solid billows stood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the blest race to promis'd Canaan pass'd
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

§ 26. *The 139th Psalm paraphrased.* PITT.

O DREAD Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of dust: Thy stretching sight
Surveys th' harmonious principles, that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask, and animated mass of clay.
Nor are the prospects of thy wondrous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labours with th' ideal birth.
Where'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen, thy sov'reign presence guards my sleep,
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my soul, and softens my repose.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound;
Before imagination stands display'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into life: through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But such exalted knowledge leaves below,
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.

In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th' unfathomable depth: his bark
O'ersets, and founders in the vast abyss.
Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy Spirit, and out-fly [spread,
Its influence, which, with brooding wings out-
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound?

If mounted on my tow'ring thoughts I climb
Into the heaven of heavens, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majesty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine
Throng'd with the prostrate Seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance! If I plunge

Down

Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the scenes
Of complicated wrath: I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.

If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Upborne, with indefatigable course
I seek the glowing borders of the east,
Where the bright sun, emergent from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there thy hand
Shall thro' the watery desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,
And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes
As fond as false, the darkness I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling shade,
Vain were the thought; for thy unbounded ken
Darts thro' the thick'ning gloom, and pries thro'
The palpable obscure. Before thy eyes [all
The vanquish'd night throw off her dusky shroud,
And kindles into day: the shade and light
To man still various, but the same to thee.
On thee is all the structure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the silent womb
Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my birth; [there;
Yet, Lord, thy outstretch'd arm preserv'd me
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours; for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of existence. Hence I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terror and delight; and, wrapt in both,
I startle at myself. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viscous parts,
But blended with th' unanimated mass,
Thy eye distinctly view'd; and, while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The first faint dawn of life, with ease survey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active seeds,
Just kindling to existence, and beheld
My substance scarce material. In thy book
Was the fair model of this structure drawn,
Where every part, in just connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious piece,
Ere the dim speck of being learn'd to stretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler space.
How dear, how rooted in my inmost soul,
Are all thy counsels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! the sum
So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers; and outflies
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd: [shores,
Less numerous are the sands that crow'd the
The barriers of the ocean. When I rise
From my soft bed, and softer joys of sleep,
I rise to thee. Yet lo! the impious flight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the sons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy ling'ring thunder which withholds
Its forked terrors from their guilty heads? [fly
Thou great tremendous God!—Avaunt, and

All ye who thirst for blood!—for swollen with pride,
Each haughty wretch blasphemest thy sacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majesty. Thy foes I hate
Worse than my own. O Lord! explore my soul!
See if a flaw or stain of sin infects
My guilty thoughts; then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

§ 27. *An Hymn to the Supreme Being. An Imitation of the 104th Psalm.* BLACKLOCK.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?* HOR.

ARISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless
space confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on
Unnumber'd hosts, of radiant heralds fly [high,
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe:
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

Here

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's
pride,

Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.

Wide o'er the heav'n's the various bow he bends;
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.

Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.

Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding
With artful toil their little domes prepare; [air,
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the
rising care.

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid coneys scour the plains below,
Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their
frighted prey.

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes:
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

"Hail sov'reign goodness! all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number, and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who, with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"

Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pur-
sue,

Unbounded goodness rises to my view;

Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.

The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle! and, in his way,
Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea:
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious
pride,

The volley'd lightning, and the surging tide;
And while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

But, if one moment thou thy face shouldst
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd, [hide,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.

But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray;
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's
praise.

When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey:
Pleas'd thou beholdst the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame;
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;

From

From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.
When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its
To the deep bosom of eternal night, [flight
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

§ 28. *Another Hymn.* ANON.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.
Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.
Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!
Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.
For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.
In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

§ 29. *Another Hymn.* ANON.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?
If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

§ 30. *A Hymn on the Seasons.* THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force di-
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train, [vine,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes;
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!

And

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th'astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
 Th'impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
 So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! blest image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
 Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles;
 At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heav'n.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray
 Rustles the plain; *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
 From *seeming evil* still educating good,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

§ 31. *Hymn to Humanity.* LANGHORNE.

1.
PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
 Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
 If now the pity-streaming tear
 Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
 Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

2.
 Come, ever welcome to my breast!
 A tender, but a cheerful guest.
 Nor always in the gloomy cell
 Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
 For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
 Is to Humanity a foe;
 And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
 Wears Sensibility away.
 Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
 The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

3.
 O may that fiend be banish'd far,
 Though passions hold eternal war!
 Nor ever let me cease to know
 The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
 Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
 When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
 Nor may the tear that frequent flows
 From private or from social woes,
 E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
 Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

4.
 If the fair star of fortune smile,
 Let not its flattering power beguile;
 Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
 My full sails swell with bloating pride.
 Let me from wealth but hope content,
 Remembering still it was but lent;
 To modest merit spread my store,
 Unbar my hospitable door;
 Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
 While want unpitied pines in vain.

5.
 If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
 The envied lot of wealth denies;
 If doom'd to drag life's painful load
 Through poverty's uneven road,
 And, for the due bread of the day,
 Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
 To thee, Humanity, still true,
 I'll wish the good I cannot do;
 And give the wretch, that passes by,
 A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

6. How-

6.
Howe'er exalted, or depressed,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.
Alike, the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

7.
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd—and forgot its power to save—
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

8.
It comes: It fills my labouring breast,
I feel my beating heart oppress'd.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

9.
Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

10.
Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

§ 32. *The ENLARGEMENT of the MIND.*
LANGHORNE.

EPISTLE I. *To General Craufurd. Written at Belvidere 1756.*

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wide wish embraces human kind?
All pride of sects, all party zeal above,
Whose Priest is Reason, and whose God is Love;
Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art—
Where is the man, so welcome to my heart?

The fightless herd sequacious, who pursue
Dull Folly's path, and do as others do,
Who look with purblind prejudice and scorn,
On different sects, in different nations born,
Let us, my Craufurd, with compassion view,
Pity their pride, but shun their error too.

From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains
green,

Which Nature rais'd, rejoicing to be seen,
Let us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praise,
Th' expanded thought, the boundless wish retain,
And let not Nature moralize in vain.

O sacred Guide! preceptress more sublime
Than sages boasting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (blush, collegiate pride!)
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.

Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whose old walk the sunbeam seldom falls,
Who knows of nature, and of man, no more
Than fills some page of antiquated lore—
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wise,
The better knowledge of the world despise,
Think Wisdom centered in a *false degree*,
And scorn the scholar of Humanity?

Something of men these sapient drones may
Of men that liv'd two thousand years ago: [know,
Such human monsters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verse, and ancient story drew!

If to one object, system, scene confin'd,
The sure effect is narrowness of mind.

'Twas thus St. Robert, in his lonely wood,
Forsook each social duty—to be good.
Thus Hobbes on one dear system fix'd his eyes,
And prov'd his nature wretched—to be wise.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghostly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beside.

Though form'd with powers to grasp this
various ball,

Gods! to what meanness may the spirit fall!
Powers that should spread in reason's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!

When late, where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the mountain's purple side,
Thy genius, Craufurd, Britain's legions led,
And fear's chill cloud forsook each bright'ning
head,

By nature brave, and generous as thou art,
Say, did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breast indignant, when you saw
The dome of murder consecrate by law?
Where fiends, commission'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.

O change me, powers of Nature, if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why! This heart all human kind forgives,
While Gillman loves me, and while Craufurd
Is nature, all benevolent, to blame, [lives.
That half her offspring are their mother's shame?
Did she ordain o'er this fair scene of things
The cruelty of Priests, or pride of Kings?

C

Though

Though worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or
fame,

Is Nature, all benevolent, to blame?

"Yet surely once, my friend, she seem'd to err;
"For W--ch--t was"—He was not made by her.

Sure, form'd of clay that nature held in scorn,
By fiends constructed, and in darkness born,
Rose the low wretch, who, despicably vile,
Would sell his Country for a Courtier's smile;
Would give up all to truth and freedom dear,
To dine with **** or some idiot peer,
Whose mean malevolence in dark disguise
The man that never injur'd him belies,
Whose actions bad and good two motives guide,
The Serpent's malice, and the Coxcomb's pride.

"Is there a wretch so mean, so base, so low?"
I know there is—ask W--ch--t if he know.

O that the world were emptied of its slaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, Craufurd, with delight embrace

In boundless love the rest of human race.

But let not knaves misanthropy create,
Nor feed the gall of universal hate.

Wherever Genius, Truth, and Virtue dwell,
Polish'd in courts, or simple in a cell,
All views of country, sects, and creeds apart,
These, these I love, and hold them to my heart.

Vain of our beauteous isle, and justly vain,
For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign,
We different lots contemptuously compare,
And boast, like children, of a fav'rite's share.

Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields
Than Arno's banks, or Andalusia's fields,
Though many a tree-crown'd mountain teems
with ore,

Though flocks innumerable whiten every shore,
Why should we, thus with nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?
Look on her works—on every page you'll find
Inscrib'd the doctrine of the social mind.

See countless worlds of insect being share
Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the same grove what music void of strife!
Heirs of one stream, what tribes of scaly life!
See Earth, and Air, and Fire, and Flood combine,
Of general good to aid the great design!

Where Ancon drags o'er Lincoln's lurid plain,
Like a slow snake, his dirty-winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the lost bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious skies,
The blameless native with his clime despise,
As him who still the poorer lot partakes
Of Biscay's mountains, or Batavia's lakes.

Yet look once more on Nature's various plan!
Behold, and love her noblest creature Man!
She, never partial, on each various zone
Bestow'd some portion to the rest unknown,
By mutual interest meaning thence to bind
In one vast chain the commerce of mankind.

Behold, ye vain disturbers of an hour!
Ye Dupes of Faction! and ye Tools of Power!

Poor rioters on Life's contracted stage!

Behold, and lose your littleness of rage!

Throw Envy, Folly, Prejudice behind!

And yield to Truth the empire of the mind.

Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant shrine,
Where Light created first essay'd to shine;
Where clust'ring Stars eternal beams display,
And Gems ethereal drink the golden day;
To chase this moral, clear this sensual night,
O shed one ray of thy celestial light!

Teach us, while wandering through this vale
below

We know but little, that we little know.

One beam to mole-ey'd Prejudice convey,

Let Pride perceive one mortifying ray;

Thy glass to Fools, to Infidels apply,

And all the dimness of the mental eye.

Plac'd on this shore of Time's far-stretching
bourn,

With leave to look at Nature and return;
While wave on wave impels the human tide,

And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;

Can Life's short duties better be discharg'd,

Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?

Judg'd not the old Philosopher aright,
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight?

"It matters not, my friends, how low or high,

Your little walk of transient life may lie;

Soon will the reign of Hope and Fear be o'er,

And warring passions militate no more:

And trust me, he who, having once survey'd

The good and fair which Nature's wisdom made,

The soonest to his former state retires,

And feels the peace of satisfied desires,

(Let others deem more wisely if they can)

I look on him to be the happiest man."

So thought the sacred Sage, in whom I trust,
Because I feel his sentiments are just.

'Twas not in Lustrums of long counted years

That swell'd th' alternate reign of hopes and fears;

Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,

That Wisdom plac'd the dignity of life;

To study Nature was the task design'd,

And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind,

Learn from her works whatever Truth admires,

And sleep in Death with satisfied desires.

§ 33. EPISTLE II.

To William Langborne, M. A. 1760.

LIGHT heard his voice, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burst away.

At Nature's birth, O! had the power divine
Commanded thus the moral sun to shine,

Beam'd on the mind all reason's influence bright,

And the full day of intellectual light,

Then the free soul, on Truth's strong pinion borne,

Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn.

Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,

Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;

Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,

And boldly censure what it cannot know?

'Tis ours to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give,

And thankful for the gift of being live.

Progressive

Progressive powers, and faculties that rise
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,
Though distant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful
care.

Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the
same,

Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,
View reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each Science that exalts the mind.

"Thou self-appointed lord of all below!
Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?
For once let Fancy's towering thoughts sub-
side;

Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
How soon, when Nature gives him to the day,
In strength exulting, does he bound away!
By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,
Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.
No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,
Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
Did he but know to reason and compare,
See here the vassal, and the master there,
What strange reflections must the scene afford,
That shew'd the weakness of his puling Lord!"

Thus sophistry unfolds her specious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant-state.
For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale
By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect state explore,
And all the vain comparison's no more.

"But why should life, so short by Heav'n
ordain'd,

Be long to thoughtless infancy restrain'd—
To thoughtless infancy, or vainly sage,
Mourn through the languors of declining age?"

O blind to truth! to Nature's wisdom blind!
And all that she directs, or Heav'n design'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains and groves,
Or life that vegetates, and life that moves!
In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays.

Is man long helpless? Through each tender
hour,

See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding, see that love repaid!

Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear insensibly away,

While sage experience and reflection clear
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.

But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That man was destin'd for society;

There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquish, or afflict him
old.

"That, in proportion as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays—

Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the Mind.

Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
And Reason brings her borrow'd light too slow."

O! still censorious? art thou then possessor
Of Reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
Say what the use—had Providence assign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?

That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
Might scorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r de-
spise?

Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,
O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?

To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every state;

And slight, sad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?

Conclude we then the progress of the mind
Ordain'd by wisdom infinitely kind:

No innate knowledge on the soul impress'd,
No birthright instinct acting in the breast,
No natal light, no beam from Heav'n display'd,
Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heav'n's decree,
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,

In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;

And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.

When first the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!

The crystal wave as eager to pervade
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade!

When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that falters on its way;

When wise experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in the Cause,

In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and Reason is her child:

On her fair stock the blooming scyon grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.

All beauteous flower! immortal shalt thou
shine,

When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,

Shall spread, and flourish in eternal day.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!

How should her eye the rip'ning mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!

How should her hand with industry restrain,
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,

Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flow'r!

From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
 Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
 O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
 Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear!
 For this fair Science spreads her light afar,
 And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.
 The liberal power in no sequester'd cells,
 No moonshine-courts of dreaming schoolmen dwells;

Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,
 Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands;
 All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
 That boast the empire of the eye or ear.

See favour'd first, and nearest to the throne
 By the rapt mien of musing Silence known,
 Fled from herself, the Pow'r of Numbers plac'd,
 Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taste.

There (but at distance never meant to vie),
 The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
 See lively Painting! on her various face,
 Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
 She looks, she acts the character she gives,
 And a new feature in each feature lives.

See Attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,
 Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;
 To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
 And down her fair hands negligently fall.

Last, but not meanest, of the glorious choir,
 See Music, list'ning to an angel's lyre.

Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, drest
 By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breast.

O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move
 The springs of truth, enlarging truth and love!
 Lost in their charms each mean attachment ends,
 And Taste and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.

Thus nature deigns to sympathize with art,
 And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
 There, only there, that strong attraction lies,
 Which makes the soul, and bids her graces rise,

Lives in those powers of harmony that bind
 Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind:
 Glow'd in that warmth, that social kindness gave,
 Which once—the rest is silence and the grave.

O tears, that warm from wounded friendship flow!

O thoughts, that wake to monuments of woe!
 Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
 Mem'ry, that speeds its passage to the heart;
 Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,
 And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
 —In vain—confest I see my Craufurd stand,
 And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand;
 E'en death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in vain,
 That lib'ral aspect, and that smile humane;
 E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid light,
 And his eye beams through everlasting night.

Till the last sigh of Genius shall expire,
 His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
 Till time, in league with Envy and with Death,
 Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath,

My Craufurd still shall claim the mournful song,
 So long remember'd, and bewail'd so long.

§ 34. *The Universal Prayer.* POPE.

Deo Opt. Max.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this day's life, or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
 And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all Being raise!
 All Nature's incense rise!

§ 35. *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue.* POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
 Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail,
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply:
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise!
 With heads inclin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by antient bards foretold;
 Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.

Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun:
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field
 The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed. [mead,
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow' er remains:
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

§ 36. *The Prize of Virtue.* POPE.

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt
 joy,
 Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach-and-six?
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown,
 Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife!
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires for a godlike mind;

Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind,
Whose life is heathful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

§ 37. *An Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard.* GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, [heap,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, [shed,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
The cock's thrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to hisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke;

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle & fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone [fin'd;
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd,

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
The place of fame and elegy supply: [muse,
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering, look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by:

Hard

Hard by yond wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love:

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next, with dirges due, in sad array, [borne:
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear; [a friend.
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

§ 38. *Death. Dr. PORTEUS, Bp. of London.*

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend
forakes,
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloysters
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng [drear
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Buries herself in pointing all his strings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him Diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-tort'ring Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys

At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heav'n's command Death waves his ebon
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose, [wand,
And scatter desolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, Man? why wake th' unconscious
To life and wretchedness? O better far [dust
Still had he slept in uncreated night,

If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion giv'n him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a *living Soul*;
The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.

Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires, [stood
Save one command. That one command, which
'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,

He broke. There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours
choak'd

The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at Man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God, and thro' the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heav'n
Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
A happier scene of things; the Promis'd Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest;
Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life. [ground,

Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil,
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath,

So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became
 The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
 Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
 Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' de-
 Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm [nounc'd,
 Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
 Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
 Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
 Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
 One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down
 To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
 Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
 The venerable Patriarch guileless held
 The tenour of his way; Labour prepar'd
 His simple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
 Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
 He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
 As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
 Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
 Alert and vigorous as He, to run [strength
 His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
 He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
 Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
 At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
 And, looking round saw all the valleys fill'd
 With nations from his loins; full-well content
 To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
 Along the gentle slope of life's decline
 He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
 He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.
 Such in the infancy of Time was Man;
 So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
 O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
 The shatter'd fragments, of lost happiness,
 Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck
 Of innocence primæval; still had he liv'd
 In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
 Though mortal, yet not every where beset
 With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
 To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
 The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man himself
 Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
 Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
 And multiply'd destruction on mankind.
 First Envy, eldest born of Hell, embrued
 Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
 To make a Death which Nature never made,
 And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
 The thread of life ere half its length was run,
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.
 With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
 By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
 Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
 To fate the lust of power: more horrid still,
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
 Became its boast. One Murder made a Villain;
 Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
 To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
 Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
 And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
 In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
 Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love?

Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
 Inhumanly ingenious to find out
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
 Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
 Of universal empire growing up
 From universal ruin. Blast the design
 Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
 Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
 And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
 Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
 Her olive-branch, and give the world repose,
 Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and
 strength, and youth
 Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
 No other shafts save those of war? Alas!
 Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
 A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
 That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays;
 Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain,
 Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
 Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
 So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
 Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
 Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
 Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
 Hefnares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
 Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
 Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
 Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
 Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course.
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore
 Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
 He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
 Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
 Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
 O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
 To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
 A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
 In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
 To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
 Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
 A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.
 Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
 Ye sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty strick'n,
 Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
 To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
 To wrest from God's own hand the sword of
 Justice,
 And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
 Though with anticipating speed thou 'st rang'd
 Through every region of delight, nor left
 One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
 Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
 Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
 Yet gay this seen, and light this load of woe,
 Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
 And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
 Pause on the verge a while: look down and see
 Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
 From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?
 Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
 The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about
 Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd, [him
 Into

Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live: with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To Heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down;
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th' astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay. [round

All Nature lends her aid. Each Element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes [peace,
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept [youth
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no limiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of gen'ral devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Entombs his master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious
Heav'n,

O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray; [made

If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this World's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd tor-
ture,

Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt Soul, anticipating Heav'n,
Bursts from the thralldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of Ecstasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

§ 39. *The Grave.* BLAIR.

The house appointed for all living. *Job.*

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the
shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread
thing!

Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes;
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant Sun [night,
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams

Athwart

Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary: [bird
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their
In grim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,
Grin horrible, and obstinately fullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.

Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coæval near with that, all ragged shew, [down
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same
tree. [pen'd here:

Strange things, the neighbours say, have hap-
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring thro' the
trees,

The school-boy, with his fatchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels:
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.

Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling Memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!

I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,

Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors thro' the underwood [thrust
Sweet murmur'ring; methought, the shrill-tongued
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flow'r
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury

Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youth-
ful blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
An ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the man of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll?
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile

Before she was aware? Ah! fullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth?
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was ham-
And had not room enough to do its work? [per'd,
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!

And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and pow'rless now,
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,

That

That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.

Araby's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honor.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound, as he.

Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar-born, to rot in state! [on,

But feel the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the
casements,

And houses tops, ranks behind ranks' close wedg'd
Hang belying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The Painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddling officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.

The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down;
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.

Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:

Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.

Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r

Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.

Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost

Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,

Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as

Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor, [short,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,

Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery

(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord);

Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his

kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency 's a jest; vassal and lord,

Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something

Above the common level of our kind; [flatt'ry,
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty play-thing! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,

And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,

Thy roses faded, and thy lillies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers

Flock round thee now, to gaze & do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;

Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd,

Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution!
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,

T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:

Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too! thou furly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!

A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling

That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!

With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man

By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like

Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders!

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest, [boaster!
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty
Tovaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife!

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head!
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails; [place,
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by. [change?
Great man of language whence this mighty
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And fly Insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and
Rest, like a weay cloud, upon thy breast [silence
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand: from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,

And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?

Tell us thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.

Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons?
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.

But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close thro' ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight, [ing?
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of part-
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing, [chee
Whence first they sprung; then might the debau-
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the
drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh [wretch
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,

By

By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
 And by what way; whether by hemp or steel:
 Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
 The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time, [force
 Or blame him if he goes? Sure! he does well
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able. But if there is an *hereafter*,
 And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd,
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
 Then must it be an awful thing to die;
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
 Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
 That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
 Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
 Forbid it, Heav'n! let not upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
 To rush into the presence of our Judge!
 As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard of tortures
 Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
 The common damn'd shun their society,
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
 Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;
 How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission.
 Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
 And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
 Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick: to run away
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.
 Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
 To those you left behind disclose the secret?
 O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
 I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done
 To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
 This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves. Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
 Sullen like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
 Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no matter:
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
 Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village
 swain,
 And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes
 And who so artful as to put it by?
 'Tis long since death had the majority;
 Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole

A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand [ance
 Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
 By far his juniors! Scarce a scull 's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in hand,
 The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
 And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand {not
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which three long lives
 In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
 Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
 Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time! as if to learn to die
 Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
 For creatures of a day, in gamefome mood
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
 Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
 The very first sworn surge shall sweep us in.
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless unremitting stream,
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize. What is this world?
 What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
 The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
 And we that live must lend our carcases
 To cover our own offspring: in their turns
 They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
 The shiv'ring Iclander, and sun-burnt Moor;
 Men of all climes, that never met before;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
 Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
 His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
 The great negotiators of the earth,
 And celebrated masters of the balance,
 Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts:
 Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
 Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
 From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel
 tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him
 Is meditating new un-heard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
 Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
 Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
 Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
 Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
 Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
 That some rude interposing rock had split.
 Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
 Of

Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch:
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody, [shrew,
Hears not the voice of mirth; the shrill-tongued
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas
Shew not more smooth when kiss'd by southern
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd, [winds,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy;
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our Sire: not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd.

Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits
Like those of angels short, and far between:
Whilst the blackdæmon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havock hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendantly malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sickneses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round! [heels,
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

Buthold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not fated yet!
Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarm thou hast devour'd,
And

And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
 But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings
 (As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
 Famine and War, were not thy caterers)!
 But know that thou must render up thy dead,
 And with high interest too! they are not thine;
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Day-light, and liberty. —
 Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
 And inquisition of the forge. We know,
 Th' Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
 Thou couldst not hold: self-vigorous he rose,
 And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,
 He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
 Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
 Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold,
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
 Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission,
 But for his train; it was his royal will,
 That where he is, there should his followers be.
 Death only lies between! a gloomy path!
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
 But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue
 Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
 To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
 Start we at transient hardships in the way
 That leads to purer air and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
 We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
 But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
 Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play!
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
 At last he dips his foot; but as he dips
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
 That, after many a painful bleeding step, [Death!
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!

Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
 Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to Him
 Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him! in the ev'ning-tide of life,
 A life well-spent, whose early care it was,
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
 Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
 High in his faith and hopes, look! how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
 'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more.
 Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial-earth,
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long-committed dust
 Inviolat: and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account; not the least atom
 Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready-furnish'd;
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye prophane!
 Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days; and what he can he will;
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring
 Not unattentive to the call, shall wake; [dust,
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
 That's new come home, who having long been
 absent,
 With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
 Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely break
 Cows down, and doses till the dawn of day;
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears
 away.

§ 40. *Happiness to be found in Virtue alone.*

POPE.

Know then this truth (enough for man to
 "Virtue alone is Happiness below." [know),

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain :
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd.
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
Good from each object, from each place ac-
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ; [quir'd,
Never elated while one man 's oppress'd ;
Never dejected while another 's blest'd ;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.

See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,
Which who but feels can taste; but thinks, can
know :

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God ;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense
design,

Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find):
Wife is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss ;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing
Is this too little for the boundless heart? [thine.
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and
In one close system of Benevolence : [Sense,
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts : but human
Must rise from Individual to the Whole. [soul
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next; and next all human race :
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its images in his breast.

§ 48. *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being.*

SMART.

HAIL, wondrous Being, who in pow'r su-
preme

Exists from everlasting ! whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and ev'ry atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—

Incomprehensible !—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vast concave of th' æthereal round) ?
If to the Heav'n of Heav'ns they wing their way
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

May then the youthful, uninspired Bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal ? may he soar
Where Seraph and where Cherubin on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice ?

He may—if thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign'st to assist,
Great Poet of the Universe ! his song.

Before this earthly Planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day ;

Before "the Morning-Stars together sang,"
And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds ;
Thou art—All-glorious, All-beneficent,
All Wisdom and Omnipotence Thou art.

But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when these worlds began ? Could aught retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth ? [ever,
Avant the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action !
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The Best of Beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense !
Th' Eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' Omniscient Mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All.
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme !
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the Universe,
Creation and Redemption—and awhile
Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory.
Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,

Whom

Whom to describe's presumption (all we can,
And all we may), be glorified, be prais'd. [rith,
A day shall come, when all this Earth shall pe-
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come,
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.

Ye rocks that mock the ravings of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire? [cedars
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chamber of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where?
Where, Tenerif, 's thy stateliness to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these? No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion! O my country! Thou must join,
In vain dis sever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day; ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.

But tho' the Earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and silver-tressed Moon,
With all her bright retinue, must be lost:
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert. Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see! He comes! th' Archangel from above.
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
"Awake incorruptible, and arise:
"From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
"To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
"Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
"Awake incorruptible, and arise."

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain top, shall look aloft

O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And winds and waves, and rocks and tempests,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven: [past,
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, shall give
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!
Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest, like Cain,
I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers
Her bursting heart could long for; tho' the swift,
The fiery-wing'd Imagination soar'd
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let Reason thro' the eye of Faith
View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee,
With heaven-directed hands, confess his reign,
And let the angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hosts of Heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trump
And golden lyres attend:—"For Thou art holy,
"For Thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
"Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise!"

§ 42. *On the Immensity of the Supreme Being.*

SMART.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The Poet of my God—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

Lift ye! how Nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.

O Thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense the Orphan's mite exclude.

What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where East nor West,
Nor South nor blustering North has breath to
Albeit Hethere with angels and with saints [blow;
Hold conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stands visibly confest;
Yet know, that nor in presence or in power
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same;
Alike in all his universe the same.

Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
The works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-
Still faithful, still inconstant, to the sun; [recting
Or where the comet, thro' space infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)

D

Darts,

Darts, like a javelin, to his distant goal; [vens,
Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Hea-
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the ocean's boisterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the storm,
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glossy level of the calm.

O! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending, there thy works
Would also speak thy residence; and there
Would I, thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay, [tom,
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bot-
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-intrenched gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft portrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landskip of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there. [vance

Hence with th' ascending springs let me ad-
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence, he stands
So simple, and so great, the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.
Yet Thou art there, y' God himself is there,
Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd).

Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chants she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe

The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where the unbounded pro-
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range, [spect
Turn we to yon inclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract, and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring men and clumsy art,
Seen with the ringdove's nest? On that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see
With such due poise the wondrous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and steadfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot, that asserts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—

Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come [cherry
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the
To blush with just vermilion—Hence away—
Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious, to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star,
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame,
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
O infinite of goodness and of glory, [Thee;
The knee that thou hast shap'd shall bend to
The tongue which thou hast tun'd shall chant
thy praise;

And thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

§ 43. *On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being.*
SMART.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
Arise and blow thy everlasting trump!
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love re-
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself [plea,
A living

A living sacrifice before his throne !
 And may th' eternal, high, mysterious tree,
 That in the centre of the arched heavens [branch
 Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some
 Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil !
 When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
 A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,
 Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
 And every faint idea yet unform'd.
 When up the imperceptible ascent
 Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
 Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
 Insensibly to day, thou didst vouchsafe,
 And taught me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
 That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
 Imperfect, incorrect,—in Thee is wondrous,
 Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
 And estimable solely by itself. [brutes,

What is that secret pow'r that guides the
 Which Ignorance calls Instinct ! 'Tis from Thee ;
 It is the operation of thine hands,
 Immediate, instantaneous ; 'tis thy wisdom
 That glorious shines transparent thro' thy works.
 Who taught the pye, or who forwarn'd the jay,
 To shun the deadly nightshade ? Tho' the cherry
 Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
 Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
 Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoyed
 By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
 They know to taste is fatal ; whence, alarm'd,
 Swift on the winnowing winds they work their
 way.

Go to, proud reasoner, philosophic man,
 Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge ?
 Full many a race has fall'n into the snare [—No.
 Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface ;
 And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim,
 By forms of fruit, and luscious taste, beguil'd,
 Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
 For why ? his wisdom on the leaden feet
 Of slow Experience, dully tedious, creeps,
 And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable sage, that nightly trims
 The learned lamp, t' investigate the powers
 Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
 And the dark regions of the fossil world,
 Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find ;
 Studios in vain ! till haply at the last
 He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
 And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds :
 While the domestic animal, that guards
 At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
 By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
 Begs not that aid his services might claim,
 But is his own physician, knows the case,
 And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
 Hark ! from afar the feather'd matron * screams,
 And all her brood alarms ! The docile crew
 Accept the signal one and all, expert
 In th' art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit :
 Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
 Mute, motionless they lie ; full well appriz'd
 That the rapacious adversary 's near.

* The Hen Turkey.

But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger ?
 Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
 Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction ?
 Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
 And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
 Of crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
 Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
 Takes her melodious leave, who then 's her pilot ?
 Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
 To realms from us remote, to us unknown ?
 Her science is the science of her God.
 Not the magnetic index to the North
 E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:
 She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
 Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows
 What Newton or not sought, or sought in vain †.

Illustrious name ! irrefragable proof
 Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul !
 Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
 Before creation form'd them, long before
 He measur'd in the hollow of his hand
 Th' exulting ocean, and the highest heavens
 He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
 The mighty mountains in his golden scales ;
 Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,
 Ere yet Refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
 And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When Knowledge at her father's dread com-
 mand
 Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,
 O ! to have join'd the frequent auditors
 In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
 Great Solomon descanting on the brutes.
 O ! how sublimely glorious to apply
 To God's own honour, and good-will to man,
 That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
 In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.
 How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
 Of bloated Ease, by placing to their view
 The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,
 And best œconomist of all the field !
 Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb
 To measure times and seasons, nor consults
 Chaldean calculations, for a guide ;
 Yet, conscious that December's on the march,
 Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
 She waits his dire approach, and undisfinay'd
 Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
 Against the churlish Winter's fiercest blow.
 For when as yet the favourable Sun
 Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
 Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
 To rive the groaning earth for ill-fought gold,
 Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she ;
 While all her subterraneous avenues, [meet
 And storm-proof cells, with management moist
 And unexampled housewifery she forms :
 Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
 Burden immense ! she bears the cumbrous corn.
 Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
 And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
 Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home

D 2

† The Longitude.

Nor

Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
 With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
 In mischievous fertility it steal,
 And back to day-light vegetate its way.
 Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
 And by her wary ways reform thine own.
 But if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought,
 More glaring evidence demand; behold,
 Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
 A yet uncopied model to the world!
 There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
 May read himself a fool. The chemist there
 May with astonishment invidious view
 His toils outdone by each plebeian bee;
 Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing,
 From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
 A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

Avaunt, Conceit! Ambition, take thy flight
 Back to the Prince of vanity and air!

O! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing; [force
 Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to
 Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
 A true but irksome image of herself.

Woeful vicissitude! when man, fallen man,
 Who first from Heav'n, from gracious God himself
 Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know, by
 brutes

Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;
 By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,
 And race Omniscience upwards to its spring!
 Yet murmur not, but praise—for tho' we stand
 Of many a godlike privilege amerc'd
 By Adam's dire transgression; tho' no more
 Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
 Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
 Still with ten thousand beauties bloom the earth,
 With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd.
 Still is there scope for wonder and for love
 Ev'n to their last exertion—showers of blessings
 Far more than human virtue can deserve,
 Or hope expect, or gratitude return.

Then, O ye people, O ye sons of men,
 Whatever be the colour of your lives,
 Whatever portion of itself his wisdom
 Shall deign to allow, still patiently abide,
 And praise him more and more; nor cease to chant
 "All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
 "And pow'r, and domination in the height!
 "And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
 "To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
 "Comewith thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
 "And with thy choicest stores the altar crown."

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

§ 44. *On the Power of the Supreme Being.* SMART.

"TREMBLE, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet
 said, [mountains!
 "At God's bright presence; tremble all ye
 "And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
 Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
 The Muse with transport hears ye; once again
 Convulse the solid continent! and shake,
 Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!
 'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power,

'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it,
 Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force;
 In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
 And every movement of her vast machine.
 Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
 Athos; and all the hoary headed Alps
 Leap from their bases at the god-like sound.
 But what is this, celestial tho' the note,
 And proclamation of the reign supreme,
 Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
 Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
 Should Ocean to his congregated waves
 Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
 And with the wat'ry world down a huge rock
 Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
 'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
 When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast;
 'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
 When the last lingering undulation
 Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
 So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aerial vault
 Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
 For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
 He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
 And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
 Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
 Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
 What tho' in haughty eminence erect
 Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
 On adverse hosts; tho' many a bastion jut
 Forth from the rampart's elevated mound;
 Vain the poor providence of human art,
 And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
 Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
 Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
 With clamour inconceivable upturn,
 And hurl'd adown th' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
 Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
 With din outrageous and destructive ire,
 Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
 Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye, [felt,
 And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we
 Within Augusta's walls twice have we felt,
 Thy threaten'd indignation: but even Thou,
 Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
 Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us,
 With mercy-blended wrath; O spare us still,
 Nor send more dire conviction! We confess
 That thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe.
 For at thy righteous power whole systems quake;
 For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwinds rapid rage,
 Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
 On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
 Invincible, and oaks, and pines, and cedars,
 And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
 The West encounters East, and Notus meets
 In his career the Hyperborean blast.
 The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
 And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
 Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
 And faints, and falls, and dies;—while He supreme
 Stands stedfast in the centre of the storm.

Wherefore ye objects terrible and great,

Ye

Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught
 Offell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes, [wombs
 And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
 To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
 Who yet in works of a minuter mould
 Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
 That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
 Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
 Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
 Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
 Shew me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
 By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
 Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
 And stands, with all his circling wonders round
 Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal space [her,
 Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
 Which at all seasons and in every place
 (Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
 Arrest th' attention; who, oh who shall tell
 His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
 Repeals he, or suspends; when by the hand
 Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
 Of his prophetic seers, such deeds be wrought,
 Before th' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
 That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
 The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
 Lost in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,
 That melted to their fluid state again?
 Need I recount how Sampson's warlike arm,
 With more than mortal nerves was strung, t'o'er-
 Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell [throw
 How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
 —But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
 O love unequall'd, mystery immense, [tion
 Which angels long t'unfold! 'tis man's redemp-
 That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms;
 Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
 When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
 Shone forth the Son of Righteousness reveal'd,
 And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
 "Let there be peace!" he said, and all was calm
 Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
 When, "O be still, ye boisterous winds!" he
 cried,

And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
 His was a life of miracles and might,
 And charity and love, ere yet he taste
 The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
 Victorious o'er the universal foe,
 And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
 His by the right of conquest is mankind,
 And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
 Were tied to him for ever.—O how easy
 Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
 'Tis ecstasy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd!
 His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life,
 And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
 And as the radiant roses, after fading,
 In fuller foliage, and more fragrant breath
 Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare

With those that love him—for sweet is their fa-
 And all Eternity shall be their spring. [vour,
 Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
 At which the King of Glory enters in, [sure
 Be to the saints unbarr'd: and there, where plea-
 Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
 Is certainty, and grief-attended love
 Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
 With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
 And, in immortal prowess King of kings,
 Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

§ 45. *On the Goodness of the Supreme Being.*

SMART.

OR PHEUS, for so the Gentiles * call'd thy
 name,

Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone couldst wake
 Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
 The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
 And floods, with musical persuasion drew;
 Thou, who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
 And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
 Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
 Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
 Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
 And quell'd the evil Angel—in this breast
 Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
 And lift me from myself; each thought impure
 Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
 Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
 Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
 Her God on earth as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
 Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
 Saw, like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
 Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise begin,
 Where end the purest sacrifice of song, [light,
 And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling
 Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
 Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
 And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
 Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
 That paint the streaky East, and blithesome rouse
 The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
 Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
 And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew?
 Without the aid of yonder golden globe.
 Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
 The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
 Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
 So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
 O thrice-illustrious! were it not for Thee.
 Those pansies, that reclining from the bank
 View thro' th' immaculate pellucid stream
 Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
 Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
 The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
 The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
 Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
 Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
 The tribes of woodland warblers would remain

D 3

MUSIC

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their
flight,

And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark and the redbreast, jointly call;
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man:—
But not to all—for, hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind!
The thrilling trebles and the manly base
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
The sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell: to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
O He is good, He is immensely good! [man;
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty:—rise, attend,
Arrest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him who made the mite! Tho', Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, feeble Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
To adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursued thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Re-murmur to the glorious, furly sound.
And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends, [ers,
Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flow-
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.

More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due (crown
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
And Christian excellence, his Goodness own.
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.
Clad in the armour of the living God,
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of Charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:

“O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
“Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
“Thou, who to lowest minds dost condescend,
“Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
“Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
“Thou, who resign'd humility uphold'st,
“Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
“But quell'st tyrannic pride with peerless power,
“Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:
“O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
“Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
“Bless all mankind; and bring them in the end
“To heav'n, to immortality, and Thee!”

§ 46. *Ode to Wisdom.* Miss CARTER.

THE solitary bird of night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
“That glads the sense or mends the heart,”
Blest source of purer joys;
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
But, taught by thy unerring rules
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r;
Let a'rice, vanity, and pride,
These glitt'ring envied toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd:
For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lye
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey the philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just controul:
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbias'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife:
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to controul;
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show:
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys
Is vanity and woe.

§ 47. *On human Life.* OGILVIE.

BY Time's slow-heaving tide, the works of man
Are whelm'd; how sinks beneath his waste-
ful sway

The pride of empire! Glittering for a while,
The gilded vessels sport along the stream,
Fann'd with propitious gales: the sides are firm,
The hull capacious, and the swelling sails
Float to the breeze of summer. Ah! how soon,
Torn by the tempest's wildly-rushing wing,
And foundering on the deep it lies deform'd,
A shatter'd wreck! Nor less on life descends
The storm impetuous; let thy silver hair,
Time-hallow'd age, be witness! the dim eye,
The tottering tread, the furrow'd cheek, the hand
Yet trembling from the blast. Tell, ye who tend
The bed of death, how o'er the helpless race
Of human victims strides the harpy foot
Of Misery triumphant! while the veins
Shrink to the Fever's scorching breath, or feel,
Starting, the fiery dart of racking Pain,
That writhes to agony; or loosen'd shake
Before Consumption; when her baleful sponge
Drops its green poison on the springs of life.

Nor these alone pursue the race of man.
Far other ills await; far other woes
Like vultures revel on his canker'd heart.

O ye who nightly languish o'er the tomb,
Where sleeps thy dust, Eugenio! Ye whose hearts
O'er Virtue bleed, when, reeking from the scourge
Of dire Oppression, in some lonely cave
She pines all desolate!—Ye powers that haunt
The vale where Genius breathes her plaint alone,
Wild to the whistling wind; her voice unheard
As airs that warble o'er the murmuring dale
Remote, to Solitude's enchanting ear!
O tell, why wrapt in Grandeur's floating robe
Vice mounts her throne! while, trembling at the
bar,

Stands Innocence appall'd! Tell why the hand
Of strutting Impudence, unlicens'd, grasps
The palm of Worth, and his indignant brow
Looks down, while meek-ey'd Modesty, dismay'd,
Mantles her cheek in crimson, and retires
To blush in silence! why thy purple car,
High-plum'd Ambition, bathes its rolling wheels
In blood, and o'er pale Virtue's streaming corse,
Rapid and madd'ning springs to reach the goal!

§ 48. *Diseases are the Consequence of Intemperance.* OGILVIE.

LONG o'er the lili'd plain I cast my eye,
Long mark'd the crowd that roam'd delighted
Alternate transport, pity, love, and fear, [on;
Work'd in my bosom.

I look'd, and hovering o'er the flowery turf
Were

Were seen innumerable shapes, whose wings
Wav'd on the wind, or o'er the glittering field
Who trod in silence. Care with lowering brow
Slow stalk'd; and Slander, speckled as the snake
That stings th' unwary traveller, along
The tainted earth trail'd loose, or borne on wings
Blue as the brimstone's gleam, in secret shot
Her poison'd arrows. Pining Envy gnaw'd
A blasted laurel, from the locks of Fame
Snatch'd, as the goddess to her lips applied
Her mighty trump, and swell'd a solemn note
To Homer's venerable name.—Not far
Stood Discord foaming. Riot double-tongu'd,
And gleaming Frenzy, and thy yellow wing,
Revenge, fell fiend! shook plagues, and thro' the
Infus'd their venom to the inmost soul. [breast
O'er all, Disease her beauty-withering wand
Wav'd high; and, heaving on the heavy air
Her raven pinions, bloated as the sail'd
The face of Nature. Shapeless was her form,
And void; the owl's ill-omen'd eyes high-rais'd
Speckled her front; her nostrils breath'd a cloud;
Pale Famine's fallow hand had scoop'd her cheek;
And a green viper form'd her forked tongue.

——— Slow she mov'd

Along the troubled air; and from a bag
(Wrought deep by Envy in her midnight den)
Scatter'd the seeds of death. The sparkling bowl
Receiv'd them now; and now the enfeebled corse,
Lank, open, spent, at each unfolding pore
Suck'd in the poison, as it rose decay'd,
Livid and weak, from Pleasure's loose embrace.

Soon o'er each withering cheek the baleful
pow'r

Had spread unseen her life-consuming stain;
Nor knew th' exulting youth, who quaff'd elate
The draught delicious, that untimely frost
Lurk'd by the springs of life; and secret chill'd
The florid blood, and mark'd him for the tomb.

At last with weak step came the trembling Sage,
Haggard, and shrinking from the breeze; his voice
Was deep, and hollow; and the loose nerves shook
His silver-sprinkled head. He thus began:

"O yet, while Heav'n suspends your doom, be
My sons! O cease to listen to the lure [wise,
Of Pleasure! Death attends her forward step,
And Peril lays the sure, tho' secret snare.
Hear, then, the words of age. Yet Fate bestows
One hour; yet Virtue, with indulgent voice,
By me invites to shun the devious maze
Of Error:—Yet to crown with length of days,
With joy, with happiness, your bold career
She hopes! O snatch the proffer'd boon! be rous'd;
Ere her strong arm tremendous at your heads
Shall launch th' avenging thunder; ere dismay'd,
Perplex'd, bewilder'd, wild, you seek the haunt
Of Peace, when darkness veils her lowly cot;
And mourn her gentle smile for ever gone."

§ 49. *Wishes obtained often make Men miserable.*

OGILVIE.

YET warn'd, behold what danger marks the
path

Of high-brow'd Opulence! Intemperance,
The fruitful parent of Disease, behind
Reels loose, and silent plants th' entangling snare.
Oft when, to vengeance rous'd, th' Eternal dooms
Some wretch to misery extreme, he grants
The fervent wish; he gives th' insatiate eye
To rove transported o'er its golden store;
The heart to swell like Xerxes', when he view'd
His hosts that wrapt th' immeasurable plain,
And triumph'd in his pow'r. Thus fares the
wretch

As, whirl'd by Passion, thro' life's dusty field
He bursts exulting. On the drooping head
Of Merit, shy to censure, and repress
By decent Pride from murmuring; his rude hand
Arrests the palm. He gains it; and ador'd
By Folly's wondering train, presumptuous shapes
His course; till like a canker at the root,
That secret riots on the vital stream,
Slow, but sure-wasting Fate in silence takes
Th' inevitable aim; and spares the hand
Of hoary Time his silver and his scythe.

O weak! thro' Passion's erring glass to view
What cooler thought condemns! Think'st thou
the man

By birth exalted, by the lavish hand [hours
Of Fortune crown'd with honour, whose gay
Dance to the melting lute's melodious lay,
Is happy?—Know, thy wandering search mistakes
The shade for substance. Could thy thought
The mind within; what real ills excite [explore
The mental tumult; to the trembling gaze
Of Fear what phantoms of imagin'd woes
Swim thro' the dark night's solemn noon, when
Sleep

Shakes not her poppies o'er his longing eyes,
That roll in vain; what inward-eating care
Preys on his pamper'd blood; what wishes wild;
What dread of future misery; what dreams
Of horror gleam athwart the sable scroll [scene
Where Memory prints her records: would the
Wake thee to envy? Would thy wishing soul
Pant for the boon that glitters to the eye,
But stings the heart, and poisons all its joy?

I read thy secret doubt:—" 'Tis Guilt that
shades

The brow of Grandeur; 'tis the solemn peal
Of Conscience thundering in the mental ear,
That wakes to quick sensation. To the dream
Of harmless Innocence, no Demon shakes
His front terrific: All is calm within,
And tuned to perfect harmony.—Yet Peace
May dwell with Opulence; one happy mind
May eye rejoicing its extended power
To work for man; exulting as it views
A smiling tribe around, snatch'd from the grasp
Of ruthless want, and basking in the beam
Of joy, to transport kindling, and to love."

'Tis just.—The noble mind by Fortune rais'd,
And warm'd by strong benevolence to spread
Its happiness to all, displays to man
His Maker's image. To a godlike few
Heav'n gives at once the virtue and the power;
Yet plants not Opulence for these a snare,

That

That Poverty escapes?—The wretch who dragg'd
His fire relentless to the tomb—Say, rose
No boiling passion in his rankled heart?
Felt not his tortur'd breast the venom sting
Of keen Impatience? Flam'd not to his eye
Gold, titles, honour; all the tinsel-show,
That on the sullen front of Avarice wakes
A gloomy smile, and bids his little thought
Receive a gleam of joy? From these secure
Lives not untutor'd Indigence at ease?
And steals unseen along the vale of life,
Calm, peaceful, shelter'd from the stormy blast
That shakes Ambition's plume; that wrecks
the hope,

The quiet of mankind?—What thought to these
The means are scanty?—O'er the roughen'd
cheek

Health sheds her bloom; their sinews knit by toil,
Robust and firm, support th' allotted weight;
And gradual loos'd by long revolving years,
Relinquish their charge, untainted by the seeds
Of lurking Death, flow thro' the form diffus'd
From meals that Nature nauseates, from the cup
Where the wine laughs, and on the mantling cheek
Kindles a transient blush, but works disease,
And shades the temples with untimely snow.

§ 50. Deity. BOYSE.

Unde nil majus generatur Ipso,

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum. HOR.

FROM earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's
dreams,

The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
Recall, fond Bard, thy long-enchanted sight,
Deluded with the visionary light!

A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!

But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?

Do Thou, who from the altar's living fire

Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,

Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;

From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:

My passions still, my purer breast inflame,

To sing that God from whom existence came;

Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,

And own the Author of their birth divine.

I. ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame! or whence
The various forms the universe compose? [arose
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?

Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!

Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!

Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!

Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
whole,

This wide expanded All from pole to pole!

Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee,
Or fix the æra of eternity?

Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—that Nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That Nothing rais'd this beauteous All below!
When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could Nothing link the universal chain?

No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!

Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!

Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!

A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;

These from a cause superior date their rise,
“Abstract in essence from material ties.”

An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:

In whom all possible perfections shine,

Eternal, self-existent, and divine!

From this great spring of uncreated might!

This all-resplendent orb of vital light;

Whence all created beings take their rise,

Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!

Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,

Which heav'n enrich, and gladden worlds below!

Which are no less, when properly defin'd,

Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!

Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear

(Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)

That what for ever was—must surely be

Beyond commencement, and from period free;

Drawn from himself his native excellence,

His date eternal, and his space immense!

And all of whom that man can comprehend,

Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.

In him from whom existence boundless flows,

Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:

Assur'd, on his eternity depend,

“Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!”

Within that mystic circle safety seek,

No time can lessen, and no force can break;

And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,

High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

II. UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and thought!

Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!

Approach, celestial Muse, th' empyreal throne,

And awfully adore th' exalted One!

In nature pure, in place supremely free,

And happy in essential unity!

Bless'd

Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creatures sprung to hail his wide command;
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!

Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal Gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Arimanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!

In different individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two Beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dis sever, or the chain renew!
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies!
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous thro' the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their spring, one course they
keep,

Exploring, till they find their native deep!

Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable Name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Transported with the ardors of thy praise,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
To them responsive, let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible eternal King!

III. SPIRITUALITY.

O say, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth;
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of th' eternal Mind!
Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore!

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe:
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs
From all the gross alloy that tempers ours;

In whose clear eye the bright angelic train,
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high;
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith!—he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit! and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by Wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!

Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute),
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is æther, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, supreme of Causes, flow,
To Him their pow'rs and their existence owe;
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Thro' spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce thro' infinitude in quest of God!
Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb th' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.

If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand a greater rise,
Produce a master! and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose,
From whom the pow'r he thus abuses flows.

Here point, fair Muse! the worship God re-
quires,
The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires?
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought's express'd;
Where genuine piety and truth refin'd
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

IV. OMNIPRESENCE.

Thro' the unmeasurable tracts of space
Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,
He reigns extended, and he shines sublime!
Shouldst thou above the heav'n of heav'ns as-
cend,
Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear!

There

There should his brighter presence shine confess,
 There his almighty arm thy course arrest !
 Couldst thou the thickest veil of night assume,
 Or think to hide thee in the central gloom !
 Yet there, all patent to his piercing sight,
 Darkness itself would kindle into light :
 Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
 Nor darker hell, from his perception save ;
 What pow'r, alas ! thy footsteps can convey
 Beyond the reach of omnipresent day ?

In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
 Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie :
 Systems inclos'd in his perception roll,
 Whose all-informing mind directs the whole :
 Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know ;
 Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
 On earth his footstool fix'd, in heav'n his seat ;
 Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
 In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow ;
 His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
 Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood ;
 Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
 Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day !

Should man his great immensity deny,
 Man might as well usurp the vacant sky :
 For were he limited in date, or view,
 Thence were his attributes imperfect too ;
 His knowledge, pow'r, his goodness all confin'd,
 And lost th' idea of a ruling Mind !
 Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
 Of a defective partial Providence !
 Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
 Or innocence in vain his mercy crave ;
 Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye ;
 And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh !
 An absent God no abler to defend,
 Protect, or punish, than an absent friend ;
 Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
 To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow !
 If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
 Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear ;
 Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
 And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail !
 The moral world a second chaos lie,
 And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye !

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
 From his high pow'r its slender texture takes ;
 While in his book the various parts inroll'd,
 Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
 But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul !
 Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
 Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
 His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
 Ere yet to us the new idea lives !

Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
 And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed !

But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
 Asserts its Author, and restores the scene !

Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
 " And vindicates the ways of God to man."

Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
 From heav'n descended, as by heav'n inspir'd ;

His all-enlight'ning Omnipresence own, [known ;
 Whence first thou feel 'st thy dwindling presence
 His wide Omniscience, justly grateful, sing,
 Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing !
 And blest th' Eternal, All-informing Soul, [whole !
 Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the

V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
 By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
 Is always independent, always free,
 Hence shines confess'd Immutability !
 Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
 Or birth of force—is imperfection still.
 But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
 Pow'r self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns !
 If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
 That God his fix'd stability should lose ;
 How startles reason at a thought so strange !
 What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change ?
 If from his own divine productive thought,
 Were the yet stranger alteration wrought ;
 Could excellence supreme new rays acquire ?
 Or strong perfection raise its glories higher ?
 Absurd !—his high meridian brightness glows,
 Never decreases, never overflows !
 Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
 The blaze of incommunicable day !

Below, through different forms does matter
 And life subsist from elemental change ; [range,
 Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
 Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air ;
 While we, enquiring phantoms of a day,
 Inconstant as the shadows we survey !
 With them, along time's rapid current pass,
 And haste to mingle with the parent mass ;
 But Thou, Eternal Lord of life divine !
 In youth immortal shalt for ever shine !
 No change shall darken thy exalted name ;
 From everlasting ages still the same !

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
 His laws could vary, or his plans undo ;
 Desponding Faith would droop its cheerless wing,
 Religion deaden to a lifeless thing !
 Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
 But in a Pow'r immutable as just ?
 How judge of revelation's force divine,
 If truth unerring gave not the design ?
 Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
 All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
 We darkly see around, and darkly know !
 Religion lends the salutary beam,
 That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam ;
 Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
 Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise !
 Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
 And shew his creatures—all his ways are right !

Then, when astonish'd nature feels its fate,
 And fetter'd time shall know his latest date ;
 When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
 Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire !
 The universal system shrink away,
 And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway !

Immortal

Immortal He, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the Sacred Bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourself producing phantoms as untrue;
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whose offspring still is light;
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Pow'r who peopled boundless
space!

Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God! [drew,
Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he
When Nothing from his Word existence knew!
His Word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindled at the sound!
Creation fair surpris'd th' angelic eyes,
And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise!

Him, sole Almighty, nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfest;
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Lybia's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!

What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole?
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll!
What hand but thine supply the solar light?
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the Moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe!
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage!

Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy Unity, for he were Thou!
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou ev'ry where art present to the eye!
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!

Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the Planetary Way!
The sun, that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;

Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!

Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet, or the painted skies!
Equal, the elephant's or enmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insect in the crowded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!

Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might
Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting
hand,

How languid nature would astonish'd stand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before!

See in corruption, all-surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;
Shock'd at the scene, tho' sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views!
The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays!
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb!
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for the bus'ness of the grave!
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd
he springs,

Admires the skies, and tries his filken wings!
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!

Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice, awfully severe!
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land!
Nature, revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot!
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!

Obedient

Obedient ocean to their march divide
 The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
 While thro' the deep the long procession led,
 And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
 Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
 The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
 Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
 And overwhelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea!
 Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
 When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took;
 By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
 Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
 Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
 With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
 When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
 Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
 What limits can Omnipotence confine?
 What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
 Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!
 On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
 The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
 When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
 Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;
 When shrunk the earth from thy approaching
 And the rock trembled to its rooted base; [face,
 Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
 Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
 Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
 Idolatry its impious rites could pay! [vade,
 Oh shame to thought!—thy sacred throne in-
 And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. WISDOM.

O thou, who, when th' Almighty form'd this All,
 Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
 And as his hand completed each design,
 Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
 O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
 Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
 What tongue shall make thy charms celestial
 known? [own?
 What hand, fair Goddess! paint thee but thy
 What tho' in nature's universal store
 Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
 Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
 And must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
 But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
 The beauty of the whole result's divine!
 Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
 And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
 Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
 Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
 Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
 Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
 Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
 Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!
 See, how associate round their central sun,
 Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
 Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
 Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
 Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
 While from the sun her monthly light renews;

Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
 And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
 View how in course the constant seasons rise,
 Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:
 First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train;
 Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the sylvan
 scene;
 Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd;
 And trembling Winter close the annual round.
 The vegetable tribes observant trace,
 From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
 The chain of animated beings scale,
 From the small reptile to the enormous whale;
 From the strong eagle stooping thro' the skies,
 To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
 And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
 Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same:
 As proper organs to the least assign'd,
 As proper means to propagate the kind,
 As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
 As in this lord of all—debating man!

Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
 Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
 Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
 But outward beauty points a charm behind.
 What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
 The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
 Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
 The Beautifier, or the beautified?
 There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
 Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
 His works our love and our attention steal;
 His works (surprising thought!) the Maker veil;
 Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
 Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.

O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
 Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
 All-condescending, to my feeble heart
 One beam of thy celestial light impart;
 I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;
 O grant me Wisdom—and I ask no more!

VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
 With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
 Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
 But gets a transient vista as it strays;
 The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
 Whence opens all the scene as he ascends:
 So Providence the friendly heights supplies,
 Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
 Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
 And dazzling glories overwhelm the ravish'd sight!
 Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
 That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
 The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
 Eternal sheds his delegated light;
 Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
 And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
 Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews:
 Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
 When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
 Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
 Bids

Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave;
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rocks thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
O'er Lybia's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were
The dove pacific brought the olive green. [seen,
On Ararat the happy Patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have been!*

"But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature feels
"The ague-fits her face so oft reveals? [breast?
"Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
"Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?
"Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd
"Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?" [store?
Go, sceptic mole! demand th' eternal cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws;
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?

Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate,
To ask why prosp'rous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne?

Why saints and sages, mark'd in ev'ry age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame,
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say, that sov'reign wisdom governs wrong.
Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!

Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;
Or, when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare;
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!

But, fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own!

Mean while, thou great Intelligence supreme;
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men;
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy providence, their constant friend,
Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. GOODNESS.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads, and amaranthine bow'rs,
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire,

And

And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Tho' all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleas'd, the eye thy matchless works re-
view'd,

And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!

Nor only does in heav'n thy Goodness shine;
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.

See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion, and the brinded boar,
As nightly thro' the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:

To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with constant course th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good;

Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint; thou smil'st, and they

On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores, [revive!
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs!
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness, like the sun, enlightens all!

Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!

Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these thro' ev'ry tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!

Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the
eyes!

Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares—his clemency reclaims!

Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;

Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!

Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,

Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!

Hear the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,
'Go, will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n!'

Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan!
Thou salutary source of life to man!

What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?

When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay!

See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!

(O strange effect of unexampled love!)

View him descend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,

Calm, tho' revil'd, and innocent, tho' poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,

His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,

The victim of eternal justice bleed!

Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side!

See God expires! our forfeit to atone,

While nature trembles at his parting groan!

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and, if thou canst, forbear to melt!

Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?

Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!

Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?

Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!

Can all the errors of thy life atone,

And raise thee from a rebel to a son!

O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
(Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious
head,

Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)

From that exalted height of bliss supreme,

Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,

Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;

Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,

O'er the glad world thy healing light display;

Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise,

And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!

To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,

Oh great Messiah! shew thy promis'd reign;

O'er earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,

As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews;

And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy
pow'r,

Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

X. RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:

Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!

But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!

Let

Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze;
Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
The spotless justice of th' Almighty King!

As only Rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;
So these the dictates which th' Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd;
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of Heav'n attest!
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the
right,

He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;
Demands that strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!

But Doubt demands—"Why man dispos'd
"this way?

"Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?

"If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,

"Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than

No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd, [he.]

What toil, what prize had virtue been assign'd?

From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,

Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!

Man might perhaps have so been happy still,

Happy, without the privilege of will,

And just, because his hands were tied from ill!

O wondrous scheme, to mend th' almighty plan,

By sinking all the dignity of man!

Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,

And view thy happiness and choice allied;

See virtue from herself her bliss derive,

A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;

See vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,

Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd:

And say, were yet no farther marks assign'd,

Is man ungrateful? or is Heav'n unkind?

"Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissive fall,

"The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them

From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed, [all.]

Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;

His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,

Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;

Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,

His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!

To angels make the pigmy's folly known,

And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.

Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,

Celestial Justice balances her scales.

With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,

With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs;

Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,

The man of blood her awful presence feels;

Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,

The regal tyrant, with success elate,

Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!

Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,

'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;

For soon or late eternal Justice pays

Mankind the just desert of all their ways.

'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,

When high Omniscience shall her books display;

When Justice shall present her strict account,

While Conscience shall attest the due amount;

That all who feel, condemn'd, the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!

Oh then, while penitence can fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heav'nly patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,

And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt;

Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,

And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;

Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,

For sake the mansions of defiling night;

Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,

Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!

Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,

And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!

Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!

Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,

Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow,

And drive you to the realms of night below!

But Doubt resumes—"If Justice has decreed

"The punishment proportion'd to the deed;

"Eternal misery seems too severe,

"Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!

"Too harsh!—that endless torments should repay

"The crimes of life—the errors of a day!"

In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;

Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high;

In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan!

His ways how different from the ways of man!

Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,

Enquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;

Warn'd by his threat'nings to his laws attend,

And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!

Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,

Oft pass the bounds the law-giver intends;

Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,

Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line;

Strikes bias'd at the person, not the deed,

And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!

But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,

Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;

And while subservient, as his will ordains,

Obedient nature yields the present means;

While neither force nor passions guide his views,

Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!

That bitter spring, the source of human pain!

Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;

And dark affliction, at his potent rod,

Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.

Thus human justice (far as man can go)

For private safety strikes the dubious blow;

But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,

Consults each individual in the whole!

Directs the issues of each moral strife,

And sees creation struggle into life!

And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways

Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;

Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts

No fears can darken, and no guilt infects,

To

To whom his gracious promises extend,
 In whom they center, and in whom shall end,
 Which (blest'd on that foundation sure who build)
 Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd:
 Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
 The bright reversion of approaching heav'n,
 With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
 Whose love from darkness call'd you out to
 So let your piety reflective shine, [light;
 As men may thence confess his truth divine!
 And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
 Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
 The work of life with approbation done,
 Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

XI. GLORY.

But oh, advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
 Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
 Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
 Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
 Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
 No colours can describe, or words express!
 All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
 Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours,
 Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
 Pale as the moon before the solar ray!

See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
 In all the pomp of the luxuriant east!
 While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
 And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
 Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
 To the fair lily that adorns the field!
 Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
 By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
 Yet these survey confounded and outdone
 By the superior lustre of the sun;
 That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
 From Thee, the glorious Author of his frame!

Transcendent Pow'r! sole arbiter of fate!
 How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
 To view from thy exalted throne above,
 (Eternal source of light, and life, and love!)
 Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
 To bless the heav'ns, or beautify the earth;
 While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
 And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
 And swell the concert of eternal praise!
 Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
 Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
 Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
 And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
 Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray
 With endless charms adorns the face of day;
 Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
 And bear his praises thro' the vast profound!
 His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
 Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
 His praise let ocean thro' her realms display,
 Far as her circling billows can convey!
 His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
 In rains descending, or in milder dews!
 His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
 As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!

His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
 Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
 His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
 As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!
 His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
 As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
 His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
 Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
 Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
 Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
 Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear
 The universal hymn of worship hear!
 But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
 Thy soul transported with the task divine!
 While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
 Supremely glorious, and supremely blest'd!

Great Lord of life! from whom this humble
 Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name, [frame
 Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
 Has dar'd thy sacred Attributes survey!
 Delighted oft thro' Nature's beauteous field
 Has she ador'd thy Wisdom bright reveal'd;
 Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
 But awful rev'rence still withheld her tongue.
 Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
 As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
 So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
 His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
 Thy Goodness own, thy Providence adore,
 And yield thee only—what was thine before.

§ 51. *The Day of Judgment: a Seatonian Prize-Poem.* By Dr. GLYNN.

THY Justice, heav'nly King! and that great day,
 When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
 Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
 Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
 I sing advent'rous—But what eye can pierce
 The vast immeasurable realms of space,
 O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
 To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
 First-born of Heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
 Cloth'd in celestial radiance? Can the Muse,
 Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
 Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
 Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
 Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
 Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
 Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
 To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
 Of Fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
 To rove o'er fairy lands; to swim the streams
 That through her valleys wave their mazy way;
 Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
 My feeble voice to tell what harmony
 (Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
 Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
 May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
 Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may
 own

Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heav'n.
 Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
 That divine particle which God's own breath
 E Inspir'd

Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
 Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
 Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
 Why every nation, every clime, though all
 In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
 With one consent expect another world,
 Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim-
 Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes, [bards
 Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Heli's sons
 Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
 Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
 Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
 Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
 Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
 Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
 Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
 Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
 Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
 Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
 With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
 Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
 Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
 Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
 Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?
 Look round the world! with what a partial hand
 The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
 Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
 Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
 No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
 Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
 But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
 Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes,
 Neglected and forlorn: Disease and Cold,
 And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend!
 Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
 She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to your sweet-smelling bow'r,
 Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
 Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
 Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
 For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
 Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
 To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name,
 Save when with imprecations dark and dire
 He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
 Sits on his rosy cheek; yet Honour gilds
 His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
 Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch. [this,

Seest thou this, righteous Father! seest thou
 And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
 Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
 Where all things are forgot?—Ah, no! the day
 Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst,
 That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly
 Back to her native Hell; there sink eclips'd
 In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
 Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
 (That trump which once in heav'n on man's revolt
 Convok'd th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
 Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.
 Then shall th' assembled Nations of the Earth
 From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-seat
 Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,

Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
 Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
 Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
 Tenant the wild terrene; and they who pitch
 Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
 Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
 Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
 Whom distant ages to each others sight
 Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
 Some great Progenitor, while at his side
 Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
 Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
 Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
 With equal eye the God of all shall see,
 And judge with equal love. What though the
 With costly pomp and aromatic sweets [great
 Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
 A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
 While solemn organs to his parting soul
 Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
 Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
 Whose mould'ring bones beneath the thorn-bound
 Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise, [turf
 But not to equal glory; for, alas!
 With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
 Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
 Behold the mighty murd'ers of mankind:
 They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
 Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power [curse
 Waded through seas of blood! How will they
 The madness of ambition! how lament [wife
 Their dear bought laurels; when the widow'd
 And childless mother at the judgment seat [they
 Plead trumpet-tongued against them!—Here are
 Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
 Or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
 Slighted a brother's suff'rings.—Here are they
 Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
 Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
 And ate the orphan's bread; who spent their
 In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold [stores
 Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.
 Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed!—
 Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;—or broke the
 Of hospitable friendship;—and the wretch [ties
 Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
 Unsummon'd, to the presence of his God
 Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
 Once more to visit earth, and, though oppress'd
 With all that pain and famine can inflict,
 Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge
 Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
 Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know
 What punishment! for that th' Almighty will
 Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man
 With curious search refin'd presume to pry
 Into thy secrets, Father? No! let him
 With humble patience all thy works adore,
 And walk in all thy paths; so shall his meed
 Be great in Heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
 Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who bound in tenfold chains
 Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
 Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
 And

And in the place of heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer; he whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The Arch-Apostate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking
souls:

In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or, rack'd with all the agonies of pain, [they
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!—
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping
And on the labours of a future race [head;
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Scaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain—
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the pris'ner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed, heaven-descended Charity.

O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect.
Nor Rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou
To see the sinner as a verdant tree [smile
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is
no more,

And this great day is come, thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of Heav'n

Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulph
And dark abyss, where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on
Thwarting th' ecliptic, whereth' unconscious earth
Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dead volcanos, where engend'ring lie
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now [works
Th' imperial cities, sepulchres, and domes,
Trophies and pillars? Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty paramids, which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian's pride a lasting monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her tow'rs? where
Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion? where Imperial Rome,
Propt by seven hills, sat like a sceptred queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Shew me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.
But what is mimic art? E'en Nature's work,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!
O'erhang th' Atlantic surge; nor that sam'd cliff,
Thro' which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: heaven itself,
That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.

No more shall planets round their central sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their
And magnitude, some winged minister [names
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from heaven the mystic bow.
Such is that awful, that tremendous day,

Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace [I sit,
Through night's dark gloom,—Perhaps as here
And rudely carol these incondite lays, [mouth
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the
That lips the falt'ring strain.—O may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!—

—“Pow'r Supreme!

“O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
“To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
“Melt, all ye elements! And thou, high heav'n,
“Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
“Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
“Think on thine own bright image! Think on
“him
“Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
“And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man!”

§ 52. HYMNS. By Mrs. BARBAULD.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare ac terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis? HORAT.

HYMN I.

JEHOVAH reigns: let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let Heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms re-
sounding,

Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs sound-
[ing.

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of ancient night;
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life:

Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night; [ing,
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorn-
Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of
morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flow'rs he
dress'd,

And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours

The circling waters round her winding shores,
The new-born world in their cool arms em-
bracing,

And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length the rose complete in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride:
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood,
Her Maker blest'd his work, and call'd it good,
The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass
away;

And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress'd,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky!

The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God! for ever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;

Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd, is still the same.

He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise: [troul,
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight con-
Revere him in the stillness of the soul;

With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN II.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise*,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should

* Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store;
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall;
 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain;
 Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy;
 Yet to thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
 And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
 Love thee—for thyself alone.

HYMN III.

For Easter-Sunday.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
 O what a night was that which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom!
 O what a sun which broke this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb!
 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
 And praise on ev'ry tongue.
 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.
 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
 With strong compassion mov'd,
 Descended, like a pitying God,
 To save the souls he lov'd.
 The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain
 To bind his soul in death;
 He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
 With his expiring breath.
 Not long the toils of hell could keep
 The hope of Judah's line;
 Corruption never could take hold
 On aught so much divine.
 And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies;
 While broke, beneath his pow'rful cross,
 Death's iron sceptre lies.
 Exalted high at God's right hand,
 And Lord of all below,
 Thro' him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
 And boundless blessings flow.
 And still for erring, guilty man
 A brother's pity flows;
 And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
 With mem'ry of our woes.
 To thee, my Saviour and my King,
 Glad homage let me give;
 And stand prepar'd like thee to die,
 With thee that I may live.

HYMN IV.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
 Our dying Master stands!
 His weeping followers gath'ring round
 Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lip
 What tender accents fell!
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its author well:

"Bless'd is the man whose soft'ning heart
 "Feels all another's pain:
 "To whom the supplicating eye
 "Was never rais'd in vain;

"Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,
 "A stranger's woes to feel:
 "And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 "He wants the pow'r to heal.

"He spreads his kind supporting arms
 "To ev'ry child of grief;
 "His secret bounty largely flows,
 "And brings unask'd relief.

"To gentle offices of love
 "His feet are never slow;
 "He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
 "A brother in a foe.

"Peace from the bosom of his God,
 "My peace to him I give;
 "And when he kneels before the throne,
 "His trembling soul shall live.

"To him protection shall be shewn,
 "And mercy from above
 "Descend on those who thus fulfil
 "The perfect law of love."

HYMN V.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a num'rous host;
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threat'ning stands
 Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
 There Pleasure's filken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires and lusts engage;
 The meanest foe of all the train
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
 Perils and snares beset thee round;
 Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
 But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield;
 Put on the armour from above
 Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
 And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell
 The man of Calvary triumph'd here;
 Why should his faithful followers fear?

§ 53. *An Address to the Deity.*

Mrs. BARBAULD.

Deus est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.
LUCAN.

GOD of my life, and author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung.
Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All Nature faints beneath the mighty name
Which Nature's works, thro' all her parts, pro-
claim.

I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smould'ring flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give:
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still ev'ry wish that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray, [way,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence, lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky.

Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree:
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee. [night,
Then, when the last, the closing hour draws
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die,

§ 54. *A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

Mrs. BARBAULD.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.
YOUNG.

'TIS past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grate-
ful hours

Move silent on: the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where hung aloft
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meek'n'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in silent shade
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And sed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of æther
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling
fires,

And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the master: he whose hand,
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public grace; and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
Of

Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And, silent as the foot of Time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses: Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; tho' the rais'd ear,
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines!—Seiz'd in
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail [thought,
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, midst his wat'ry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than him who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is their aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation, wide and wild,
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
But, oh the mighty Mind! whose pow'rful word

Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection? ———
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne? O look with pity down
On erring, guilty man! not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest, [streams;
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies; the hour will come
When all these splendours bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

§ 55. *Hymn to Content.* Mrs. BARBAULD.

—— natura beatos

Omnibus esse decit, si quis cognoverit uti. CLAUD.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!

Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole,
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simple vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet;
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy fainted feet.

But thou, oh Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day:

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whisp'ring thro' the shade.

§ 56. *To Wisdom.* Mrs. BARBAULD.

*Dona præsentis rape laetus horæ, ac
Lingue severa.* HORAT.

O WISDOM! if thy soft control
Can sooth the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace;
Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st with frown austere
To nurse the brood of care and fear;
To bid our sweetest passions die,
And leave us in their room a sigh;
Or if thine aspect stern have pow'r
To wither each poor transient flow'r
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the springs whence hope should flow;
Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,
Thou empty boast of pompous name!
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleasure's frolic train!
Hail to fancy's golden reign!
Festive mirth, and laughter wild,
Free and sportful as the child!
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
And easy faith, and fond surprise!
Let these, in fairy colours dress'd,
For ever share my careless breast:
Then, tho' wise I may not be,
The wise themselves shall envy me.

§ 57. *Despondency. An Ode.* BURNS.

O P P R E S S ' D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing
Must be my bitter doom;

My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!
Happy! ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet, while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.
How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within this humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.
Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!
Oh! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

§ 58. *The Frailty and Folly of Man.* PRIOR.

G R E A T Heav'n! how frail thy creature Man
is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!

In

In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
 And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be lov'd.
 On pleasure's flow'ry brink we idly stray,
 Matters as yet of our returning way:
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
 Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll:
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
 And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
 And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands
 retreat.

§ 59. *A Paraphrase on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.* THOMSON.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
 While all my warring passions are at strife,
 Oh let me listen to the words of life!
 Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
 And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart:

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
 While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
 And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body its investing weed?
 Behold! and look away your low despair—
 See the light tenants of the barren air:
 To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
 Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
 Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing when spring renews the plain,
 Th' him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
 Nor is their music or their plaint in vain;
 He hears the gay and the distressful call,
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race;
 They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
 Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they
 glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare?
 What king so shining, or what queen so fair?

If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
 Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?

§ 60. *SONGS of Praise.* WATTS.

A general Song of Praise to God.

How glorious is our heav'nly King,
 Who reigns above the sky!

How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful Majesty!
 How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.
 Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
 Can search his secret will;
 But they perform his heav'nly word,
 And sing his praises still.
 Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first off'rings bring;
 Th' eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.
 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys;
 And angels shall rejoice
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sound from a feeble voice.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I SING th'almighty pow'r of God,
 That made the mountains rise;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies!
 I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.
 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
 Where'er I turn mine eye!
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky;
 There's not a plant or flow'r below
 But makes thy glories known;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.
 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.
 In heav'n he shines with beams of love,
 With wrath in hell beneath!
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his air I breathe.
 His hand is my perpetual guard:
 He keeps me with his eye:
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh?

Praise to God for our Redemption.

BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
 The justice and the grace,
 That join'd in council to restore
 And save our ruin'd race!
 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
 And from his glory fell;
 And we his children thus were brought
 To death, and near to hell.

Bless

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood!
He for our lives gave up his own
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face!
And, with the bless'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace!

Praise for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me!

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!

While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?

Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.

GREAT God! to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru, with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance or darkness reigns!
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

Praise for the Gospel.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n!

How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worship'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his Gospel known!

Then, if this Gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes!
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

Praise to God for learning to Read.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young,
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in;
By nature, and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sins
And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn,
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths, which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe!

Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

§ 61. *The Excellency of the Bible demonstrated.*
WATTS.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make understand thy law,
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

§ 62. *The All-seeing God.* WATTS.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight:

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the Sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

§ 63. *Solemn Thoughts concerning God and Death.*
WATTS.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas:
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die;
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as the tree, cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

§ 64. *Heaven and Hell.* WATTS.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love;
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heav'n ascend!

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.

§ 65. *The Advantages of early Religion.* WATTS.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis

'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes;
 While sinners that grow old in sin
 Are harden'd in their crimes.
 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.
 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
 Our childhood we resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
 Employ my youngest breath;
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

§ 66. *The Danger of Delay.* WATTS.

WHY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon
 "To seek for Heav'n, or think of death?"
 A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.
 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
 I may be harden'd in my sin,
 And never have repentance given.
 What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
 While I refuse to read and pray,
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear
 To all my groans another day!
 What if his dreadful anger burn,
 While I refuse his offer'd grace,
 And all his love to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place!
 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
 His pow'r and vengeance none can tell:
 One stroke of his almighty rod
 Shall send young sinners quick to hell.
 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
 To cry for pardon and for grace;
 To wish I had my time again,
 Or hope to see my Maker's face!

§ 67. *Examples of early Piety.* WATTS.

WHAT blest'd examples do I find
 Writ in the word of truth,
 Of children that began to mind
 Religion in their youth!
 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe,
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his Father's law.
 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
 (The Jews all wond'ring stand)
 Yet he obey'd his mother then,
 And came at her command.
 Children a sweet hosannah sung,
 And blest'd their Saviour's name!
 They gave him honour with their tongue,
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
 To wait upon the Lord;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
 What others learn so soon?
 I would not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

§ 68. *Against Lying.* WATTS.

O 'Tis a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.
 But liars we can never trust,
 Tho' they should speak the thing that's true!
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.
 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
 How God abhors deceit and wrong?
 How Ananias was struck dead,
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue.
 So did his wife Sapphira die,
 When she came in, and grew so bold
 As to confirm that wicked lie
 That just before her husband told.
 The Lord delights in them that speak
 The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
 Must have his portion in the lake
 That burns with brimstone and with fire.
 Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and hell,
 Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
 For ev'ry lie that children tell.

§ 69. *Against Quarrelling and Fighting.* WATTS.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too:
 But children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.
 Let love through all your actions run,
 And all your words be mild;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely Child.
 His soul was gentle as a lamb:
 And, as his stature grew,
 He grew in favour both with man,
 And God his Father too.
 Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
 And from his heav'nly throne
 He sees what children dwell in love,
 And marks them for his own.

§ 70. *Love between Brothers and Sisters.*

WATTS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful fight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight!

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

§ 71. *Against Scoffing and calling Names.*

WATTS.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother Fool.

But-lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go!"
God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue!

§ 72. *Against Swearing and Cursing, and taking God's Name in vain.* WATTS.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble, down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And, when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain!

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
That heav'nly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

§ 73. *Against Idleness and Mischief.* WATTS.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

§ 74. *Against Evil Company.* WATTS.

WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names, and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend mine ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go:
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here:
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

§ 75. *Against Pride in Clothes.* WATTS.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.
When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.
How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.
The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me still.
Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace:
These are the robes of richest dress.
No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.
It never fades, it ne'er grows old;
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould:
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.
In this on earth should I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there,
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

§ 76. *Obedience to Parents.* WATTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?
What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

§ 77. *The Child's Complaint.* WATTS.

WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

§ 78. *A Morning and Evening Song.* WATTS.

Morning Song.

MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The bus'ness of the day:
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain!

Evening Song.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise:
My comforts ev'ry hour make known,
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

§ 79. *For the Lord's Day Morning.* WATTS.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'r of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray, and hear the word :
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.
I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven ;
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven !

§ 80. *For the Lord's Day Evening.* WATTS.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heav'n below :
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

§ 81. *The Sluggard.* WATTS.

'TIS the voice of a sluggard—I heard him
complain, [again.]
" You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed [head.
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy
" A little more sleep and a little more slumber,"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours
without number ;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about fauntring, or trifling he stands.
I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn & the thistle grow broader & higher ;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.
I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind ;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating & drinking,
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
thinking.
Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for me ;
That man's but a picture of what I might be ;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my
breeding, [reading!]
Who taught me betimes to love working and

§ 82. *Innocent Play.* WATTS.

ABROAD in the meadows, to see the young lambs,
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
Where they play all in love, without anger or rage ;
How much we may learn from the sight !

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud ;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood ;
So foul and so fierce are their natures :
But Thomas and William, and such prettynames,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures. [lambs,
Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should hinder another in jesting or play ;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt : [mire!
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you " 'Tis all but in sport."

§ 83. *The Rose.* WATTS.

HOW fair is the Rose ! what a beautiful flow'r !
The glory of April and May !
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.
Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field : [lost,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !
So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.
Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

§ 84. *The Thief.* WATTS.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will ?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.
'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain :
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.
Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute ?
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit !
Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner :
Then the gallows ends his days.
Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy :
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.
Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine ;
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

§ 85. *The Ant, or Emmet.* WATTS.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them
dies, Without

Without our regard or concern :
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day.

And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time.

When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
in bloom, [shall come,

Let me think what will serve me when sickness
And pray that my sins be forgiven :

Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
That, when death turns me out of this cottage

I may dwell in a palace in heaven. [of clay.

§ 86. *Good Resolutions.* WATTS.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,

I'll prepare for ev'ry place

Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,

Others shall partake my goodness ;

I'll supply the poor with meat,

Never shewing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,

Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them ;

I deserve to feel the same,

If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,

Why should I return them railing ?

Since I best revenge my wrongs

By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,

Talking foolish, cursing, swearing ;

First I'll try to make them wise,

Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,

I'll engage the rich to love me,

While I'm modest, neat, and clean,

And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,

I shall meet, I hope, with pity ;

Since I love to help the weak,

Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,

Nor be easily offended :

What's amiss I'll strive to mend,

And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still

O'er my humours and my passion,

As to speak and do no ill,

Though it should be all the fashion !

Wicked fashions lead to hell ;

Ne'er may I be found complying ;

But in life behave so well,

Not to be afraid of dying.

§ 87. *A Summer Evening.* WATTS.

How fine has the day been, how bright was
the sun,

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of rain !

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,

His rays all are gold, and his beauties are best ;

He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,

And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian : his course he begins

Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,

And melts into tears ; then he breaks out & shines,

And travels his heavenly way :

But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,

Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,

And gives a sure hope at the end of his days

Of rising in brighter array !

§ 88. *A Cradle Hymn.* WATTS.

HUSH ! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed !

Heav'nly blessings, without number,

Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ! thy food and raiment,

House and home, thy friends provide ;

All without thy care or payment,

All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended

Than the Son of God could be ;

When from heaven he descended,

And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle,

Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay ;

When his birth-place was a stable,

And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! what glorious features

Spotless fair ! divinely bright !

Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?

How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger

Cursed sinners could afford,

To receive the heav'nly stranger ?

Did they thus affront their Lord ?

Soft, my child ! I did not chide thee,

Though my song might sound too hard !

'Tis thy { * mother } sits beside thee,

{ nurse that }

And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet

* Here you may use the words *Brother, Sister, Neighbour, Friend, &c.*

Yet to read the shameful story,
 How the Jews abus'd their King,
 How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
 Makes me angry while I sing.
 See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky !
 Where they sought him, there they found him,
 With his Virgin mother by.
 See the lovely babe a-dressing,
 Lovely Infant, how he smil'd !
 When he wept, the Mother's blessing
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.
 Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed :
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans, and endless crying,
 That thy blest Redeemer came.
 May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days ;
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face, and sing his praise !
 I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I must desire ;
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire !

§ 89. *The Nunc Dimittis.* MERRICK.

'Tis enough—the hour is come :
 Now within the silent tomb
 Let this mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with its kindred clay ;
 Since thy mercies, oft of old
 By thy chosen seers foretold,
 Faithful now and stedfast prove,
 God of truth, and God of love !
 Since at length my aged eye
 Sees the day-spring from on high !
 Son of righteousness, to thee,
 Lo ! the nations bow the knee ;
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings.
 Those whom death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lift their eyes, and from afar
 Hail the light of Jacob's Star ;
 Waiting till the promis'd ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
 See the beams, intensely shed,
 Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head !
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth, and God of love !

§ 90. *The Benedicite paraphrased.* MERRICK.

Ye works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd ;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd the Eternal King,
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise ;
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blest æthereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne :

Ye waters that above him roll,
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O make his praises known !

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
 Join ye your joyful songs with ours ;
 With us your voices raise ;

From age to age extend the lay,
 To Heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
 Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb ! whose powerful ray
 Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
 Whose influence all things own ;
 Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
 With light as far excelling thine,
 As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
 Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
 With him the song pursue ;
 And let himself submissive own,
 He borrows from a brighter Sun
 The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs and dews, whose moisture shed
 Calls into life the op'ning seed,
 To him your praises yield,
 Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
 Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
 And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
 The ruffled surface of the deep,
 With us confess your God ;
 See thro' the heav'ns the King of kings,
 Upborne on your expanded wings,
 Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
 With just submission humbly bow
 To his superior pow'r,
 Who stops the tempest on its way,
 Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
 And gives it strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 By turns in long succession roll'd,
 The drooping world to cheer,
 Praise him who gave the sun and moon
 To lead the various seasons on,
 And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
 Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
 Pursue the heav'nly theme ;
 Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
 Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
 And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,

Alternate glide away,
Praise him, whose never-varying light,
Absent, adds horror to the night,
But, present, gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs;
Darkness, whose wide-expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe;
Praise him who, when the heav'ns he spread,
Darkness his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance thro' the sky,
And red with wrath divine;
Praise him, ye clouds that wand'ring stray,
Or, fix'd by him, in close array
Surround his awful shrine.

Exalt, O Earth! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants that form the spring
With annual verdure bloom;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And bless thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod;
Think how you once affrighted fled;
When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
And own'd the approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene;
Ye flow'rs, that o'er th' enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
O praise the Ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murmur'ing rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
And roll from shore to shore;
Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside;
Ye floods, within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark recesses sleep,
Remote from human eye,
Praise him by whom ye all are fed;
Praise him, without whose heavenly aid
Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name;
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artless lays improve;
Wake with your songs the rising day,
Let music sound on ev'ry spray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the solitary gloom,

Th' expected prey to seize;
Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move;
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attentive down;
Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain
So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the bless'd abode,
To heavenly mansions soar;
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more!

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.

§ 91. *The Ignorance of Man.* MERRICK.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature—man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r!),
That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author

Author of good! to thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern;
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel;
That fear all fears beside.

And, oh! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

§ 92. *The Trials of Virtue.* MERRICK.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene survey'd:
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That virtue's path inclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
But, oh, what toils oppose!

For see! ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

Oh how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd oppressive sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
E'en now my steps they lave;
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat!
Each nerve at once unstrung,
Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice, descending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fear:

'What tho' the swelling surge thou see
'Impatient to devour;
'Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
'And thankful own his pow'r.

'Know, when he bade the deep appear,
'Thus far," th' Almighty said,
'Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
'Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

I heard; and, lo! at once controul'd,
The waves, in wild retreat,
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
And murmuring left my feet.

Deep to assembling deeps in vain
Once more the signal gave:
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th' usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise,
The imag'd truth I read;
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th' instructive vision fled.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
'Say why, distrustful still,
'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
'O'er scenes of future ill?

'Let faith suppress each rising fear,
'Each anxious doubt exclude;
'Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
'A Maker wise and good!

'He to thy ev'ry trial knows
'Its just restraint to give;
'Attentive to behold thy woes,
'And faithful to relieve.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
'Say why, distrustful still,
'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
'O'er scenes of future ill?

'Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
'Still in thy God confide,
'Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
'And curbs the headlong tide.'

§ 93. *Christ's Passion: from a Greek Ode of Mr. MASTERS, formerly of New College.* PITT.

NO more of earthly subjects sing;
To heaven, my muse, aspire;
To raise the song, charge ev'ry string,
And strike the living lyre.

Begin, in lofty numbers show
Th' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the Sov'reign God above,
And suffers on the cross below.

Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.

What numbers shall I bring along?
From whence shall I begin the song?
The mighty mystery I'll sing, inspir'd,
Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
I'll make the trackless depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son:
I'll raise my voice to tell mankind

The victor's conquest o'er his doom;
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To seal more sure the rav'nous tomb.

Three days, th' infernal empire to subdue,
He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of woe;
With his own dart the tyrant Death he slew,
And led Hell captive through her realms below.

A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumult thickens on my ear,
The shouts of murd'ers, that insult the slain,
The voice of torment, and the shrieks of pain.

I cast my eyes with horror up
To the curst mountain's guilty top;
See there! whom hanging in the midst I view!

Ah! how unlike the other two!

I see him high above his foes,
And gently bending from the wood
His head in pity down to those

Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.

His wide-extended arms I see

'Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree:

Man, senseless man! canst thou look on,

Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own?

The rage of all thy grief exert,

Rend thy garments and thy heart:

Beat thy breast, and grovel low,

Beneath the burden of thy woe;

Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,

Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.

Behold thy King, with purple cover'd round,

Not in the Tyrian tinctures dyed,

Nor dipt in poison of Sidonian pride;

But in his own rich blood that streams from
every wound.

Dost thou not see the thorny circle red?

The guilty wreath that blushes round his head!

And with what rage the bloody scourge applied

Curled round his limbs, and ploughs into his side.

At such a sight let all thy anguish rise;

Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.

Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,

Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.

Weep from thy soul, till earth be drown'd;

Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.

Canst thou, ungrateful man! his torments see,

Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood
for thee?

§ 94. *A Funeral Hymn.* MALLÉT.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread!

Dumb silence of the dreary hour!

In honour of th' approaching dead,

Around your awful terrors pour.

Yes, pour around

On this pale ground,

Through all this deep surrounding gloom,

The sober thought,

The tear untaught,

Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplis'd train drew near

To this last mansion of mankind,

The slow sad bell, the sable bier,

In holy musing wrap the mind!

And while their beam,

With trembling stream,

Attending tapers faintly dart;

Each mould'ring bone,

Each sculptur'd stone,

Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now let the sacred organ blow,

With solemn pause, and sounding flow;

Now let the voice due measure keep,

In strains that sigh, and words that weep;

Till all the vocal current blended roll,

Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul:

To lift it in the Maker's praise,

Who first inform'd our frame with breath;

And, after some few stormy days,

Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.

No King of Fears

In him appears,

Who shuts the scene of human woes:

Beneath his shade

Securely laid,

The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,

To One, supremely good and wise,

Raise hallelujahs! God is just,

And man most happy when he dies!

His winter past,

Fair spring at last

Receives him on her flow'ry shore;

Where pleasure's rose

Immortal blows,

And sin and sorrow are no more!

§ 95. *Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrased.* DRYDEN.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,

Come visit ev'ry pious mind;

Come pour thy joys on human kind;

From sin and sorrow set us free.

And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,

The Father's promis'd Paraclete!

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,

Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;

Come, and thy sacred unction bring

To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,

Rich in thy sevenfold energy!

Thou strength of his Almighty hand,

Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,

Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,

And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;

But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!

Our frailties help, our vice controul,

Submit the senses to the soul;

And when rebellious they are grown,

Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,

And peace, the fruit of love, bestow,

And, lest our feet should step astray,

Protect and guide us in the way.

Make

Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.
 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name :
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

§ 95. *On True Nobility.* DRYDEN'S JUVENAS..

—NOBILITY of blood [good.
 Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious
 The Nobleman is he, whose noble mind [kind.
 Is fill'd with inbred worth, unborrow'd from his
 Virtue alone is true nobility :
 Let your own acts immortalize your name,
 'Tis poor relying on another's fame :
 For take the pillars but away, and all
 The superstructure must in ruins fall ;
 As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
 From the embraces of the elm she lov'd.

§ 97. *A Night Piece.* MISS CARTER.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
 And calm reflection sooths the pensive soul,
 While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away ;
 To Thee ! all-conscious Presence ! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought :
 Here all my better faculties confine ;
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine !
 If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd ;
 Shar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd ;
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford ?
 Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.
 But, ah ! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve !
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore !
 Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repels'd,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast ;
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.
 With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Shouldst thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
 But, oh ! thy softer titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
 Mercy ! that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of despair ;
 From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,
 Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood !
 All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey ;

Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,
 Regain my volatile inconstant heart !
 Shall every high resolve Devotion frames
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names ?
 Oh rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb !
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 Till the last morn its orient beam disclose :
 Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
 The opening splendours of eternal day.

§ 98. *Ode to Melancholy.* CARTER.

COME, Melancholy ! silent pow'r,
 Companion of my lonely hour,
 To sober thought confin'd !
 Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
 In all thy soothing charms confest,
 Indulge my pensive mind.
 No longer wildly hurried through
 The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
 In folly's noisy stream,
 I from the busy crowd retire,
 To court the objects that inspire
 Thy philosophic dream.
 Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
 With solitary steps I muse,
 By thy direction led :
 Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
 Consociate with my sister worms,
 And mingle with the dead.
 Ye midnight horrors, awful gloom !
 Ye silent regions of the tomb,
 My future peaceful bed ;
 Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
 And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd
 In death's refreshing shade.
 Ye pale inhabitants of night,
 Before my intellectual sight
 In solemn pomp ascend :
 O tell how trifling now appears
 The train of idle hopes and fears,
 That varying life attend !
 Ye faithless idols of our sense,
 Here own how vain the fond pretence,
 Ye empty names of joy !
 Your transient forms like shadows pass,
 Frail offspring of the magic glass,
 Before the mental eye.
 The dazzling colours, falsely bright,
 Attract the gazing vulgar sight
 With superficial state :
 Thro' reason's clearer optics view'd,
 How stripp'd of all its pomp, how rude :
 Appears the painted cheat !
 Can wild ambition's tyrant pow'r,
 Or ill-got wealth's superfluous store,
 The dread of death controul ?

Can pleasure's more bewitching charms
Avert or sooth the dire alarms
That shake the parting soul?

Religion! ere the hand of Fate
Shall make reflection plead too late,
My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth
These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal spring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
The pale terrific king.

When, sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
And owns thy threat'nings just;
Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant cheers,
With mercy calms her torturing fears,
And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate:
Unmov'd her destin'd change surveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

In death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
That gently whisper peace;
Till the last morn's fair op'ning ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliss.

§ 99. *Written at Midnight, in a Thunder Storm.* CARTER.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air,

'Thro' Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is universal good:

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day!

§ 100. *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

JOHNSON.

In Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

LET * observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous
pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good:
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant
voice:

How nations sink by darling schemes oppress,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'ful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. [bold
† But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind!
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety
The dangers gather as the treasures rise. [buys;

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord:
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet

* Ver. 1—11.

† Ver. 12—22.

Yet * still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once † more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd
caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?

Attentive, truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

‡ Unnumber'd suplicants crowd Preferment's
gate,

Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;

From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,

And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;

For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:

The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rides th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?

Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;

With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:

To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs con-
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine; [sign,

Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:

Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;

Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.

Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,

The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.

Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace
repine,

Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,

The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,

On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink, beneath misfortune's blow,

With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
What § gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,

And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd

Hyde,
By kings protect'd, and to kings ally'd?

What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When || first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;

Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:

O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And ¶ Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.

Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!

Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;

Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day:

Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;

Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;

Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;

Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;

Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning, to be wise;

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

See

* Ver. 23—27. † Ver. 28—55. ‡ Ver. 56—107. § Ver. 108—113. || Ver. 114—132.

¶ There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

See stations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life*, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content,
'The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The † festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
'The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
'This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
'Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandfires wreaths re-
From age to age in everlasting debt; [gret,
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right con-
To rust on medals, or on stones decay. [vey

On † what foundation stands the warrior's
pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign; [vain;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought
remain,

"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shews his miseries in distant lands;

Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All § times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride;
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still be-
stow'd,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th'insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th'incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Thro' purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

'Enlarge || my life with multitude of days;
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r—
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now

* A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College Oxford, and rector of Oker-ton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin Treatise De Natura Cœli, &c. in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Ox-ford, and the King's-bench, till bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, re-leased him by paying his debts. He petitioned King Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the par-liament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a shirt to shift him in three months, unless he borrowed it, and he died very poor in 1646.

† Ver. 133—146.

† Ver. 147—157.

§ Ver. 168—187.

|| Ver. 188—238.

Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:

No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus

Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend, [near:
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend:

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,

While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear; [sneer,

The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,

Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;

But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;

Returns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;

An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;

Whole peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;

The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes flagging wings;

New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.

Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.

Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;

New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,

Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.

From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show. [flow,

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begg for each birth the fortune of a face:

Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring:
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,

Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,

Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,

What care, what rules your heedless charms shall
save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,

The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,

Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry rein,

And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,

The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;

To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distressed,

And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
Where † then shall Hope and Fear their objects

find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?

Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,

Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;

For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;

For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:

These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to

gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,

And makes the Happiness she does not find.

§ 101. *Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry.*
Written in 1760. MASON.

THE midnight clock has toll'd—and, hark!
the bell [found?

Of death beats slow! heard ye the note pro-
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,

Flings to the hollow gale its fullen sound.
Yes—Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,

Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,

With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom

(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled);
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,

Float in light vision round the poet's head.
Whene'er

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
 Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
 How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
 The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
 Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
 That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
 Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
 Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.
 That bell again! It tells us what she is;
 On what she was, no more the strain prolong:
 Luxuriant fancy, pause! an hour like this
 Demands the tribute of a serious song.
 Maria claims it from that sable bier,
 Where cold and wan the slumb'rer rests her
 head;
 In still small whispers to reflection's ear
 She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.
 O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
 Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool, rever'd;
 Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.
 Yes; ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
 While, high with health, your hearts exulting
 E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career, [leap;
 The mental monitor shall wake and weep!
 For say, than Coventry's propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births arose?
 Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish, or by death to lose?
 Early to lose! While, borne on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
 The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb;
 Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
 That led her hence, tho' soon, by steps so slow;
 Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:
 To give reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
 Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.
 Say, are you sure his mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh! [friend,
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
 Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear, [glow.
 Or shades with horrors what with smiles should
 No—she would warn you with seraphic fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
 Would bid you boldly to that heaven aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
 Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
 Force then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
 Thefting from death, the vict'ry from the grave!
 Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain! [steep:
 Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulneis

Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep!
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as you are,
 More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
 Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,
 Nor wish for more; who conquer but to die.
 Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale!
 Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
 The breeze of bliss that fills your sicken sail:
 On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
 Your little course to cold oblivion's shore;
 They dare the storm, and thro' th' inclement year
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's
 roar.
 Is it for glory? That just Fate denies;
 Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
 Ere from her trump the heaven-breath'd accents
 That lift the hero from the fighting crowd! [rise
 Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
 To curb the fury of insulting foes?
 Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:
 'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.
 And why must murder'd myriads lose their all
 (If life be all), why desolation low'r
 With famish'd frown on this affrighted ball,
 That thou mayst flame the meteor of an hour?
 Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,
 Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high?
 Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
 And live your moment, since the next ye die!
 Yet know, vain sceptics! know, th' Almighty
 Mind,
 Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
 Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
 To heav'n, to immortality aspire.
 Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd
 By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!
 NOTE. In a book of French verses, intitled,
Oeuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci, and lately
 reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the title
 of *Poésies Diverses*, may be found an Epistle to
 Marshal Keith, written professedly against the
 immortality of the soul. By way of specimen of
 the whole, take the following lines:
 De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le passé:
 Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé;
 De même, après ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
 Par la corruption seront anéanties,
 Par un même destin il ne pensera plus!
 Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons en convaincu.
 It is to this Epistle that the latter part of the
 Elegy alludes.
 § 102. *Elegy to a young Nobleman leaving the
 University.* MASON.
 ERE yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire [vale,
 From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful
 Where

Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;
O let thy friend (and may he boast the name!)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay:
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all those virtues, op'ning now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear;

There, if ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or luxury should taint their vernal glow;
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale, [blow;
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they
If mimic hues, by art or fashion spread,
Their genuine simple colouring should supply;
O may with them these laureate honours fade,
And with them (if it can) my friendship die!

Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing:
Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice.
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Call we the shade of Pope from that blest bow'r,
Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful sage;
Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When St. John's name illumin'd glory's page.
Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry stain;
Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain;
The deathless meed he only could bestow:

The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
E'en now, repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.

If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, Dryden—hark, whene'er he sings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers and inglorious kings!

See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
His glitt'ring stores the tuneful spendthrift
throws:

Where fear or int'rest bids, behold they shine;
Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.

Born with too gen'rous or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent;
Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art:
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.

The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to disgust with false or venal praise,
Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausible string;
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
Be what the purest muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself: that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth;
And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art,
On vice's front let fearful caution low'r,
And teach the dissident, discreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for pow'r.

So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,
When death's cold hand unstrings thy Ma-
son's lyre,

When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:
He to the amplest bounds of time's domain
On raptures plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with rev'rence trust, this Sabine strain,
'The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die.'

§ 103. *The Choice of Hercules: from the Greek of Prodicus. Bp. LOWTH.*

NOW had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd [way
Where passion leads, or prudence points the
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears [root;
By just degrees, fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly
breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides fought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
Step following step, and thought succeeding
thought;

Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued
His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude

Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay, [way.
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry
Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind:

Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd [same;
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame:
When, lo! far off two female forms he spies:

Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.

Graceful, yet each with diff'rent grace they move;
This striking sacred awe; that, softer winning love.
The first in native dignity surpass'd;

Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more;
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;

A vest more white than new-fallen snow she
August she trod, yet modest was her air; [wore:
Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire.

Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
More mild, appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The

The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue;
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.

All soft and delicate, with airy swim
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade:
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin, [skin.
Her stature shew'd no retall, more snowy white her

Of with a smile she view'd herself askance;
Even on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.

As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid, [dress'd;
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth ad-
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting
tongue:

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?

Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy
Securely follow where I lead the way, [mind?

And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,

Em bath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;

Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free,

Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were made
for thee.

"Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy
fight;

All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:

The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love, [sound,

Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;

Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy
head: [thy bed.

Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth

"These will I freely, constantly supply,

Pleasure's not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly, [woe;

Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,

Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,

Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my best allies employ,

New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;

Still gaz'd, and listen'd; then her name besought:
"My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said.

"Well can my friends this envied truth maintain;
They share my bliss, they best can speak my
praise:

Tho' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain!),
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says;
Slander, still prompt true merit to defame, [name."
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest

By this arriv'd the fair majestic Maid;

She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd advanc'd: "Know, Hercules," she said

With manly tone, "thy birth of heavenly race:
Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,

Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise;
When manhood should confirm thy glorious

Now expectation waits to see thee rise. [choice,
Rise, youth! exalt thyself and me; approve

Thy high descent from heaven, and dare be
worthy Jove.

[disguise:
But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not

The steep ascent must be with toil subdued;
Watching and cares must win the lofty prize

Propos'd by Heaven—true bliss and real good.
Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;

She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,

And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place.
Who seeks her, must the mighty cost sustain,

And pay the price of fame—labour, and care,
and pain.

Wouldst thou engage the gods peculiar care?
O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore!

With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.

Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?

Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;
Her voice in council, in the fight her sword:

In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy ge-

nerous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppress'd,
In arts of war and matchless strength excel?

First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.

The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
In watches waste; in painful march, the day:

Congel'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,
Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray,

Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:
Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must
engage? [prove?"

What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee
(Abrupt says Sloth)—"Ill fit thy tender age

Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy!

To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy;

I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way:
Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain:

Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures
reign."

thine?"
"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are

(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep 'st in ease
Insensate;

Inferate; whose soft limbs the toil decline
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please:
Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require;
Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite;
Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:
Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

"The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer fnows,
The dainty board with choicest viands spread,
To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose

Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
For thou art only tir'd with indolence;

Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,
Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense

In dull oblivious interval of thought;
That kindly steals th' inactive hours away [the day.

From the long ling'ring space, that lengthens out

"From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights;

Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy

Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove [nights.
Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals bliss-

ful place,
For ever banish'd from the realms above,

To dwell on earth with man's degenerate
Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd; [race:

Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

"Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee!

Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.

Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays; [song

Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy

No—to thy revels let the fool repair; [praise!
To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy

tempting snare.

"Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth of follies, an old age of cares;

Young yet enervate, old yet never wise, [pairs.
Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind im-

Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease, [spend;
Reserving woes for age, their prime they

All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.

Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd,
They live and are despis'd; they die, nor more

are nam'd.

"But with the gods, and godlike men I dwell;
Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire

Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human, I inspire.

Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside:

My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,
The surest policy, the wisest guide. [bind

With me true friendship dwells: she deigns to
Those generous souls alone, whom I before

have join'd.

"Nor need my friends the various costly feast;
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;
Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest;
Sweet is their sleep; light, cheerful, strong,
they rise. [nown

Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure, and re-
They tread my paths; and by a soft descent

At length to age all gently sinking down,
Look back with transport on a life well spent,

In which no hour flew unimprov'd away; [day.
In which some gen'rous deed distinguish'd ev'ry

"And when the destin'd term at length's com-
Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame [plete,

Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,
In sacred song for ever lives their name.

This, Hercules, is happiness! obey
My voice, and live: let thy celestial birth

Lift and enlarge thy thoughts: behold the way
That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth,

Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise, [skies."
Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught

The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.

The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
Thro' all her fraudulent arts, in clearest light,

Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd she stood confess'd before his sight:

False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale,

and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise [grace
Masks her dissembled looks; each borrow'd

Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face. [eyes

As when fair Iris has awhile display'd
Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay,

While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away:

Where shone the beauteous phantom, erst so
bright,

Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to
the sight.

But Virtue, more engaging, all the while [rene,
Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more se-

Beaming sweet influence: a milder smile
Softens the terrors of her lofty mien.

"Lead, goddess; I am thine!" transported cried
Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way

Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:
From thee oh never, never let me stray!"

While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his

breast.

The heavenly maid with strength divine endued
His daring soul; there all her pow'rs com-

Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude, [bin'd:
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.

Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undisarm'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,

From fiercest monsters, thro' her powerful aid,
He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.

"Twas

'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode; [god.
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a

§ 104. *The Hermit.* PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell:
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast, [grow,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending
And skies beneath with answering colours
But if a stone the gentle sea divide, [glow:
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by
To find if books or swains report it right, [sight,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried:
And "Hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire replied:
Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose. [pass,
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome [grass.
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good. [drown,
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call; [sleep.
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch
they go;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring
As one who spies a serpent in his way, [prize.
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with
So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road [fear;
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls, [calls:
And nature's fervour through their limbs re-
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine:
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
wrought

With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice; and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie:
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And with'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and
Horror of horrors! what! his only son? [died.
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe the blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant shew'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied, [glide.
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls; and rising lifts his head;
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"--But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;

Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke):

"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government Divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still. [prize,

"What strange events can strike with more sur-
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasure'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun:
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.

Then,

Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

§ 105. *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

FITZGERALD.

FIRST, the Supreme doth highest rev'rence
claim;

Use with religious awe his sacred name:

Assur'd he views thy ways, let nought controul

The oath thou once hast bound upon thy soul.

Next, to the heroes bear a grateful mind,
Whose glorious cares and toils have blest man—
Let just respect and decent rites be paid [kind.
To the immortal manes of the dead.

Honour thy parents, and thy next of kind;

And virtuous men wherever thou canst find,

In the same bond of love let them be join'd.

Useful and steady let thy life proceed,
Mild ev'ry word, good-natur'd ev'ry deed;
Oh, never with the man thou lov'st contend!
But bear a thousand frailties from thy friend.
Rashly inflam'd, vain spleen, and slight surmise,
To real feuds, and endless discords rise.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep the strictest rein,
Subdue thy sloth, thy appetite restrain.

With no vile action venture to comply,

Not, tho' unseen by ev'ry mortal eye.

Above all witnesses thy conscience fear,

And more than all mankind thyself revere.

One way let all thy words and actions tend,
Reason their constant guide, and truth their end.
And ever mindful of thy mortal state,

How quick, how various are the turns of fate;

How here, how there, the tides of fortune roll;

How soon impending death concludes the whole,

Compose thy mind, and free from anxious strife

Endure thy portion of the ills of life:

Tho' still the good man stands secure from harms,
Nor can misfortune wound, whom virtue arms.

Discourse in common converse, thou wilt find
Some to improve, and some to taint the mind;

Grateful to that a due observance pay;

Beware lest this entice thy thoughts astray;

And bold untruths which thou art forc'd to hear,
Receive discreetly with a patient ear.

Wouldst thou be justly rank'd among the wise,

Think ere thou doest, ere thou resolv'st, advise.

Still let thy aims with sage experience square,

And plan thy conduct with sagacious care;

So shalt thou all thy course with pleasure run,

Nor wish an action of thy life undone.

Among the various ends of thy desires,

'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.

Firmly for this from all excess refrain,

Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plain:

Nor yet unelegant thy board supply,

But shun the nauseous pomp of luxury.

Let spleen by cheerful converse be withstood,

And honest labours purify the blood.

Each night, ere needful slumber seals thy eyes,

Home to thy soul let these reflections rise:

How has this day my duty seen express'd?

What have I done, omitted, or transgress'd?

Then grieve the moments thou hast idly spent:

The rest will yield thee comfort and content.

Be these good rules thy study and delight,

Practise by day, and ponder them by night;

Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height shall rise,

And truth shall stand unveil'd before thy eyes.

Of beings the whole system thou shalt see,

Rang'd as they are in beauteous harmony,

Whilst all depend from one superior cause,

And Nature works obedient to her laws.

Hence, as thou labour'st with judicious care

To run the course allotted to thy share,

Wisdom refulgent with a heavenly ray

Shall clear thy prospect, and direct thy way.

Then all around compassionately view

The wretched ends which vain mankind pursue,

Toss'd to and fro by each impetuous gust,

The rage of passion, or the fire of lust,

No certain stay, no safe retreat they know,

But blindly wander through a maze of woe.

Meanwhile congenial vileness works within,

And custom quite subdues the soul to sin.

Save us from this distress, Almighty Lord,

Our minds illumine, and thy aid afford!

But O! secure from all thy life is led,

Whose feet the happy paths of virtue tread.

Thou stand'st united to the race divine,

And the perfection of the skies is thine.

Imperial reason, free from all controul,

Maintains her just dominion in thy soul:

Till purg'd at length from every sinful stain,

When friendly death shall break the cumbrous
chain,

Loos'd from the body thou shalt take thy flight,

And range immortal in the fields of light.

§ 106. *On Cheerfulness.* FITZGERALD.

FAIR as the dawning light! auspicious guest!

Source of all comfort to the human breast!

Depriv'd of thee, in sad despair we moan,

And tedious roll the heavy moments on.

Though beauteous objects all around us rise,

To charm the fancy and delight the eyes;

Though art's fair works and nature's gifts con-
spire

To please each sense, and satiate each desire,

'Tis joyless all—till thy enliv'ning ray

Scatters the melancholy gloom away.

Then opens to the soul a heavenly scene,

Gladness and peace, all sprightly, all serene.

Where dost thou reign, say, in what blest
retreat,

To choose thy mansion, and to fix thy seat?

Thy sacred presence how shall we explore?

Can av'rice gain thee with her golden store?

Can vain ambition with her boasted charms

Tempt thee within her wide-extended arms?

No, with Content alone canst thou abide,

Thy sister, ever smiling by thy side.

When boon companions void of ev'ry care

Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet share,

And give a loose to pleasure—art thou there?

Or when th' assembled great and fair advance

To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,

Whilst

Whilst beauty spreads its sweetest charms
around,
And airs ecstatic swell their tuneful sound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more sedately shine?
Can such tumultuous joys as these be thine?
Surely more mild, more constant in their course,
Thy pleasures issue from a nobler source;
From sweet discretion ruling in the breast,
From passions temper'd, and from lusts repress;
From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,
And the calm transports of an honest heart.

Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind!
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous
mind;

Of angry fate, wards from us ev'ry blow,
Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry woe.
Whatever good our mortal state desires,
What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires;
From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's providence bestows,
By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays
A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.

§ 107. *On Industry.* FITZGERALD.

QUEEN of all virtues! for whate'er we call
Godlike and great, 'tis thou obtain'st it all.
No task too arduous for thy strong essay,
And art and nature own thy potent sway.
Inspir'd by thee to each superior aim,
We press with ardour thro' the paths of fame,
Up to the sacred top, and leave behind
Th' inglorious crowd, the herd of human kind;
While wisdom round us pours her heavenly ray,
And old experience guides our steady way.
No anxious care, no furious lusts controul
The free habitual vigour of the soul.
Each part, each station gracefully we fill,
And bend and shape our fortune to our will.
The hero, down thro' ev'ry age renown'd,
With triumph, praise, and glorious titles crown'd,
By thee has gain'd his honourable spoils,
And mighty fame achiev'd by mighty toils.
The sage, whilst learning studious he pursues,
By thee the stubborn sciences subdues;
Thro' truth's wide fields expatiates unconfin'd,
And stores for ever his capacious mind.
Nor seek the lower ranks thy aid in vain;
The poor mechanic and the lab'ring swain:
Health, peace, and sweet content to these it brings,
More precious prizes than the wealth of kings.
When whelming round us death's sad terrors
roll,

'Tis thou speak'st peace and comfort to the soul.
Then if our recollecting thoughts present
A well-plann'd life in virtuous Labour spent;
If useful we have pass'd thro' every stage,
And paid our debt of service to the age;
If still we've made our duty our delight,
Nor hid our master's talent from our sight,
All's well, 'tis all by our own heart approv'd,
From hence we pass, by God and man belov'd;
Cheerful we pass, to Heaven's high will resign'd,
And leave a blessed memory behind.

§ 108. *A Thought upon Death.* FITZGERALD.

'TIS vain, my soul, 'tis impious all,
The human lot to mourn,
That life so soon must fleet away,
And dust to dust return.

Alas! from death the terrors fly,
When once 'tis understood;
'Tis Nature's call, 'tis God's decree,
And is, and must be good.

Wearied his limbs with honest toil,
And void of cares his breast,
See how the lab'ring hind sinks down
Each night to wholesome rest.

No nauseous fumes perplex his sleep,
No guilty starts surprise;
The visions that his fancy forms,
All free and cheerful rise.

So thou, nor led by lusts astray,
Nor gall'd with anxious strife,
With virtuous industry fulfil
The plain intent of life.

Pass calmly thy appointed day,
And usefully employ,
And then thou 'rt sure whate'er succeed
Is rest, and peace, and joy.

§ 109. *The Fire-Side.* COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:

We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:

Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!

For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

§ 110. *Vision for the Entertainment and Instruction of younger Minds.* COTTON.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Thro' modesty suppress their name*;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?

Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.

Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Straight you'd apply to Warwick Lane.
The thoughtful Doctor feels your pulse
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse),
Writes—Arabic to you and me—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

'Tis often known, the mental race
Their fond ambitious fires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous secret let me hide,
I'll tell you ev'ry thing beside:
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
No writer's hue concerns the town.

I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r:
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You'd say, 'A pretty snug retreat!'
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard:
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man);
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board:
Am I diseas'd? the cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam;
Few visits please me more than home:
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self;
By idle passions borne away
To opera, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where Folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin flights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.
But know, my fair, to whom belong
The poet and his artless song,
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below!
Our sex is lost to ev'ry rule;
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.

'Tis

* Though Dr. Cotton is well known to have been the author of these *Visions*, they have generally been published without prefixing his name.

'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we 're undone;
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold;
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view:
Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expose those diamonds ev'ry day.
Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The first advance alarm'd her breast;
And fancy pictur'd all the rest.
But now no mother fears a foe;
No daughter shudders at a beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme;
Our noon-day thought, our midnight dream.
In Folly's chace our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl,
With various charms engross the soul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But tho' to ruin post they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or sight, to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err who think me blind;
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by;
Tho' small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress—
This sum I cheerfully impart,
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart;
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask what party I pursue;
Perhaps you mean, 'Whose fool are you?'
The names of party I detest;
Badges of slavery at best:
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul:
I'm pleas'd when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity where I can;
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My Visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

§ III. *Vision I. Slander. Inscribed to Miss****.*

MY lovely girl, I write for you,
And pray believe my Visions true;
They'll form your mind to ev'ry grace,
They'll add new beauties to your face;
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen;
'Tis labour lost to talk to men:
Youth may perhaps reform when wrong;
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost ev'ry passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with our setting sun;
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil?
'Tis Slander—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.

Be Slander, then, my leading dream,
Tho' you're a stranger to the theme;
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird in peacock's plumes who shone
Could plead no merit of her own;
The silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store;
Who takes your gold, takes trash—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch who steals for bread!
But the dark villain who shall aim
To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!

Improve the hint of Shakspeare's tongue;
'Twas thus immortal Shakspeare sung*;
And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear;
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock and cold aconite;

Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around;
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground:
A bleak and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind;
'A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
'The plumes of ravens were her bed *;
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun, and western ray,
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son †,
By his own numbers half undone;
Success attended Slander's pow'r;
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en Merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field;
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide:
So the impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base Hesperian ‡, known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his out-stretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a sacred band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful unsuspected sprite
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder, scour the plains;
Approach the folds where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes;

The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her conquests daily grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state;
Of either sex whole armies prest,
But chiefly of the fair and best.
Is it a breach of friendship's law,
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart;
The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave phyc, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills:
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace
Which warm the heart and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs that tripp'd the plain.
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green;
A fair and smiling virgin she!
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day:

When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And sculk'd away to shun the light.

§ 112. *Vision II. Pleasure.*

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your Poet's homely style.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
Or, if my sentiments be old,
Remember truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring straight;

For

* Garth's Dispensatory.

† Xerxes, king of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions); who, together with their cattle, perished in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

‡ Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain; and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful dispositions.

For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel;
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.

Your cares to body are confin'd;
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?

Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
Oh, since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees
(As ev'ry moralist agrees),
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows that fruitful life
Demands his salutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A satirist* in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth;
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains,
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow, like Temple, wise;
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow;
Where the young mind is Folly's slave;
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valour fam'd.
Are the dear youths to science prone?
Tell how th' immortal Bacon shone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whose vast, capacious plan
Bespoke him angel more than man!
Does love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;

Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast:
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate fires have lost:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One summer's evening, as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade,
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spied,
And stately trees adorn'd its side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I straight obey'd—persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue:
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view;
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the Monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontroll'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold:
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupid's flutter'd round;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair.
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damask rose
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But awkward devotees at best!

'Now let us range at large,' we cried,
'Thro' all the garden's boasted pride.'
Here jasmynes spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade;
There roses blush, and scent the glade
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;

While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit like pendent gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murm'ring to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along;
Thro' all the aromatic groves
The faithful turtles coo their loves;
The lark ascending pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen, how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens and corrupts the heart:
The childish toys, and wanton page,
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot! all are thine.

Whence sprung th' accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, sorceress, speak (for thou canst tell),
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell:
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject with a slave:
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my self—
How great his theft who robs himself?
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat—
How heinous, then, is self-deceit?
Is murder justly deem'd a crime—
How black his guilt who murders time!
Should custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill;
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When reason disavows the plea?
Who games is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health:
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honour scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah, what's the poor deserted heart!
A savage wild that shocks the sight!
Or chaos, and impervious night!
Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
And dæmons crowd the frightful void!

Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die!
Against the honest sylvan's will,
You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
Heaven, fond its favours to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence:

That weapon for his guard design'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.
He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth;
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush! for, oh! 'tis true,
That no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart;
Reluctance sat on every heart:
A porter shew'd a diff'rent door,
Not the fair portal known before.
The gates, methought, were open'd wide;
The crowds descended in a tide:
But oh! ye heavens, what vast surprise
Struck the advent'ers' frightened eyes!
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
The darkness rose in smoky spires;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires;
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with spleen:
There stood Remorse with thought oppress'd,
And vipers feeding on his breast:
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting thro' his skin;
A ghastly fiend!—and close behind,
Disease his aching head reclin'd;
His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires which rag'd within his breast:
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm;
When straight a doleful shriek was heard:
I woke—the vision disappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleasures will destroy;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From fallies of the soul in sleep:
And since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

§ 113. *Vision III. Health.*

ATTEND my Visions, thoughtless youths,
Ere long you'll think them weighty truths;
Prudent it were to think so now,
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
For he, who at his early years
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If folly has possess'd his prime,
Disease shall gather strength in time:
Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein;
Nor penitence dilute the stain:
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.
The subject of my song is Health,
A good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust its worth?
Consult the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial czars, and sultans, own
No gem so bright that decks their throne;

Each

Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit.

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.

Say not that gruels shall avail;

For salutary gruels fail:

Say not, Apollo's sons succeed;

Apollo's son is Egypt's * reed.

How fruitless the physician's skill,

How vain the penitential pill,

The marble monuments proclaim;

The humbler turf confirms the fame!

Prevention is the better cure;

So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,

And make the most of life you can;

Would you, when med'cines cannot save,

Descend with ease into the grave—

Calmly retire, like evening light,

And cheerful bid the world good night?

Let Temp'rance constantly preside;

Our best physician, friend, and guide!

Would you to wisdom make pretence,

Proud to be thought a man of sense?

Let Temp'rance (always friend to fame)

With steady hand direct your aim;

Or, like an archer in the dark,

Your random shaft will miss the mark:

For they who slight her golden rules,

In wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,

Are seldom known to reach the heart:

I'll therefore strive to raise my theme

With all the scenery of a dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,

Such as the infant's on the breast;

When Fancy, ever on the wing,

And fruitful as the genial spring,

Presented, in a blaze of light,

A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descried,

Drest in the robes of summer pride;

The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,

That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;

Below, the fleecy mothers stray'd,

And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murmur'ing brook I saw

An humble cottage, thatch'd with straw;

Behind, a garden, that supplied

All things for use, and none for pride:

Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part;

But more of nature than of art.

'Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!'

I said, and blest'd the fair retreat;

'Here would I pass my remnant days,

'Unknown to censure or to praise;

'Forget the world, and be forgot,

'As Pope describes his vestal's lot.'

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid

Stepp'd from a thicket's neighbouring shade;

Not Hampton's gallery can boast,

Nor Hudson paint, so fair a toast:

She claim'd the cottage for her own:

To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)

The Graces solemniz'd her birth.

Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,

The orchard's blushing pride they brought:

Hence in her face the lily speaks,

And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;

The cherry gave her lips to glow;

Her eyes were debtors to the foe;

And, to complete the lovely fair,

'Tis said the chestnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,

But often seen in rural sports:

When in her rosy vest the morn

Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,

The nymph is first to form the race,

Or wind the horn, and lead the chase.

Sudden I heard a shouting train;

Glad acclamations fill'd the plain;

Unbounded joy improv'd the scene

For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne

(To modern courts, I fear, unknown):

One was the nymph that loves the light,

Fair Innocence, array'd in white;

With sister Peace in close embrace,

And heaven all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,

And Virtue minister of state.

In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,

You hear of Vice preferr'd to power:

Vice was a perfect stranger here;

No knaves engross'd the royal ear:

No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;

Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place.

What sickly appetites are ours,

Still varying with the varying hours!

And tho' from good to bad we range,

'No matter,' says the fool, 'tis change.'

Her subjects now express'd apace

Dissatisfaction in their face;

Some view the state with Envy's eye;

Some were displeas'd, they knew not why;

When Faction, ever bold and vain,

With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.

Thus, should an angel from above,

Fraught with benevolence and love,

Descend to earth, and here impart

Important truths to mend the heart,

Would not th' instructive guest dispense

With passion, appetite, and sense,

We should his heavenly lore despise,

And send him to his former skies.

A dang'rous hostile pow'r arose

To Health, whose household were her foes:

A harlot's loose attire she wore,

And Luxury the name she bore.

This princess of unbounded sway,

Whom Asia's softer sons obey,

Made war against the queen of Health

Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The

G 4

* In allusion to 2 Kings, xviii, 21.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wond'rous fav'rites with the queen;
Both were of Amazonian race;
Both high in merit and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no pow'r controul;
The heroine wore a Roman vest;
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of Thought;
'Twas hers to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Syren's armies press;
Their van was headed by Excess;
The mighty wings that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant Pride;
While Sickness, and her sisters, Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain:
Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death were station'd in the rear!

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part:
Her army posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill.
Hence were discover'd, though the plain,
The motions of the hostile train:
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sallied with her trusty spies;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.
Afar when Luxury descried
Inferior force by art supplied,
The Syren spake—'Let Fraud prevail,
'Since all my num'rous hosts must fail;
'Henceforth hostilities shall cease;
'I'll send to Health and offer peace.'

Straight she dispatch'd, with pow'rs complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart!
Thro ev'ry troop the poison ran;
All were infected to a man.
The wary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast the race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Tho' passion prompts or vice assails,
Long shall they cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

§ 114 *Vision. IV. Content.*

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain homespun truth I know;
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So says the school-boy and the sage:

Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
Say, moralists, who know the heart:
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.

I dream'd ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight:
The builder had, thro' ev'ry part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade:
Around the liveried servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels looms adorn'd the wall
(Whose tap'stry shews, without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid),
A graceful person came in view
(His form, it seems, is known to few);
His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thousand in his face.

'This, Sir, your property?' I cried;
'Master and mansion coincide:
'Where all, indeed, is truly great,
'And proves that bliss may dwell with state
'Pray, Sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
'And grant the favour of your name.'
'Content!' the lovely form replied;
'But think not here that I reside:
'Here lives a courtier, base and sly;
'An open, honest rustic, I.
'Our taste and manners disagree;
'His levee boasts no charms for me:
'For titles, and the smiles of kings,
'To me are cheap, unheeded things,
'('Tis virtue can alone impart
'The patent of a ducal heart:
'Unless this herald speaks him great,
'What shall avail the glare of state?)
'Those secret charms are my delight,
'Which shine remote from public sight—
'Passions subdued, desires at rest:
'And hence his chaplain shares my breast,
'There was a time (his grace can tell)
'I knew the duke exceeding well;
'Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;
'In truth, we never were apart:
'But when the court became his end,
'He turn'd his back upon his friend.
'One day I call'd upon his grace,
'Just as the duke had got a place:
'I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
'I should be welcome to the peer;
'Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
'And so I was—for half an hour:
'But he grew weary of his guest,
'And soon discarded me his breast;
'Upbraided me with want of merit,
'But most for poverty of spirit.

'You relish not the great man's lot!
'Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
'Think me not partial to the great,
'I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;

'No monarch shares my kind embrace;
 'There's scarce a monarch knows my face;
 'Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
 'With modest worth in rural cells;
 'There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
 'Or the rude turf sustain the head;
 'Tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
 'Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.
 'Far from the city I reside,
 'And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
 'True to my heart, I seldom roam,
 'Because I find my joys at home:
 'For foreign visits then begin
 'When the man feels a void within.
 'But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
 'No humorist, nor cynic, I.
 'Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
 'The friendships of the good and wise.
 'Bid Virtue and her sons attend,
 'Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
 'Tell thee I'm faithful, constant, kind,
 'And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;
 'Will say, there's no distinction known
 'Betwixt her household and my own.'

AUTHOR.

If these the friendships you pursue,
 Your friends, I fear, are very few.
 So little company, you say,
 Yet fond of home from day to day!
 How do you shun Detraction's rod?
 I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT.

I commune with myself at night,
 And ask my heart if all be right:
 If 'Right' replies my faithful breast,
 I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

AUTHOR.

You seem regardless of the town:
 Pray, Sir, how stand you with the gown?

CONTENT.

The clergy say they love me well;
 Whether they do, they best can tell:
 They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
 And always praise me to the skies:
 But if conviction's at the heart,
 Why not a correspondent part?
 For shall the learned tongue prevail,
 If actions preach a diff'rent tale?
 Who'll seek my door, and grace my walls,
 When neither dean nor prelate calls?
 With those my friendships most obtain,
 Who prize their duty more than gain;
 Soft flow the hours when'er we meet,
 And conscious virtue is our treat;
 Our harmless breasts no envy know,
 And hence we fear no secret foe;
 Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
 And hence we ask no pow'ful friends;
 We wish the best to church and state;
 But leave the steerage to the great;
 Careless who rises or who falls,
 And never dream of vacant stalls:

Much less, by pride or int'rest drawn,
 Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,
 I'll fundamental truths impart;
 If you'll my kind advice pursue,
 I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.

The passions are a num'rous crowd,
 Imperious, positive, and loud:

Curb these licentious sons of strife;
 Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
 If they grow mutinous, and rave,
 They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
 Nor raise your expectation high.

See that the balanc'd scales be such,
 You neither fear nor hope too much:
 For disappointment's not the thing;
 'Tis pride and passion point the sting,
 Life is a sea, where storms must rise;
 'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies;
 He who contracts his swelling sail,
 Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ;
 Distrust embitters present joy:

On God for all events depend;

You cannot want when God's your friend.

Weigh well your part, and do your best;

Leave to your Maker all the rest.

The Hand, which form'd thee in the womb.

Guides from the cradle to the tomb.

Can the fond mother slight her boy?

Can she forget her prattling joy?

Say, then, shall Sov'reign love desert

The humble and the honest heart?

Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind;

Yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind.

God is alike both good and wise

In what he grants and what denies:

Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,

To-morrow Goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene;

That sorrows darken half the scene.

True—and this consequence you see,

The world was ne'er design'd for thee:

You're like a passenger below,

That stays perhaps a night or so;

But still his native country lies

Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heaven ask virtue, wisdom, health,

But never let thy pray'r be wealth.

If food be thine (tho' little gold),

And raiment to repel the cold;

Such as may Nature's wants suffice,

Not what from pride and folly rise;

If soft the motions of thy soul,

And a calm conscience crown the whole;

Add but a friend to all this store,

You can't in reason wish for more:

And if kind Heaven this comfort brings,

'Tis more than Heaven bestows on kings.

He spake—the airy spectre flies,

And straight the sweet illusion dies.

The Vision, at the early dawn,

Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;

To

To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

§ 115. *Vision V. Happiness.*

YE ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run;
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
To steer thro' life th' unsteady heart;
And, all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last:
Attend a Seer's instructive song;
For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wondrous Vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side;
All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same:
The chace was Happiness, I found;
But all, alas! enchanted ground.

Indeed, I judg'd it wondrous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Thro' roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.
Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths pursue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed:
And he who Berwick seeks thro' Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnell says *, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought;
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene.
The dress of each was much the same;
And Virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke;
Her voice was music as she spoke:

'Attend, O man! nor leave my side,
'And safety shall thy footsteps guide;
'Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
'As none but favour'd mortals know.'

She said—and straight we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green:
While vapours shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies;
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way;
The faithless paths their steps betray;

This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall, and rise no more.
'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port:
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne
Was Falsehood, by her vizard known;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place;
And Jealousy, with jaundic'd face.

'But where is Happiness?' I cried.
My guardian turn'd, and thus replied:
'Mortal, by Folly still beguil'd,
'Thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child;
'Thou who hast twenty winters seen
'(I hardly think thee past fifteen)
'To ask if happiness can dwell
'With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!
'Go to the school-boy; he shall preach
'What twenty winters cannot teach;
'He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
'That thy pursuit is all a dream;
'That bliss ambitious views disowns,
'And, self-dependent, laughs at thrones;
'Prefers the shades, and lowly seats,
'Whither fair Innocence retreats.
'So the coy lily of the vale
'Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.

I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
With busy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidst these thoughtful crowds, the old
Plac'd all their happiness in gold;
And surely, if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.
We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view;
A Gothic pile! with moss o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone.
Without, a thousand mastiffs wait;
A thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain,
For here all favours sell for gain.
The greedy porter yields to gold;
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Assembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth
Their honour, conscience, peace, and health.
I saw no charms that could engage;
The god appear'd like sordid age,
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
But serpent's eyes, and harpy's claws:
Behind stood Fear, that restless sprite,
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And viper Care, that stings so deep,
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs,
Where the gay tribes sit crown'd with flow'rs
Here Beauty ev'ry charm display'd,
And Love inflam'd the yielding maid;
Delicious

* See the Hermit, page 78.

Delicious wine our taste employs;
His crimson bowl exalts our joys.
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:
The seraph disapprov'd my stay;
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas! whene'er we talk of bliss,
How prone is man to judge amiss!
See, a long train of ills conspires
To scourge our uncontroul'd desires;
Like summer swarms diseases crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:
Fever, that thirsty fury, came,
With inextinguishable flame;
Consumption, sworn ally of Death!
Crept slowly on with panting breath;
Gout roar'd, and shew'd his throbbing feet;
And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat;
Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near
Sat Palsy, shaking in his chair.

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
A melancholy scene display'd:
His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
He wept aloud, and thus address'd:
‘Forbear the harlot’s false embrace,
‘Tho’ lewdness wear an angel’s face:
‘Be wise, by my experience taught;
‘I die, alas! for want of thought!’
As he who travels Lybia’s plains,
Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
Is seiz’d with fear and wild dismay,
When the grim foe obstructs his way;
My soul was pierc’d with equal fright,
My tott’ring limbs oppos’d my flight:
I call’d on Virtue, but in vain;
Her absence quicken’d ev’ry pain.
At length the slighted angel heard;
The dear refulgent form appear’d,
‘Presumptuous youth!’ she said, and frown’d
(My heart-strings flutter’d at the sound);
‘Who turns to me reluctant ears,
‘Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
‘These rivers shall for ever last;
‘There’s no retracting what is past:
‘Nor think avenging ills to shun;
‘Play a false card, and you’re undone.
‘Of Pleasure’s gilded baits beware,
‘Nor tempt the Syren’s fatal snare:
‘Forego this curs’d, detested place;
‘Abhor the strumpet, and her race.
‘Had you those softer paths pursued,
‘Perdition, stripling, had ensued:
‘Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink;
‘To-morrow is too late to think.
‘Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
‘But mark my sacred lesson well:
‘With me whoever lives at strife,
‘Loses his better friend for life;
‘With me who lives in friendship’s ties,
‘Finds all that’s sought for by the wife.

‘Folly exclaims, and well she may,
‘Because I take her mask away;
‘If once I bring her to the sun,
‘The painted harlot is undone.
‘But prize, my child, oh prize my rules,
‘And leave Deception to her fools.
‘Ambition deals in tinsel toys;
‘Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys!
‘An errant juggler in disguise,
‘Who holds false optics to your eyes.
‘But, ah! how quick the shadows pass!
‘Tho’ the bright visions thro’ her glass
‘Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
‘The baseless fabrics disappear.
‘Nor riches boast intrinsic worth;
‘Their charms, at best, superior earth:
‘These oft the heaven-born mind enslave,
‘And make an honest man a knave.’
“Wealth cures my wants!” the miser cries:
‘Be not deceiv’d—the miser lies;
‘One want he has, with all his store,
‘That worst of wants—the want of more.’
“Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
“And where is Happiness?” you say.
‘’Tis here—and may be yours—for, know,
‘I’m all that’s happiness below.
‘To Vice I leave tumultuous joys;
‘Mine is the still and softer voice,
‘That whispers peace when storms invade,
‘And music through the midnight shade.
‘Come, then, be mine in ev’ry part,
‘Nor give me less than all your heart;
‘When troubles discompose your breast,
‘I’ll enter there, a cheerful guest:
‘My converse shall your cares beguile,
‘The little world within shall smile,
‘And then it scarce imports a jot,
‘Whether the great world frowns or not.
‘And when the closing scenes prevail,
‘When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
‘All that a foolish world admires,
‘Or Passion craves, or Pride inspires:
‘At that important hour of need,
‘Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
‘My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
‘My arms sustain thy drooping head:
‘And when the painful struggle’s o’er,
‘And that vain thing, the world, no more;
‘I’ll bear my fav’rite son away
‘To rapture and eternal day.’

§ 116. Vision VI. Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP! thou soft propitious pow’r!
Sweet regent of the social hour!
Sublime thy joys, nor understood
But by the virtuous and the good!
Cabal and Riot take thy name,
But ’tis a false, affected claim;
In heaven if Love and Friendship dwell
Can they associate e’er with hell?
Thou art the same thro’ change of times,
Thro’ frozen zones and burning climes;
From the equator to the pole,
The same kind angel thro’ the whole:

And,

And, since thy choice is always free,
I bless thee for thy smiles on me.

When sorrows swell the tempest high;
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
Not soft nepenthe * half so sure!
And, when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.

While these ideas warm'd my breast,
My weary eyelids stole to rest;
When fancy re-assum'd the theme,
And furnish'd this instructive dream:

I sail'd upon a stormy sea
(Thousands embark'd alike with me);
My skiff was small, and weak beside,
Not built, methought, to stem the tide.
The winds along the surges sweep,
The wrecks lie scatter'd thro' the deep;
Aloud the foaming billows roar;
Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,
A spacious isle salutes our view:
Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
This new-discover'd world divide;
A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth its celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd:
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
And a kind sun that always smil'd:
Few storms molest the natives here;
Cold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the labourer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew:
Her realms were small, her subjects few:
A thousand charms the palace grace;
A rock of adamant its base.
Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves th' inclement sky:
E'en time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone;
Ripens the beauties of the place,
And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne in order stand
Four Amazons, a trusty band!
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude, in coat of mail;
There Justice lifts her golden scale:
Two hardy chiefs, who persevere,
With form erect, and brow severe:
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.

Temp'rance, that comely matron, 's near,
Guardian of all the virtues here;
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But Prudence most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
She holds a mirror to her eyes;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A Virtue with a softer air
Was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from Heaven her spotless mind;
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case;
She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distress'd;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid, who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity, be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast!

But virtues of inferior name
Crowd round the throne with equal claim;
In Loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last.
Not ancient records e'er can show
That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
And humble plants †, by travellers thought
With slow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes the eye descried
A pow'rful realm extended wide;
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
Here Flattery boasts despotic sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with th' imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe;
And, aided by her servile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
Her darling minister is Pride
(Who ne'er was known to change his side),
A friend to all her int'rests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Careless'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry shape he shews his skill,
And forms her subjects to his will;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!

Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen;
Who farther favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman, Pride.

* Nepenthe is an herb which, being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. xvi. 21. f. & xxv. 2.
† The humble plant bends down before the touch, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch; and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

The first, Conceit, with tow'ring crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
Than duchess in her own esteem.

Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue;
Whose antic shapes, and various face,
Distorted ev'ry native grace.

Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in brussels and brocade;
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.

The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien:
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he who most obey'd;
While they who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile;
Their manners dissolute and vile;
And ev'ry tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.

But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep;
Fancy presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.
But, oh! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state;
The Trojan chief could hardly more
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.

For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns:
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same,
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And, now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow;
She draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.

The river Truth the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood:
Her current strong, and deep, and clear;
No fords were found, no ferries near,
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulph explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails:

The troops an easy passage find,
And vict'ry follows close behind.
Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiscuous grows;

But Flatt'ry threw a poison'd dart,
And pierc'd the empress to the heart.

The Virtues all around were seen
To fall in heaps about the queen.

The tyrant stripp'd the mangled fair;
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air;
And, mounting next the sufferer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

'Ah, injur'd maid!' aloud I cried;
'Ah, injur'd maid!' the rocks replied.
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you:
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle!

The Amazons, who propp'd the state,
Haply surviv'd the gen'ral fate.
Justice to Powis House is fled,
And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue, Fortitude, appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die!
'Twas she our vet'rans breasts inspir'd,
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd:
For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial Virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence Vernon's little fleet succeeds*,
And hence the gen'rous Cornwall bleeds†.
Hence Grenville glorious †!—for she smil'd
On the young hero from a child.

Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,
They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
Say, that the mighty and the great
Blaze, like meridian suns of state;
Effulgent excellence display,
Like Hallifax, in floods of day;
Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
Like the mild crescent of the night.
Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,
Still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown;
To martial souls the civic crown:
What then? Is merit their's alone?
Have we no worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our part
In the firm breast and upright heart?
Reader, these virtues may be thine,
Tho' in superior life they shine.
I can't discharge great Hardwicke's trust;
True—but my soul may still be just:
And tho' I can't the state defend,
I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.
Two golden virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind;
Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we stray;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart:
Each virtue, let the world agree,
Daily resides with you and me.
And, when our souls in friendship join,
We'll deem the social bond divine;

Thro'

* At Porto Bello.

† Died in a late engagement with the French fleet.

‡ Against the combined fleets of France and Spain.

Thro' ev'ry scene maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast, where Honour builds his throne,
That breast, which Virtue calls her own,
Nor Int'rest warps, nor Fear appals,
When Danger frowns, or Lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected stands,
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands:
Let Int'rest plead, let storms arise,
He dares be honest, tho' he dies!

§ 117. *Vision VII. Marriage. Inscribed to Miss * * **

FAIREST, this Vision is thy due;
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age;
Your welfare actuates every page;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble while you read my dream.

Those awful words, 'till death do part,
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought when once a wife,
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her fire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of fordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold,
Careless with what or whom they mate;
Their ruling passion 's all for state,
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind;
Such rebels groan beneath his rod;
For Hymen 's a vindictive god:
'Be joyless ev'ry night,' he said:
'And barren be their nuptial bed!'

Attend, my fair, to wisdom's voice;
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery contest:
Yet, if my fair one will be wife,
I will insure my girl a prize,
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth:
Perhaps thy equal 's not on earth!

'Tis an important point, to know
There 's no perfection here below.
Man 's an odd compound, after all;
And ever has been since the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul;
And, tho' a slave in love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him;
If few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense;

For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social pow'r
To form the calm, converseive hour;
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore;
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine;
Shew thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid!
When in thy cheek the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool?
And, when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear;
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And, weeping, claim the larger part:
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
'Bless'd state! where souls each other draw;
'Where love is liberty and law!
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or Heaven bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varnish of my style;
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.
Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple rose to sight;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace:
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.

Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignified his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite, Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance.

I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For, oh! what thousands were undone!

The sage, when these mad troops he spied,
In pity flew to join their side:
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him to a man;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth.
Long ere the honey moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain;
At ev'ry house, and all day long,
Repentance plied her scorpion thong:
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train.
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place:
Then came the god, with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore.
Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen.
Youth led the gaily smiling fair;
His purple pinions wav'd in air;
Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw and eagle-eye,
Who threescore years had seen, or more
(Tis said his coat had seen a score):
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd;
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Trust me, Hogarth (tho' great thy fame),
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before.
Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma brown;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress she varied ev'ry hour.
'Twas Fancy, child—you know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.
Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate:

His head, with radiant glories dress'd,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast.
Love took his station on the right:
His quiver beam'd with golden light:
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
Said it was hers to point his dart,
And speed his passage to the heart;
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
I saw a blooming, trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;

Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart.
A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners;
The hungry poet weds for dinners,
The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altar stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heaven to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart.
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.

Wealth straight replied, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets indeed style love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on love
(Those purer essences above),
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hemm'd applause.
With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beside,
Op'ning the miser's tape-tied vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast;
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight;
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd;
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind:
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face;

Whose

Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay :
 I thought the chit would swoon away.
 The god was studious to employ
 His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy ;
 And therefore issued his decree,
 That the two parties straight agree :
 When both obey'd the god's commands,
 And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wondrous change in each was wrought,
 Believe me, fair, surpasses thought,

If Love had many charms before,
 He now had charms ten thousand more :
 If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
 They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain, affected thing,
 Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
 Approach'd, with round unthinking face ;
 And thus the trifler states her case :

She said that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
 Exactly tallied with her own :

That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
 And robb'd her of a thousand hearts ;
 Desiring judgment against Wealth,
 For falsehood, perjury, and stealth :
 All which she could on oath depose ;
 And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
 Call'd her an interloping dame ;
 Look'd through the crowd with angry state,
 And blam'd the porter at the gate
 For giving entrance to the fair,
 When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
 He order'd Fancy to preside.
 Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
 And each bright fair disputes the prize,
 To fancy's court we straight apply,
 And wait the sentence of her eye ;
 In beauty's realms she holds the seals,
 And her awards preclude appeals.

§ 118. *Vision VIII. Life.*

LET not the young my precepts shun ;
 Who slight good counsels are undone,
 Your poet sung of love's delights,
 Of halcyon days and joyous nights ;
 To the gay fancy lovely themes ;
 And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
 But, if you please, before we part,
 I'd speak a language to your heart.
 We'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear
 Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
 You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
 And hardly know the reason why :
 But say, Life's tree bears golden fruit,
 Some canker shall corrode the root ;
 Some unexpected storm shall rise,
 Or scorching suns, or chilling skies ;
 And (if experienc'd truths avail)
 All your autumnal hopes shall fail.

' But, poet, whence such wide extremes ?
 ' Well may you style your labours dreams.
 ' A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
 ' Whose Visions are the brats of Spleen.

' Is bliss a vague, unmeaning name ?
 ' Speak then the passions' use or aim :
 ' Why rage desires without controul,
 ' And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul ?
 ' Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,
 ' And laughs and riots in the breast ?
 ' Think not my weaker brain turns round ;
 ' Think not I tread on fairy ground ;
 ' Think not your pulse alone beats true—
 ' Mine makes as healthful music too.
 ' Our joys, when Life's soft spring we trace,
 ' Put forth their early buds apace.
 ' See the bloom loads the tender shoot ;
 ' The bloom conceals the future fruit.
 ' Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
 ' Shall ripen what in spring begun.
 ' Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
 ' In germinating clusters grow ;
 ' And only wait the summer's ray,
 ' To burst, and blossom to the day.'

What said the gay unthinking boy ?
 Methought Hilario talk'd of joy !

Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
 Or what those mighty joys you prize.
 You'll find (and trust superior years)
 The vale of life a vale of tears.
 Could wisdom teach where joys abound,
 Or riches purchase them when found,
 Would sceptred Solomon complain
 That all was fleeting, false, and vain ?
 Yet sceptred Solomon could say,
 Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
 Those maxims, which the preacher drew,
 The royal sage experienc'd true.
 He knew the various ills that wait
 Our infant and meridian state ;
 That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
 And diff'rent toys maturer age ;
 That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
 But diff'rent griefs at different years ;
 That vanity is seen, in part,
 Inscib'd on ev'ry human heart ;
 In the child's breast the spark began,
 Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
 But when in life we journey late,
 If follies die, do griefs abate ?

Ah ! what is life at fourscore years ? [and tears !
 One dark, rough road, of sighs, groans, pains,

Perhaps you'll think I act the same
 As a sly sharper plays his game :
 You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,
 He's sure to triumph at the last !
 Who often wins some thousands more
 Than twice the sums you won before.
 But I'm a loser with the rest ;
 For life is all a deal at best,
 Where not the prize of wealth or fame
 Repays the trouble of the game—
 (A truth no winner e'er denied,
 An hour before that winner died).
 Not that with me these prizes shine ;
 For neither fame nor wealth is mine.
 My cards, a weak plebeian band,
 With scarce an honour in my hand !

And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you?
Nor am I gainer by your fall;
That harlot Fortune bubbles all!
'Tis truth (receive it ill or well),
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure physicians have no merit,
Who kill thro' lenity of spirit.

That life's a game, divines confess;
This lays at cards, and that at chess:
But, if our views be centred here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength, and size;
And, when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe.

Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.
I clos'd the day, as custom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r—
(For know that Fancy, like a sprite,
Prefers the silent scenes of night).
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The Genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They, who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn;
But riper years, I fear, will shew
The wiser artists paint too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd:
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side;
Her tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.
Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape:
Here Avarice gripes with harpy's claws;
There Malice grins with tiger's jaws:
While sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.
E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part;
She charms the sense, but stings the heart:
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And, lo! ten thousands breathe their last.
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves:
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls thro' all the land.

'Oh! what a wretch is man!' I cried;
'Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
'And sure as born to be undone
'By evils which he cannot shun!
'Besides a thousand baits to sin,
'A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
'For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
'The rebels take the dæmon's part.'

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before:
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade;
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile:
A group of virtues blossom near;
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye:
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart:
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heaven rewards the struggling soul.

But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

§ 119. *Vision the last. Death.*

'Tis thought my Visions are too grave;
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps, if int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire:
Then had my paltry Visions sold;
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a Poet of renown!

Let not my awful theme surprise;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue;
No wreaths of cypress, or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse.
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,

And

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* See the Monthly Review of New Books, for February 1751.

And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.

You know that moral writers say,
The world's a stage, and life a play;
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought and toil indeed!
There still remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind:
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth, or riper age;
To leave the company and place
With firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scenes survey;
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But, oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe as friend meets friend.

Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part from all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft, reluctant tear;
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulph you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports, and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he left behind.

Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True:
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear;
He's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes th' unwary eye;
So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frightened eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest?
'Because these savage sights are new;
No keeper shudders at the view:
Keepers, accusom'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with look serene?
Fearless their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.

'Aye—but to die! to bid adieu!
'An everlasting farewell too!

'Farewel to ev'ry joy around!

'Oh, the heart sickens at the sound!

Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught:
Joy, didst thou say? discard the thought.

Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root:

What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.

Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name;
Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil;
Deceive ourselves with wondrous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus, when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded traveller spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise;
But, when the shrouded sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.

'Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,

'Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!

'To die! and what exalts the gloom,

'I'm told that man survives the tomb!

'O! can the learned prelate find

'What future scenes await the mind?

'Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?

'Some courteous angel point the way!

'That unknown somewhere in the skies,

'Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;

'And kindly prove, when life is o'er,

'That pains and sorrows are no more:

'For, doubtless, dying is a curse,

'If present ills be chang'd for worse.'

Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
And listen to your poet's dream.

Ere while I took an ev'ning walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.

Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep;
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.

The sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;

But, tho' serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;

Then settled on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.

No drugs the kindly wish fulfil;

Disease eludes the doctor's skill:

The poison, spread thro' all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.

From side to side Honorio turns,

And now with thirst insatiate burns:

His eyes resign their wonted grace,

Those friendly lamps expire apace!

The brain's an useless organ grown;

And Reason tumbled from his throne.

But, while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow:

The blood in ev'ry distant part

Stagnates, and disappoints the heart;

Defrauded

Defrauded of its crimson store,
 The vital engine plays no more.
 Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
 Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.
 I join'd the melancholy bier,
 And dropp'd the unavailing tear.
 The clock struck twelve—when nature fought
 Repose from all the pangs of thought;
 And, while my limbs were sunk to rest,
 A Vision sooth'd my troubled breast.
 I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd!
 I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
 Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
 A state no prince assum'd before;
 All nature fetch'd a general groan,
 And lay expiring round his throne.
 I gaz'd—when straight arose to fight
 The most detested fiend of night.
 He shuffled with unequal pace,
 And conscious shame deform'd his face.
 With jealous leer he squinted round,
 Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
 From hell this frightful monster came;
 Sin was his fire, and Guilt his name.
 This fury, with officious care,
 Waited around the soy'reign's chair;
 In robes of terror dress'd the king,
 And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
 Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
 And hung the sword upon his thigh.
 Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
 Proclaim'd their master's empire loud;
 And all, obedient to his will,
 Flew in commission'd troops to kill.
 A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
 And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
 The monarch and his train prepare
 To range the foul tempestuous air.
 Straight to his shoulders he applies
 Two pinions of enormous size!
 Methought I saw the ghastly form
 Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm:
 When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
 And join'd the army on the road.
 As the grim conqueror urg'd his way,
 He scatter'd terror and dismay.
 Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
 Thousands who sneer'd at death before.
 Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
 And Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
 Which faithful registers were brought
 By pale-eyed Fear and busy Thought.
 Those faults which artful men conceal,
 Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
 By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
 Whose honest palm disdains a bribe:
 Their actions all like critics view,
 And all like faithful critics too.
 As Guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
 What tears of blood bedew'd the page!

All shudder'd at the black account,
 And scarce believ'd the vast amount!
 All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
 Would death relent, and sheath his dart.
 But, when the awful foe withdrew,
 All to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolf, who scours at large,
 Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
 The flock in wild disorder fly,
 And cast behind a frequent eye;
 But, when the victim's borne away,
 They rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream, and let my pen
 Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.

Carus, with pain and sickness worn,
 Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn.
 Soon as he views the eastern ray,
 He mourns the quick return of day;
 Hourly laments protracted breath,
 And courts the healing hand of death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
 Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame;
 Pines for his dark, sepulchral bed,
 To mingle with th' unheeded dead.

With fourscore years grey Natho bends,
 A burden to himself and friends!
 And with impatience seems to wait
 The friendly hand of ling'ring Fate.
 So hirelings with their labour done,
 And often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief;
 Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
 On Death with wild surprise they star'd;
 All seem'd averse! all unprepar'd!

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
 The grave's pale chief pursued his course.
 No human pow'r can or withstand,
 Or shun, the conquests of his hand.
 Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
 And as a guardian angel kind,
 With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
 Turn the keen shaft of Death aside,
 When would the brave Augustus join
 The ashes of his sacred line?
 But Death maintains no partial war;
 He mocks a sultan or a czar:
 He lays his iron hand on all—
 Yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!
 A truth Britannia lately felt,
 And trembled to her centre—*!

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
 Would Grenville own this common foe?
 For greater talents ne'er were known
 To grace the fav'rite of a throne.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
 Tell me, would Chesterfield expire?
 Say, would his glorious sun decline,
 And set like your pale star or mine?

Could ev'ry virtue of the sky—
 Would Herring †, Butler †, Secker †, die?

H 2

Way

* Referring to the death of his late Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales.

† Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ Late Bishop of Durham.

|| Bishop of Oxford.

Why this address to peerage all?
 Untitled Allen's virtues call!
 If Allen's worth demands a place,
 Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace.
 Though high your ranks in heralds rolls,
 Know, Virtue too ennobles souls.
 By her that private man's renown'd
 Who pours a thousand blessings round.
 While Allen takes Affliction's part,
 And draws out all his gen'rous heart,
 Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
 Lest unimprov'd it steal away;
 While thus he walks, with jealous strife,
 Through goodness, as he walks through life;
 Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
 Rise, Muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
 Publish abroad, could goodness save,
 Allen would disappoint the grave;
 Translated to the heavenly shore,
 Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

Nor Beauty's pow'rful pleas restrain:
 Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
 For women pierce with shrieks the air,
 Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair;
 All have a doleful tale to tell,
 How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!

Alas! is life our fav'rite theme—
 'Tis all a vain or painful dream;
 A dream which fools or cowards prize,
 But slighted by the brave or wise.
 Who lives, for others ills must groan,
 Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
 Must journey on with weeping eye,
 Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.

'And shall a man arraign the skies,
 'Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?'
 'Impatient reptile!' Reason cried;
 'Arraign thy passion and thy pride:
 'Retire, and commune with thy heart;
 'Ask whence thou cam'st, and what thou art?
 'Explore thy body and thy mind,
 'Thy station too why here assign'd.
 'The search shall teach thee life to prize,
 'And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
 'Why do you roam to foreign climes,
 'To study nations, modes, and times;
 'A science often dearly bought,
 'And often what avails you nought?
 'Go, man, and act a wiser part,
 'Study the science of your heart:
 'This home philosophy, you know,
 'Was priz'd some thousand years ago*.
 'Then why abroad a frequent guest?
 'Why such a stranger to your breast?
 'Why turn so many volumes o'er,
 'Till Doddsley can supply no more?
 'Not all the volumes on thy shelf
 'Are worth that single volume, Self:
 'For who this sacred book declines,
 'Howe'er in other arts he shines,
 'Tho' smit with Pindar's noble rage,
 'Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;

'Tho' deeply read in Plato's school,
 'With all his knowledge, is a fool.
 'Proclaim the truth—Say, what is man?
 'His body from the dust began;
 'And when a few short years are o'er,
 'The crumbling fabric is no more.
 'But whence the soul?—From heaven it came!
 'O prize this intellectual flame!
 'This nobler self with rapture scan;
 'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
 'Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
 'But from the soul derives its birth,
 'Ask the young rake (he'll answer right),
 'Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
 'What makes his entertainments shine?
 'What gives the relish to his wine?
 'He'll tell thee (if he scorns the beast)
 'That social pleasures form the feast.
 'The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
 'Unless the soul exalts the joy.
 'The mind must animate the face,
 'Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.
 'What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense,
 'To raise and swell the joys of sense?
 'Know, too, the joys of sense controul
 'And clog the motions of the soul;
 'Forbid her pinions to aspire,
 'Damp and impair her native fire;
 'And sure as sense, that tyrant! reigns,
 'She holds the empress Soul in chains;
 'Inglorious bondage to the mind,
 'Heaven-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
 'She's independent, fair, and great,
 'And justly claims a large estate;
 'She asks no borrow'd aids to shine;
 'She boasts within a golden mine;
 'But, like the treasures of Peru,
 'Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
 'Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
 'Debase her dignity and birth?
 'Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
 'Who kindly gave her leave to be;
 'Call'd her from nothing into day,
 'And built her tenement of clay?
 'Hear and accept me for your guide
 '(Reason shall ne'er desert your side):
 'Who listens to my wiser voice,
 'Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
 'Pleas'd with that first and sov'reign cause,
 'Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws:
 'Secure, since sov'reign goodness reigns;
 'Secure, since sov'reign pow'r obtains.
 'With curious eyes review thy frame;
 'This science shall direct thy claim.
 'Dost thou indulge a double view,
 'A long, long life, and happy too?
 'Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
 'To lie down easy in the grave.
 'Know, then, my dictates must prevail,
 'Or surely each fond wish shall fail.
 'Come, then, is happiness thy aim?
 'Let mental joys be all thy game.

* Repeat

* 'Know thyself;' a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

' Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
 ' The capture shall reward the chace.
 ' Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
 ' Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
 ' Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
 ' Record thee good, as well as wise.
 ' While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
 ' In a few years you 'll live an age.
 ' Who measures life by rolling years?
 ' Fools measure by revolving spheres.
 ' Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
 ' From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school.
 ' Who well improves life's shortest day
 ' Will scarce regret its setting ray;
 ' Contented with his share of light,
 ' Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night;
 ' And when disease assaults the heart,
 ' When sickness triumphs over art,
 ' Reflection on a life well past
 ' Shall prove a cordial to the last:
 ' This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
 ' And soften or suspend her pain;
 ' Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
 ' And calm the troubled dying hour.
 ' Blest rules of cool prudential age!
 I listen'd and rever'd the sage.
 When, lo! a form divinely bright
 Descends, and bursts upon my sight;
 A seraph of illustrious birth
 (RELIGION was her name on earth);
 Supremely sweet her radiant face,
 And blooming with celestial grace!
 Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
 Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
 Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
 And pinions flutt'ring for the sky;
 Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
 And golden anchors grace her hands;
 There Charity in robes of white,
 Fairest and fav'rite maid of light!
 The seraph spake—'Tis reason's part
 ' To govern and to guard the heart;
 ' To lull the wayward soul to rest,
 ' When hopes and fears distract the breast:
 ' Reason may claim this doubtful strife,
 ' And steer thy bark thro' various life,
 ' But when the storms of Death are nigh,
 ' And midnight darkness veils the sky,
 ' Shall reason then direct thy sail,
 ' Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
 ' Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
 ' Skill that transcends his scanty line.
 ' That hoary sage has counsell'd right:
 ' Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
 ' Revere thyself—thou 'rt near allied
 ' To angels on thy better side.
 ' How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
 ' Angels are but unbodied minds:
 ' When the partition walls decay,
 ' Men emerge angels from their clay;
 ' Yes, when the frailer body dies,
 ' The soul asserts her kindred skies:
 ' But minds, tho' sprung from heavenly race,
 ' Must first be tutor'd for the place:

' (The joys above are understood
 ' And relish'd only by the good).
 ' Who shall assume this guardian care?
 ' Who shall secure their birthright there?
 ' Souls are my charge—to me 'tis given
 ' To train them for their native heaven.
 ' Know, then—Who bow the early knee,
 ' And give the willing heart, to me;
 ' Who wisely, when temptation waits,
 ' Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits;
 ' Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
 ' Tho' fools deride my sacred laws;
 ' Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
 ' Tho' Persecution lifts her thong;
 ' Tho' all the sons of hell conspire
 ' To raise the stake, and light the fire—
 ' Know, that for such superior souls
 ' There lies a bliss beyond the poles;
 ' Where spirits shine with purer ray,
 ' And brighten to meridian day; [rules,
 ' Where Love, where boundless Friendship
 ' (No friends that change, no love that cools!)
 ' Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
 ' And pour, and pour upon the soul!
 ' But where 's the passage to the skies?'—
 ' The road thro' Death's black valley lies.
 ' Nay, do not shudder at my tale;
 ' Tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale,
 ' This path the best of men have trod,
 ' And who 'd decline the road to God?
 ' Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
 ' This favour can 't be priz'd too high.'

While thus she spake, my looks express'd
 The raptures kindling in my breast;
 My soul a fix'd attention gave;
 When the stern monarch of the grave
 With haughty strides approach'd—amaz'd
 I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
 The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
 And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
 Then hasten'd with expanded wing
 To meet the pale, terrific king.
 But now what milder scenes arise!
 The tyrant drops his hostile guise:
 He seems a youth divinely fair;
 In graceful ringlets waves his hair;
 His wings their whit'ning plumes display,
 His burnish'd plumes reflect the day;
 Light flows his shining azure vest,
 And all the angel stands confest.
 I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
 And, oh! I panted for the skies;
 Thank'd Heaven that e'er I drew my breath,
 And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

FABLES, by the late Mr. GAY.

Introduction to the FABLES. Part the First.

§ 120. *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;

In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd?
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly replied:
I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule:
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain:
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right;
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

To his Highness William Duke of Cumberland.

§ 121. FABLE I. *The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.*

ACCEPT, young Prince, the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth:
Learn to condemn all praise betimes;
For flattery's the nurse of crimes.
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
(A virtue never near a throne);
In courts such freedom must offend,
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I too flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race,
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind;
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain;
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.

True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your fire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd;
His life the gen'rous hero gave:
Together walking to his cave,

The

The lion thus bespoke his guest :

What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength ? You saw the fight,
And must attest my pow'r and right.
For'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam ;
Within these woods I reign alone,
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dyed the regal den with blood.
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell.
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True, says the man, the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe :
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view ?
Robbers invade their neighbours' right :
Be lov'd ; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughtered hosts :
Pirates their pow'r by murders gain ;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.

Heaven gives you pow'r above the rest,
Like Heaven to succour the distressed.

The case is plain, the monarch said ;
False glory hath my youth misled ;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend ?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.

§ 122. FABLE II. *The Spaniel and the Cameleon.*

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand :
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent ;
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart :
Each little mischief gain'd him praise ;
How pretty were his fawning ways !
The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air :
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground ;
When near him a Cameleon seen
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
What, live with clowns ? a genius lost !
To cities and the court repair,
A fortune cannot fail thee there ;
Preferment shall thy talents crown :
Believe me, friend ; I know the town.

Sir, says the sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew :
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd an ear to what I said.

My whisper always met success ;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days ;
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in this sylvan scene.
For Jove the heart alone regards ;
He punishes what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine !
With men at least you sup and dine ;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

§ 123. FABLE III. *The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.*

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content ?
How partial are their doting eyes !
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

Sure some disaster has befall :
Speak, Nurse ! I hope the boy is well ?
Dear Madam, think not me to blame ;
Invisible the Fairy came :
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes ?
See here, a shocking, awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.

The woman's blind, the mother cries ;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord, Madam, what a squinting leer !
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a pigmy Sprite,
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light ;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands :

Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools supply ?
What ! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay !
Besides, by partial fondness shewn,
Like you, we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another ?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

§ 124. FABLE IV. *The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.*

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;

For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing
To hear the mandates of his king,

Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon four Dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the Hound replies:
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and flow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart;
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd;
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The Bird of Heaven then cried aloud:
Jove bids disperse the murmur'ing crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers,
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?
What! silent all, and none consent?
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

§ 125. FABLE V. *The Wild Boar and the Ram.*

AGAINST an elm a sheep was tied,
The butcher's knife in blood was dyed;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight:
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn, the fleecy brood:

All cowards should be serv'd like you;
See, see, your murd'rer is in view!
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
'The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;

Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame,
Insensible of ev'ry ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar;
It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

§ 126. FABLE VI. *The Miser and Plutus.*

THE wind was high, the window shakes;
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung, he widely stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold! Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice?
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each fordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind!
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
E'en virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression,
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride;
And ev'ry shocking vice beside:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses like the dews of heaven;
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their fordid souls for pay?

Let

Let bravoes then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

§ 127. FABLE VII. *The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese,*

A LION, tir'd with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares;
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd: the day was set:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was voiceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.

Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.

The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence.

The flatt'rer all his art displays,
He who hath pow'r is sure of praise,
A fox stepp'd forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address'd:

How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school!

What clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!

Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land,

His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.

What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!

He said. A Goose who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.

What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.

Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;

If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain,
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.

What havock now shall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,

To prove his taste and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!

§ 128. FABLE VIII. *The Lady and the Wasp.*

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear!

What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!

Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.

Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might soon dislike:

Forbidding airs might thin the place;
The slightest flap a fly can chase.

But who can drive the num'rous breed!
Chase one, another will succeed,

Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
One sop will recommend another:

And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first,

As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.

He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms:

For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipp'd the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good gods! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!

Of all the plagues that heaven hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd:
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?

Can such offence your anger wake?

'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.

Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,

Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies:

For though he's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came the favour boasts;

Bags how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew:
Sure of success, away they flew.

They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play;

And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.

Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

§ 129. FABLE IX. *The Bull and the Mastiff.*

SEEK you to train your fav'rite Boy?

Each caution, ev'ry care employ:

And ere you venture to confide,

Let his preceptor's heart be tried:

Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;

On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,

A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,

A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,

His eye-balls shot indignant fire;

He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood,

Spurning the ground the monarch stood,

And roar'd aloud—Suspend the fight;

In a whole skin go sleep to-night:

Or tell me, ere the battle rage,

What wrongs provoke thee to engage?

Is it ambition fires thy breast,

Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?

From these alone unjustly springs

The world-destroying wrath of kings.

The surly Mastiff thus returns:

Within my bosom glory burns.

Like

Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed;
Taught me to conquer or to bleed.

Curs'd Dog! the Bull replied; no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd.
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the sprawling hero flies;
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

§ 130. FABLE X. *The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight;
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction,
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees:
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort;
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now like them the Greek can read!

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where with exactest care and pains
Were ev'ry beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd.
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:

Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.
But let this author's work be tried:
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shewn
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?

A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtier tricks, and lawyers arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The Boofeller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found?
Then thus address'd with bow profound:

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.

When, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

§ 131. FABLE XI. *The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Goose.*

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow,
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes;
Which, like the heaven's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes:
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight:
On ev'ry tongue distraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns:

Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing Goose:
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frightened at the note.

True—those are faults, the Peacock cries;
My scream, my thanks, you may despise:
But such blind critics rail in vain:
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found!
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face;
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

§ 132. FABLE XII. *Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser pow'rs of love;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string;
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the God: Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes;
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy;
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction:
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits:
He this way tugs, she t' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause:
Nothing can save him but divorce:
And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spent my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's feed;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said — 'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view;
They seek no beauty, wit, or sense;
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

§ 133. FABLE XIII. *The Tame Stag.*

As a young Stag the thicket pass'd,
The branches held his antlers fast;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek 's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!

At first, within the yard confin'd,
He flies, and hides from all mankind;
Now, bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe, presumes to gaze:
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines;
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;
Examines every fist for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat;
Attacks again with levell'd horns;
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face;
Next time at distance eyes the lace;
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry soldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

§ 134. FABLE XIV. *The Monkey who had seen the World.*

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes:
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies;
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit,
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;

Like

Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey weal:
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And fought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending:
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;
But all with envy and desire
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth, support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Praise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull Lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts;
For vice is fitted to his parts.

§ 135. FABLE XV. *The Philosopher and the Pheasants.*

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Thro' the deep forest took his way;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
But where he pass'd he terror threw;
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhor'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.

Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly, they our figure, or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious steps he nearer drew:
By the thick shade conceal'd from view,
High on the branch a Pheasant stood;
Around her all her list'ning brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd;
No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than Man, of animals the worst;
In him ingratitude you find;
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dyed
To guard his health, and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill.
In vain whole summer days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this gen'ral use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways;
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

§ 136. FABLE XVI. *The Pin and the Needle.*

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilet's duty.
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd:
But could she partial fortune blame,
Who saw her lover serv'd the same.

At length, from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she pass'd;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm;
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat:
Now rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach;
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham-hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On ev'ry side, above, below,
She now of this or that enquires;
What least was understood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir?
A Needle, says the interpreter.
She knew the name: and thus the fool
Address'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle

A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstresses in her arts.
But tell me how the friendship grew,
Between that paltry flint and you.
Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake;
How can I such a friend forsake!
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand;
By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
Of no more consequence than you.

§ 137. FABLE XVII. *The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.*

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood secure he lay;
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the Dog pursued his pace,
The fleetest robber mock'd the chace.
As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
A truce, replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun:
How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood;
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.
Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech:
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then;
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse;
But a pretended friend is worse.

§ 138. FABLE XVIII. *The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.*

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.

Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted:
But flatt'ry never seems absurd,
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like, a Painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please
Whoever sat, he drew from these;
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and, seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece.
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work. My Lord replied,
Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.
Oh pardon me! the artist cried,
In this the painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike;
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A Lady came; with borrow'd grace,
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Thro' all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shewn,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

§ 139. FABLE XIX. *The Lion and the Cub.*

How fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base!
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke,
 There o'er some petty club preside;
 So poor, so paltry is their pride!
 Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind;
 Fond of applause he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
 With asses all his time he spent;
 Their club's perpetual president,
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
 An ass in ev'ry thing but ears!
 If e'er his highness meant a joke,
 They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
 But at each word what shouts of praise!
 Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
 He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
 Forward, and fond to shew his parts,
 His highness brays; the Lion starts:
 Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
 Betrays thy life and conversation:
 Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace,
 Why so severe? the Cub replies;
 Our senate always held me wise.
 How weak is pride! returns the sire;
 All fools are vain when fools admire!
 But know, what stupid asses prize,
 Lions and noble beasts despise.

§ 140. FABLE XX. *The Old Hen and the Cock.*

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe
 The text which says, 'We sprung from Eve.'
 As an old Hen led forth her train,
 And seem'd to peck to shew the grain;
 She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
 And glean'd the spacious yard around.
 A giddy Chick, to try her wings,
 On the well's narrow margin springs,
 And prone she drops. The mother's breast
 All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met; her son she knew,
 And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
 Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
 I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
 I hear with joy your triumphs told.
 'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
 But let thy ever-wary tread,
 Avoid yon well; the fatal place
 Is sure perdition to our race.
 Print this my counsel on thy breast:
 To the just gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
 His bosom burn'd to disobey;
 And ev'ry time the well he saw,
 Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
 Near and more near each day he drew
 And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge? he cries;
 Let courage female fears despise.
 Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
 And therefore this injunction gave?
 Or does her harvest store the place,
 A treasure for her younger race?
 And would she thus my search prevent?
 I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
 And pries into the depth profound.
 He stretch'd his neck; and from below
 With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:
 With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
 The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
 Threat answer'd threat; his fury grew;
 Headlong to meet the war he flew;
 But when the wat'ry death he found,
 He thus lamented as he drown'd:

I ne'er had been in this condition,
 But for my mother's prohibition.

§ 141. FABLE XXI. *The Rat-Catcher and Cats.*

THE rats by night such mischief did,
 Betty was ev'ry morning chid:
 They undermin'd whole sides of bacon;
 Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
 Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
 Were all demolish'd and laid waste.
 She curs'd the Cat for want of duty,
 Who left her foes a constant booty.
 An Engineer of noted skill
 Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
 Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
 Finds where they 'scape an ambushade,
 And whence the nightly fally's made.

An envious Cat from place to place,
 Unseen attends his silent pace.

She saw that, if his trade went on,
 The purring race must be undone;
 So secretly removes his baits,
 And ev'ry stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
 And Puss again the labour foils.

"What foe (to frustrate my designs)
 "My schemes thus nightly countermines?"
 Incens'd, he cries: "this very hour
 "The wretch shall bleed beneath my pow'r."

So said—a pond'rous trap he brought,
 And in the fact poor Puss was caught.

"Smuggler," says he, "thou shalt be made
 "A victim to our loss of trade."

The captive Cat, with piteous mew,
 For pardon, life, and freedom sue.

"A sister of the science spare;

"One int'rest is our common care."

"What insolence!" the man replied;

"Shall Cats with us the game divide?"

"Were

"Were all your interloping band
 "Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
 "We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
 "Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!"
 A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
 Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life:
 'In ev'ry age and clime we see,
 'Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
 'Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;
 'Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching;
 'Beauties with beauties are in arms,
 'And scandal pelts each other's charms;
 'Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
 'In hope to make the world their own.
 'But let us limit our desires;
 'Not war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;
 'For tho' we both one prey pursue,
 'There's game enough for us and you.'

§ 142. FABLE XXII. *The Goat without a Beard.*

'Tis certain that the modish passions
 Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
 Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit
 (The manners of the fair and great),
 I give to monkeys, asses, hogs,
 Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and dogs.
 I say that these are proud: what then?
 I never said they equal men.
 A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
 Affected singularity.
 Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
 He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
 And then with fond attention stood,
 Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
 "I hate my frowzy beard," he cries;
 "My youth is lost in this disguise."
 "Did not the females know my vigour,
 "Well might they loath this rev'rend figure."
 Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
 He sought the barber of the place.
 A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
 Hard by profess'd the dapper art;
 His pole with pewter basons hung;
 Black rotten teeth in order strung;
 Rang'd cups that in the window stood,
 Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
 Did well his threefold trade explain;
 Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
 The Goat he welcomes with an air,
 And seats him in his wooden chair:
 Mouth, nose, and cheek the lather hides;
 Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.
 "I hope your custom, Sir," says pug;
 "Sure never face was half so snug."
 The Goat, impatient for applause,
 Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
 The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd:
 "Heighday! what's here, without a beard?"
 "Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?"
 "What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
 "When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn:
 "Are beards by civil nations worn?
 E'en Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
 Shall we, like formal Capuchins,

Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
 And bear about the hairy load?
 Whene'er we through the village stray,
 Are we not mock'd along the way,
 Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
 By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"
 'Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
 Brother, I grant you reason well,'
 Replies a bearded chief.—'Beside,
 If boys can mortify thy pride,
 How wilt thou stand the ridicule
 Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
 Coxcombs distinguish'd from the rest,
 To all but coxcombs are a jest.'

§ 143. FABLE XXIII. *The Old Woman and her Cats.*

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
 Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
 The matron who conducts abroad
 A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
 And if a modest girl is seen
 With one who cures a lover's spleen,
 We guess her not extremely nice,
 And only wish to know her price.
 'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
 Our good or evil name depends.
 A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame,
 Beside a little smoky flame
 Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost:
 Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
 Upon her knees her weight sustains,
 While palsy shook her crazy brains:
 She mumbles forth her backward pray'rs,
 An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
 About her swarm'd a num'rous brood
 Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
 Teas'd with their cries, her choler grew;
 And thus she sputter'd: 'Hence, ye crew!
 Fool that I was, to entertain
 Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
 Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
 I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
 To you I owe that crowds of boys
 Worry me with eternal noise;
 Straws laid across my pace retard;
 The horse-shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard);
 The stunted broom the wenches hide,
 For fear that I should up and ride;
 They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
 And bid me shew my secret teat.'
 "To hear you prate would vex a faint:
 Who hath most reason of complaint?"
 Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof:
 Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
 We had, like others of our race,
 In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.
 'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
 Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
 And boys against our lives combine,
 Because 'tis said your cats have nine."

§ 144. FABLE XXIV. *The Butterfly and Snail.*

ALL upstarts insolent in place
 Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly but newly born
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:

"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."

"What arrogance!" the Snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and fordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

§ 145. FABLE XXV. *The Scold and the Parrot.*

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares no friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."

"Heighday!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How solemn is the fool, how wise!
Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not, for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden;
A parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong."

Now reputations flew in pieces,
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury;
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her;
Pufs spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out-scream'd her rage:

"A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues.
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with int'rest pays the debt."

§ 146. FABLE XXVI. *The Cur and the Mastiff.*

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Pufs to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supplied her place;
The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid;
The Monkey was the room forbid:
Each to his dearest friend grew thy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honour tried;
Whose honest jaws the bribe defied.
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curst, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit prefer'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand.
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cried,
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust.
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

§ 147. FABLE XXVII. *The Sick Man and the Angel.*

Is there no hope? the Sick Man said;
The silent doctor shook his head,

And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shewn.

An Angel came. Ah friend! he cried,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy pow'r,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.
This instant give a hundred pound:
Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste? the sick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still;
That sum and more are in my will.

Fool! says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain.
From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
While there is life there's hope, he cried;
Then why such haste? So groan'd and died.

§ 148. FABLE XXVIII. *The Persian, the Sun
and the Cloud.*

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite;
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.
As prostrate to the God of day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,

His invocation thus begun:

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence?
Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year!

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:

Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
It was that God, who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.

A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Disperses thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapour, tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost.
The glorious orb the day refines;
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

§ 149. FABLE XXIX. *The Fox at the Point
of Death.*

A FOX in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand;
To learn their dying fire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:

Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?
The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here;
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons! says the drooping fire,
Restrain inordinate desire;
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.

The

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
 Could we perform what you advise.
 Think what our ancestors have done;
 A line of thieves from son to son:
 To us descends the long disgrace,
 And infamy hath mark'd our race.
 Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
 Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
 We shall be thought to share the feast.
 The change shall never be believ'd;
 A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
 (But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks!)
 Go, but be moderate in your food;
 A chicken too might do me good.

§ 150. FABLE XXX. *The Setting Dog and the Partridge.*

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
 And searches ev'ry breeze that flies;
 The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
 He creeps, and points the covey near;
 The men, in silence, far behind,
 Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
 The fraudulent preparation spies:
 She mocks their toils, alarms her brood;
 The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
 But ere her certain wing she tries,
 Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:

Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
 Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
 Of thy whole species thou disgrace;
 Dogs shall disown thee of their race!
 For, if I judge their native parts,
 They're born with open, honest hearts;
 And ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
 Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.

When thus the Dog, with scornful smile:
 Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
 Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
 How ign'rant is the rustic mind!
 My worth sagacious courtiers see,
 And to preferment rise, like me.
 The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
 Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
 Friend sets his friend, without regard;
 And ministers his skill reward:
 Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
 And growing favour feasts my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
 The place where you were train'd and fed;
 Servants are apt, and in a trice,
 Ape to a hair their master's vice.
 You came from court, you say? adieu!
 She said, and to the covey flew.

§ 151. FABLE XXXI. *The Universal Apparition.*

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
 With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
 Disease his tainted blood assails;
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails:

With secret ills at home he pines,
 And, like infirm old age, declines.

As twing'd with pain he pensive sits;
 And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
 A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
 Before him rose, and thus began:

My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
 Attend, and be advis'd by Care.

Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
 Can give the heart a cheerful hour
 When health is lost. Be timely wise:
 With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears;
 The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
 He now from all excess abstains;
 With physic purifies his veins;
 And, to procure a sober life,
 Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends:

Where'er he walks his ear attends;
 Insinuates that beauty's frail;
 That perseverance must prevail;
 With jealousies his brain inflames,
 And whispers all her lovers' names.
 In other hours she represents
 His household charge, his annual rents,
 Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
 And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
 And with the thirst of lucre burns.
 But, when possess'd of fortune's store,
 The Spectre haunts him more and more;
 Sets want and misery in view,
 Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew;
 Alarms him with eternal frights,
 Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
 How shall he chase this hideous guest?
 Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
 To pow'r he rose: again the Sprite
 Besets him morning, noon, and night;
 Talks of Ambition's tott'ring seat,
 How Envy persecutes the great;
 Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
 And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,
 And seeks the peace of rural air:
 His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
 He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs.
 But Care again his steps pursues;
 Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
 Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
 And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
 Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
 In vain we seek to fly from Care.
 At length he thus the Ghost address'd:
 Since thou must be my constant guest,
 Be kind, and follow me no more;
 For Care by right should go before.

§ 152. FABLE XXXII. *The Two Owls and the Sparrow.*

TWO formal Owls together sat,
 Conferring thus in solemn chat:

Haw

How is the modern taste decay'd !
Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew ;
They gave our fires the honour due ;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pried into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name ;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes :
Right—Athens was the seat of learning ;
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit ;
But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,
And a pert sparrow's more respected !

A sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat :

Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant, you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd :
But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show ;
That we should never look esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain glory be destroy'd ;
Humble your arrogance of thought ;
Pursue the ways by Nature taught :
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care ;
So shall sleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

§ 153. FABLE XXXIII. *The Courtier and Proteus.*

WHENE'ER a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace ;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth,
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign ;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began :
Came you from court ? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the God, by matchless skill,
I change to ev'ry shape at will ;
But yet I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said—a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm ;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat ;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dung-hill born and bred.

Sudden the God a lion stands ;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands ;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprise ;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each abler courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the bear's and fox's part ;
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray ;
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said, upon the God he flies ;
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now, (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasions still :
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

§ 154. FABLE XXXIV. *The Mastiffs.*

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
A mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own ;
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end :
He glory'd in his limping pace ;
The scars of honour seam'd his face ;
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two Dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries :

A cudgel shall correct your manners ;
Whence sprung this curst hate to tanners ?
While on my Dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah ! 'tis me you dare not bite.
'To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse screaming from the circled crowd :
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud :

Both

Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my Dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their fasten'd Dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
Awhile the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below.
He rose; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

§ 155. FABLE XXXV. *The Barley Mow and the Dunghill.*

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar, to Aldgate-street!
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And spring like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

As 'cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd, and, leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store;
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er:
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiplied the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cried:
Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer,
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble Dunghill thus replied:
Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know:
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.

§ 156. FABLE XXXVI. *Pythagoras and the Countryman.*

PYTHAGORAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.

In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misl'd him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
A peasant stood: the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?

The Clown, with surly voice, replies:
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkies' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd;
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murd'rer dies.

But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe;
Think how the glutton man devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O, impudence of pow'r and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!

Hold! cried the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the sage replied,
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain;
For * "Petty rogues submit to fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their state."

§ 157. FABLE XXXVII. *The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide;
Hath no one since his death applied?

Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.

Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell;
God send my Cornish friends be well!

Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears:
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended!
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging panniers' load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;

* Garth's Dispensary.

When

When starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:

That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curie on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good. No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the panniers lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

§ 158. FABLE XXXVIII. *The Turkey and the Ant.*

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the moat that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold, the busy Negro race:

See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envied were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!

But man, curs'd man! on Turkey preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days;
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.

From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd:
Of the seven deadly sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech:
Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

§ 159. FABLE XXXIX. *The Father and Jupiter.*

THE Man to Jove his suit prefer'd:
He begg'd a wife; his pray'r was heard,
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:
For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.

Once more he cries, Accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If heaven approve, a Father's blest.
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete!)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew:
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God: By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
Seek virtue: and, of that possess,
To Providence resign the rest.

§ 160. FABLE XL. *The Two Monkeys.*

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward show deride:
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant, and the science:
The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sourer air:

They forc'd their way thro' draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave, observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred!

Now through the booth loud hisses ran;
Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends:
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,

How would they wonder at our arts!

They must adore us for our parts.

High on the twig I've seen you cling,

Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:

How can those clumsy things, like me,

Fly with a bound from tree to tree?

But yet, by this applause we find

These emulators of our kind

Discern our worth, our parts regard,

Who our mean mimics thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,

In this I grant that man is wise.

While good example they pursue,

We must allow some praise is due;

But when they strain beyond their guide,

I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;

For how fantastic is the sight,

To meet men always bolt upright,

Because we sometimes walk on two!

I hate the imitating crew.

§ 161. FABLE XLI. *The Owl and the Farmer.*

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation.

Upon a beam aloft he sits,

And nods, and seems to think, by fits.

So have I seen a man of news

Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse;

Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,

And fix the fate of Europe round.

Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor.

At dawn of morn, to view his store,

The Farmer came. The hooting guest,

His self importance thus express'd:

Reason in man is mere pretence:

How weak, how shallow is his sense!

To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,

Declares his folly or his spite.

Then, too, how partial is his praise!

The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays,

To his ill-judging ears are fine,

And nightingales are all divine.

But the more knowing feather'd race

See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.

Whene'er to visit light I deign,

What flocks of fowl compose my train!

Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,

And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus replied:

Thou dull important lump of pride,

Dar'st thou, with that harsh grating tongue,

Depreciate birds of warbling song?

Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl

Regard thee as thou art, an Owl!

Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain

Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.

Few follow wisdom, or her rules;

Fools in derision follow fools.

§ 162. FABLE XLII. *The Jugglers.*

AJUGGLER long through all the town

Had rais'd his fortune and renown:

You'd think (so far his art transcends)

The devil at his fingers' ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;

Convinc'd of his inferior skill,

She fought his booth, and from the crowd

Defied the man of art aloud:

Is this then he so fam'd for flight?

Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?

Dares he with me dispute the prize?

I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cried, 'Tis done;

In science I submit to none.

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd,

By turns this here, that there, convey'd;

The cards, obedient to his words,

Are by a flip turn'd to birds.

His little boxes change the grain;

Trick after trick deludes the train.

He shakes his bag, he shews all fair;

His fingers spread, and nothing there;

Then bids it rain with show'rs of gold:

And now his iv'ry eggs are told;

But when from thence the hen he draws,

Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stepp'd forth, and took the place

With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,

(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.

Each eager eye the sight desir'd,

And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,

See this bank-note; observe the blessing,

Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'tis gone.

Upon his lips a padlock shone.

A second puff the magic broke;

The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,

All full, with heady liquor stor'd,

By clean conveyance disappear,

And now, two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;

At once his ready fingers clos'd.

He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;

He sees a halter in its stead.

She

She bids ambition hold a wand ;
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
 A box of charity she shews :
 Blow here ; and a church-warden blows.
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
 And on the table smokes a treat.
 She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
 And from all pockets fills her box.
 She next a meagre rake address'd :
 This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
 What youth, and what inviting eyes !
 Hold her, and have her. With surprise
 His hand expos'd a box of pills,
 And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
 A counter in a miser's hand
 Grew twenty guineas at command.
 She bids his heir the sum retain,
 And 'tis a counter now again.
 A guinea with her touch you see
 Take ev'ry shape, but Charity :
 And not one thing you saw, or drew,
 But chang'd from what was first in view.
 The juggler now, in grief of heart,
 With this submission own'd her art :
 Can I such matchless slight withstand ?
 How practice hath improv'd your hand !
 But now and then I cheat the throng ;
 You ev'ry day, and all day long.

§ 163. FABLE XLIII. *The Council of Horses.*

UPON a time, a neighing Steed,
 Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
 With mutiny had fir'd the train,
 And spread dissension through the plain.
 On matters that concern'd the state
 The council met in grand debate.
 A Colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
 Elate with strength and youthful fire,
 In haste stepp'd forth before the rest,
 And thus the list'ning throng address'd :
 Good gods ! how abject is our race,
 Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace !
 Shall we our servitude retain,
 Because our fires have borne the chain ?
 Consider, friends, your strength and might ;
 'Tis conquest to assert your right.
 How cumbrous is the gilded coach !
 The pride of man is our reproach.
 Were we design'd for daily toil,
 To drag the plough-share through the soil,
 To sweat in harness through the road,
 To groan beneath the carrier's load ?
 How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !
 What force is in our nerves combin'd !
 Shall then our nobler jaws submit
 To foam and champ the galling bit ?
 Shall haughty man my back bestride ?
 Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?
 Forbid it, Heavens ! Reject the rein ;
 Your shame, your infamy disdain.
 Let him the lion first controul,
 And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
 Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
 And make him tremble at our name.

A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause,
 And all the circle neigh'd applause.
 When lo ! with grave and solemn pace,
 A Steed advanc'd before the race ;
 With age and long experience wise,
 Around he cast his thoughtful eyes ;
 And, to the murmurs of the train,
 Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain :
 When I had health and strength like you,
 The toils of servitude I knew ;
 Now grateful man rewards my pains,
 And gives me all these wide domains.
 At will I crop the year's increase ;
 My latter life is rest and peace.
 I grant, to man we lend our pains,
 And aid him to correct the plains :
 But doth not he divide the care,
 Through all the labours of the year ?
 How many thousand structures rise,
 To fence us from inclement skies !
 For us he bears the sultry day,
 And stores up all our winter's hay.
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's grain ;
 We share the toil, and share the gain.
 Since ev'ry creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need,
 Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by Heaven assign'd.
 The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted ;
 And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

§ 164. FABLE XLIV. *The Hound and the Huntsman.*

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
 With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn ;
 Teas'd into wrath, what patience bears
 The noisy fool who perseveres ?
 The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
 At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
 They seek the wood with eager pace ;
 Thro' bush, thro' brier, explore the chace.
 Now, scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
 And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
 What care, what industry, what pains !
 What universal silence reigns !
 Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
 Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
 At once displays his babbling throat ;
 The pack, regardless of the note,
 Pursue the scent ; with louder strain
 He still persists to vex the train.
 The Huntsman to the clamour flies ;
 The smacking lash he smartly plies.
 His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
 The Puppy thus express'd his moan :
 I know the music of my tongue
 Long since the pack with envy stung.
 What will not ipite ? These bitter smarts
 I owe to my superior parts.
 When puppies prate, the Huntsman cried,
 They shew both ignorance and pride :
 Fools may our scorn, not envy raise ;
 For envy is a kind of praise.

Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish noise confess'd,
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

§ 165. FABLE XLV. *The Poet and the Rose.*

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown
Imagine that they raise their own.

Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride:
With both all rivals are decried.

Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd:

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace:

How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!

There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find

More fragrant roses there:

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!

One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, replied
An angry Rose who grew beside.
Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?

In ev'ry love song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.

Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?

Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

§ 166. FABLE XLVI. *The Cur, the Horse, and the Shepherd's Dog.*

THE lad of all-sufficient merit
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;

Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;

His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friends and foes.

In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace.

Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;

Or, if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A Village-cur, of snappish race,
The pertest Puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with music's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along,
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scours, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way:
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing trav'ler sprung.
The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward: rolling in the mire
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace pursued his way.

A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus: When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teasing tongue had judgment tied,
Thou hadst not like a Puppy died.

§ 167. FABLE XLVII. *The Court of Death.*

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sat;
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!

Crowd the vast Court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:

This night our minister we name,
Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.—
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd;

I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On ev'ry slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress'd—
A most tenacious, stubborn guest.

A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And next Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;

Fatigue

Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack—secure, though slow.

Plague represents his rapid pow'r,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speak his right?
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
Whom wary men as foes detest,
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

§ 168. FABLE XLVIII. *The Gardener and the Hog.*

A GARD'NER of peculiar taste
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall prefer'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd;
Who fondly strok'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus address'd the Swine:

My house, my garden, all is thine;
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease;
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and ev'ning hours,
But let due care regard my flow'rs.
My tulips are my garden's pride,
What vast expence those beds supplied!

The Hog, by chance, one morning roam'd
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd:
He munches now the streaming grains;
Now with full swill the liquor drains.

Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then, staggering, through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flow'rs.

With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spied;
Villain, suspend thy rage! he cried:

Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot!
My charge, my only charge forgot?

What, all my flow'rs! No more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns,
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strewn,
For I devour'd the roots alone.

At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears his veins.

Ah, foolish swain! too late you find,
That flies were for such friends design'd.

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace.

Who cherishes a brutal mate
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

§ 169. FABLE XLIX. *The Man and the Flea.*

WHETHER in earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!

Does not the hawk all fowls survey
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands;
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me!

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;
The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All these were made for me!

What dignity's in human nature!
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eyes,
And view'd the sea and arched skies:
The sun was sunk beneath the main;
The moon, and all the starry train,
Hung the vast vault of heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:

When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by Heaven design'd
As gifts to pleasure human-kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!

Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose:
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, heaven and earth for thee design'd!
For thee! made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

§ 170. FABLE L. *The Hare and many Friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way
Complied with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.

The Horse replied, Poor honest Puss!
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by:
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view.

YOUNG'S NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

§ 171. NIGHT I. Sleep.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays

Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he for-
sakes:

Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfill'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose
I wake: How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding
thought,

From wave to wave of fancy'd misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost;
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change; severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress! and night
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sun-shine, to the colour of my fate.

§ 172. Night.

NIGHT, fable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

§ 173. Invocation to Silence and Darkness.

SILENCE and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender
thought

To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: There this frame
shall fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine:
But what are ye? Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul,
My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure;
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer: O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of Life and Death,
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire:
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

§ 174. Time.

THE bell strikes one: We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours;

Where

Where are they? with the years beyond the Flood:
It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

§ 175. *Man.*

How poor! how rich! how abject! how
august!

How complicate! how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures, marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal sullied, and absorb'd!
Tho' sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

§ 176. *Dreams.*

THIS past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion
spread,
What tho' my soul phantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled
pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day:
For human weal, heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

§ 177. *Vanity of Lamentation over the Dead.*

WHY then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their
tombs around,
In infidel distress? are angels there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth

Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tendernefs, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead:
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous! how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades:
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

§ 178. *Life and Eternity.*

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods—O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death
expire!

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart encrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone!

Where

Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's thread is cable to man's tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

§ 179. *Time and Death.*

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,

And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate:
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plies

His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!

A hold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.

O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'Tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:

The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?

Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to see thy wheel

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?

In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!

Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,
Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd

Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past,

In quest of wretchedness, perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts

Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;

Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me sigh:
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;

And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one!

I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;

In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

§ 180. *Oppression, Want, and Disease.*

WAR, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brails, besiege mankind:
God's image, disinherited of day,

Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;
There beings, deathless as their haughty lord,

Are hammer'd to the galling car for life;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair;

Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,

Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion doom:

Want and incurable Disease (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize

At once; and make a refuge of the grave:
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!

What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in Fortune's lap high-fed,

Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

Not Prudence can defend, or Virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;

And punishment the guiltless; and alarm
Thro' thickest shades pursues the fond of peace:

Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.

Not Happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish;

How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
From that for which we dote, felicity!

The smoothest course of nature has its pains,
And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest;

Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!

Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth:
But endless is the list of human ills,

And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

§ 181. *Reflections on viewing a Map of the World.*

A PART how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,

Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and

death:
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far

More sad; this earth is a true map of man:
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights

To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss;
Loud sorrows howl; envenom'd passions bite;

Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.

§ 182. *Sympathy.*

WHAT then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from other's aid

Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, Nature's first, last lesson to mankind:

The

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor Virtue, more than Prudence, bids me give
Sworn thought a second channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.

Take then, O world! thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness [hour!
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs, [me.
The salutary censure of a friend: [blest;
Thou happy wretch! by blindness art thou
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles:
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

§ 183. *The Instability and Insufficiency of Human Joys.*

LORENZO! Fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the syren
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys: [sings.
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frown! most sure:
And in its favours formidable too;
Its favours here are trials, not rewards:
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye;
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Left, while we clasp we kill them; nay invert,
To worse than simple misery, their charms:
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanting earth
Lost all her lustre; where, her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears! [down
The great magician's dead! thou poor pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! thy darling hope so near, [in
(Long-labour'd prize!) death's subtle seed with-
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beck-
The worm to riot on that rose so red, [on'd
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

§ 184. *Man shortsighted.*

THE present moment terminates our sight;
Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown
the next;

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain,
Time is dealt out by particles: and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

§ 185. *Presumption of depending on To-morrow.*

BY Nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours:
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

§ 186. *Sudden Death.*

NOR ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead!
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life;
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene!
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

§ 187. *Man's Proneness to postpone Improvement.*

OF man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "that all men are about to live."
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign.
All promise is poor dilatory man, [deed,
And that thro' every stage: when young, in-
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise:
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.

§ 188. *Man insensible of his own Mortality.*

AND why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves,

Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden
dread;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found:
As, from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? that were strange;
O my full heart! but should I give it vent,
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

§ 189. NIGHT II. *Avarice of Time recommended.*

HE mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,
(Blest av'rice!) which the thought of death in-
spires.

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid?
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious death, should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.

Eternity's inexorable chain

Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!

For what calls thy disease? for moral aid.

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be, poor:

Part with it as with money, sparing; pay

No moment, but in purchase of its worth:

And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can

Part with it as with life, reluctant; big [tell.

With holy hope of nobler time to come.

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?

And sport we like the natives of the bough,

When vernal suns inspire? Amusement reigns

Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:

And is it, then a trifle, too, to die?—

Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?

Is it not treason to the soul immortal,

Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?

Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?

When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes

Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight?

(As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires

To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm

Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there)

Will toys amuse?—no: thrones will then be toys,

And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time?—its loss we dearly buy:

What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?

He pleads time's numerous blanks; he loudly

pleads

The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.

From whom those blanks and trifles, but from

No blank, no trifle, nature made or meant: [thee?

Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine:

This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves

In act no trifle, and no blank in time.

This greatens, fills, immortalizes all!

This, the blest art of turning all to gold;

This, the good heart's prerogative to raise

A royal tribute, from the poorest hours.

Immense revenue! every moment pays.

If nothing more than purpose in thy power,

Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:

Who does the best his circumstance allows,

Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;

'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer;

Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are
heard in heaven.

On all-important time, thro' every age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the

Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour. [man

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,

Had been an emperor without his crown;

He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.

So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:

From the soft whispers of that God in man,

Why fly to folly, why to phrensy fly,

For rescue from the blessing we possess?

Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;

Pregnant with all eternity can give,

Pregnant with all that makes arch-angels smile.

Who murders time, he crushes in the birth

A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

§ 190. *Inconsistency of Man.*

AH! how unjust to nature, and himself,

Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!

Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,

We censure nature for a span too short;

That span too short, we tax as tedious too;

Torture invention, all expedients tire,

To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;

And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer,

Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;

Death, most our dread, death thus more dread-

O what a riddle of absurdity! [ful made.

Leisure is pain; take off our chariot wheels:

How heavily we drag the load of life!

Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain

It makes us wander; wander earth around

To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd

The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.

We cry for mercy to the next amusement:

Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,

We call him cruel; years to moments shrink.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,

And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;

Behold him, when past by; what then is seen

But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?

And all mankind, in contradiction strong,

Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

§ 191. *Waste of Time.*

LEAVE to thy foes these errors, and these ills:

To nature just, their cause and cure explore.

No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.

We throw away our suns, as made for sport;
 We waste, not use our time: we breathe, not live;
 And barely breathing, man, to live ordain'd,
 Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
 And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
 Enjoy'd to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man:
 Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain,
 That man might feel his error, if unseen;
 And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure. [sign'd;
 Life's cares are comforts; such by heav'n de-
 He that has none, must make them, or be wretch-
 Cares are employments; and without employ [ed.
 The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest;
 To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
 Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
 We rave, we wrestle with great nature's plan;
 We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves;
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil.
 We push time from us; and we wish him back;
 Life we think long, and short; death seek, and
 Oh the dark days of vanity! while here, [thun.
 How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us
 The spirit walks of ev'ry Day deceas'd, [still;
 And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.
 Nor death nor life delights us. If time past,
 And time possess, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death:
 He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause, and cure, are seen: see next
 Time's nature, origin, importance, speed;
 And thy great gain from urging his career.—
 He looks on time, as nothing: Nothing else
 Is truly man's: what wonders can he do?
 And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.
 Not on those terms was time (heaven's stran-
 On his important embassy to man. [ger!) sent
 When the dread fire, on emanation bent
 And big with nature, arising in his might,
 Call'd forth creation (for then time was born)
 By godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds:
 Not on those terms, from the great days of
 From old eternity's mysterious orb, [heaven,
 Was time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres:
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his chil-
 dren, play

Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies:
 Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
 His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
 To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest,
 And join anew eternity his fire; hing'd
 When worlds, that count his circles now, un-
 (Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
 To timeless night, and chaos, whence they rose.
 Why spur the speedy? why with levities

New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
 Man flies, from time, and time from man: too
 In sad divorce this double flight must end; [soon
 And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then,
 Thy sports? thy pomp?—I grant thee, in a state
 Not unambitious; in the ruffled throud,
 Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath.
 Has death his fopperies? then well may life
 Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

§ 192. *False Delicacy.*

YE well-array'd! ye lilies of our land!
 Ye lilies male! who neither toil, nor spin;
 Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
 Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
 The winter rose must blow, and silky soft
 Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
 And other worlds send odours, fauce, and song,
 And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign
 O ye who deem one moment unamus'd, [looms!
 A misery, say, dreamers of gay dreams!
 How will you weather an eternal night,
 Where such expedients fail? where wit's a fool;
 Mirth mourns; dreams vanish; laughter sinks
 in tears.

§ 193. *Conscience.*

OTREACHEROUS conscience! while she seems
 to sleep,
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with fyren song;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to
 On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein, [drop
 The fly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills:
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen:
 She dawning purposes of heart explores,
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
 Writes our whole history; which death shall
 In every pale delinquent's private ear; [read
 And judgment publish: publish to more worlds
 Than this: and endless age in groans resound.
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

§ 194. *Man's Supineness.*

TIME flies, death urges, knells call, heaven
 invites,
 Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;
 More than creation labours!—Labours more?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?— [fate,
 Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose
 Fate irreverible, entire, extreme, [gulph
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the
 A moment trembles; drops! man, the sole cause
 Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away?
 Throw empires, and beblameless! moments seize,
 Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand
 Bid him drive back his car, recall, retake [still,
 Fate's

Fate's hasty prey; implore him, re-import
The period past; re-give the given hour!
Lorenzo—O for yesterday to come!

Such is the language of the man awake;
And is his ardour vain? Lorenzo! no:
To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

§ 195. *The Depravity of Man.*

WHERE shall I find him? angels, tell me
where!

You know him; he is near you: point him out;
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him shed
Protection; now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on To-morrow!
Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;
Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly.
If not by guilt, they wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave:
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All relish of realities expir'd:
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world:
The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
chang'd,
Tho' we from earth; ethereal, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man!

§ 196. *Instability of Life.*

WHO venerate themselves the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd
world,

Which hangs out, Death is one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noontide ray,
And wraps our thoughts, at banquets, in the
Life's little stage is a small eminence, [shroud.
Inch high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around,
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at distance! no: he has been on thee;
And given sure earnest of his final blow. [now?
Those hours, which lately smil'd, where are they
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all
drown'd

In that great deep, which nothing disembogues;
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;

A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

§ 197. *Vanity of Human Enjoyments, taught
by Experience.*

'TIS greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to
heaven; [news.
And how they might have borne more welcome
Their answers form what men experience call:
If Wisdom's friend, her best: if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! kind Experience cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but must be so:
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

§ 198. *Death unavoidable.*

SINCE by life's passing breath, blown up from
earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight; and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep till earth herself shall be no more;
Since then (as emmets their small world o'er-
thrown)
We, fore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme, of foul or fair,
As man's own choice, controul'er of the skies!
As man's despotic will, this hour, decrees;
Should not each warning give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead?
Should not each dial strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale?
Like that, the dial speaks; and points to thee;
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal: and then his nurse devours!

§ 199. *Life compared to the Sun-dial.*

THAT solar shadow, as it measures life,
It life resembles too: life speeds away
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still:
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger, gnomons, time:
As these are useless when the sun is set;
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard:
But all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself: fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:

We

We take fair days in winter, for the spring:
We turn our blessings into bane; since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel:
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

§ 200. *Death of the good Man.*

So sung Philander, O! the cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!
On earth how lost! Philander is no more.
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung:
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

The chamber where the good man meets his
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk (fate
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! or else draw near with awe,
For, here, resistless demonstration dwells;
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her mask,
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven:
Heaven waits not the last moment, owns its friends
On this side death; and points them out to
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r, [men;
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace!

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns,
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee,
"No warning given! unceremonious fate!
"A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!
"A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble nature's dread!
"Strong reason's shudder at the dark unknown!
"A sun extinguish'd! a just opening grave!
"And oh! the last, last: what? (can words ex-
"press? [friend!"]
"Thought reach?) the last, last—silence of a
Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom.
What gleams of joy! what more than human
peace!

Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His comfortors he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man?

His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call its own.
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and infidels believe.
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng,
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble
Divinely beam on his exalted soul; [joy,
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies.
Life, take thy chance; but oh for such an end!

§ 201. NIGHT III. *Picture of Narcissa, Description of her Funeral, and a Reflection upon Man.*

SWEET harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise, [group
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all
We guess of heaven, and these were all her own,
And she was mine; and I was—was!—most
Gay title of the deepest misery! [blest—
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who could cease to gaze
That once had seen?)—with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which black Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives:
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to
And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair [glow;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,

Which often cropp'd your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
His sudden pangs, but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must soon or late with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!

Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath di-
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste, [vine,
While here presuming on the rights of Heaven.

For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wise;
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear; [heart;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thoughts! turn from her:—
thought repell'd

Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.

Snatch'd ere thy prime, and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss
complete!

And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!

A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
While nature melted, superstition rav'd;

That mourn'd the dead, and *this* denied a grave.

Their sighs incens'd, sighs foreign to the will!

Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.

For, oh! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal!

While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd

In blind infallibility's embrace,

The faintest spirit petrified the breast:

Denied the charity of dust, to spread

O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy. [source?

What could I do? what succour? what re-

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,

With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;

Short in my duty, coward in my grief!

More like her murderer than friend! I crept

With soft suspended step, and muffled deep

In midnight darkness whisper'd my last sigh.

I whisper'd what should echo thro' their realms;

Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce
the skies.

Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,

While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?

Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief

And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;

Half execration mingled with my pray'r;

Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;

Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;

Stamp'd the curs'd soil; and with humanity

(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Grows my resentment into guilt? What guilt

Can equal violations of the dead?

The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine;
This heaven-assum'd majestic robe of earth
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.
When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
Then spleen to dust? the dust of innocence?
An angel's dust?—This Lucifer transcends:
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking, in a race
Most wretched but from streams of mutual
And uncreated but for love divine; [love
And, but for love divine, this moment lost,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smothered wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound!
Man is to man the forest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire.
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart!

§ 202. NIGHT IV. *Death not to be dreaded.*

How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! Ifing its sov'reign cure.

Why start at death? where is he? death arriv'd,
Is past: not come, or gone, he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve, [worm
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

§ 203. *Death desirable to the Aged.*

But was death frightful, what has age to fear
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
I scarce can meet a monument but holds
My younger: every date cries—"Come away!
And what recalls me? look the world around
And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
For

Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the best; the many, flaw all o'er,
As leopards spotted, or as Ethiops, dark;
Vivacious ill; good dying immature;
And at its death bequeathing endless pain;
His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.

But grant to life some perquisites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our comment on the comedy,
Pleasing reflections on parts well-sustain'd,
Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come; my world is dead:
A new world rises, and new manners reign:
What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown.

§ 204. *Folly of Human Pursuits.*

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, tho' in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought even gold might come a day too
late;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church, or state;
Some avocation deeming it—to die;
Unbit by rage canine of dying rich:
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.

§ 205. *Folly of the Love of Life in the Aged.*

OMY coevals! remnant of yourselves!
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil? [out,
Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With avarice, and convulsions grasping hard?

Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long:
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour?
Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous ills;
And soon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive; and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live?
Alive by miracle! if still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more shallow, than impure,
And vapid; sense and reason shew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

§ 206. *Address to the Deity.*

OTHOU great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and couldst know
No motive, but my bliss; with Abraham's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs,
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

§ 207. *Fears of Death extinguished by Man's Redemption.*

THO' nature's terrors, thus, may be repress'd;
Still frowns grim death; guilt points the
tyrant's spear.

Who can appease its anguish? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can
draw?

What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high! [see;
On high?—What means my phrensy? blasphemy,
Alas! how low! how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds:
Draw the dire steel—ah no!—the dreadful blef-
sing

What heart or can sustain? or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope: that nail supports
Our falling universe: that gone, we drop:
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth.
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust,
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! A groan not his,

He seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds so bought, were bought too
Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise! [dear.
Suspend their song; and silence is in heaven.

O for their song to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, Night, with all thy tuneful spheres!
Much rather, Thou! who dost those spheres
inspire;

Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous, power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night,
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just! [stretch'd arms.

O'er guilt, [how mountainous!] with out-
Stern justice, and soft-smiling love, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man inevitably lost.

What, but the fathomless of thought divine
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? Both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the deed!

A wonder in omnipotence itself!

A mystery, no less to Gods than men!

Not, thus, our infidels th' Eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And with one excellence another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise;
A God all mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits, ye baptiz'd infidels,
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: tho' curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,
For ever hides, and glows in the supreme.

And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as this; not such as nature makes;
A midnight, nature shudder'd to behold;
A midnight new! from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt, [cross,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead:
Hell howl'd; and heav'n, that hour, let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that man might smile! heaven bled,
That man might never die—

What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like
these? [mount

Such contemplations mount us; and should
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd; where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? How my soul is caught!

Heav'n's sovereign blessings clust'ring from the
cross,

Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—In his blest life,
I see the path, and, in his death, the price,
And in his great ascent the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race?
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd
throne! [heaven,

Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and
This sum of good to man: whose nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the
Then, then, I rose; then first humanity [tomb!
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
And seiz'd eternal youth. Mortality

Was then transferr'd to death; and heaven's du-
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame, [ration
This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount?—Alas small cause for joy!
What if to pain, immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd.
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
If sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his
And open'd there a font for all mankind [tide,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and
This, only this, subdues the fear of death. [live:

§ 208. Greatness of the Redemption.

AND what is this?—Survey the wondrous
cure:

And, at each step, let higher wonder rise!

" Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon

" Thro' means that speak its value infinite!

" A pardon bought with blood! with blood di-
vine!

" With blood divine of him I made my foe;

" Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd and aw'd,

" Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!

" A rebel

"A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne!
 "Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
 "My species up in arms! not one exempt!
 "Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies."
 Bound every heart! and every bosom burn!
 Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
 Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies;
 Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 Of man, or angel: Oh that I could climb
 The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
 More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd;
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

§ 209. *Praise, bestowed on Men, due to Heaven.*

FROM courts and thrones return, apostate
 praise!
 Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
 Thy first, thy greatest, once, unrivall'd theme.
 Back to thy fountain; to that parent power,
 Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to
 soar,
 The soul to be. Men homage pay to men,
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they
 In mutual awe profound of clay to clay, bow,
 Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee,
 Great sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing.
 Oh the presumption, of man's awe for man!
 Man's author! end! restorer! law! and judge!
 Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of
 night;
 With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
 What night eternal, but a frown from thee?
 What heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?
 And shall not praise be thine? not human praise,
 While heaven's high host on Hallelujahs live?

§ 210. *Magnificence and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

OH may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
 My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,
 Cut thro' the shades of hell, great love! by thee!
 Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should
 end?
 Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
 How is night's fable mantle labour'd o'er,
 How richly wrought, with attributes divine!
 What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight
 pomp,
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd,
 Built with divine ambition! nought to thee:
 For others this profusion: thou apart,
 Above, beyond! oh tell me, mighty mind,
 Where art thou? shall I dive into the deep?
 Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,
 For their Creator? shall I question loud
 The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
 Or holds he furious storms in strengthen'd reins,
 And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?
 What mean these questions?—trembling I
 retract;
 My prostrate soul adores the present God:
 Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes

My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sus-
 tains;

Wrapp'd in his being, I resound his praise:
 But tho' past all diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence: local is his throne (as meet),
 To gather the dispers'd, to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since finite every nature, but his own.

The nameless He, whose nod is nature's birth;
 And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand;
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile;
 The great first last! pavilion'd high he sits
 In darkness, from excessive splendour born.
 His glory, to created glory, bright
 As that, to central horrors; he looks down
 On all that soars; and spans immensity,

§ 211. *Inability of sufficiently praising God.*

DOWN to the centre should I send my thought,
 Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing
 gems,

Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
 Goes out in darkness: if, on tow'ring wing,
 I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars;
 The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to thee,
 Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King?
 If of those conscious stars thy throne around,
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,
 I ask their strain; they want it, more they want;
 Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
 Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.

Still more—This theme is man's, and man's
 alone;

Their vast appointments reach it not; they see
 On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high;
 And downward look for heaven's superior praise,
 First-born of æther! high in fields of light!
 View man, to see the glory of your God!
 You sung creation (for in that you shar'd),
 How rose in melody, the child of love!
 Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
 Thine is redemption; eternize the song!
 Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
 Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
 Far more than labour—It was death in heaven.

Here pause, and ponder: was there death in
 heaven? [blow?

What then on earth? on earth which struck the
 Who struck it? Who?—O how is man enlarg'd,
 Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
 How voided his vast distance from the skies!
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
 How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud
 Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heaven!
 The double son; the made, and the re-made!
 And shall heaven's double property be lost?
 Man's double madness only can destroy him,
 To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace:
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
 O ye, who from this Rock of Ages leap

Disdainful, plunging headlong in the abyss!
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
 Our interest in the master of the storm! [smile;
 Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins
 While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

§ 212. *Man.*

MAN! know thyself; all wisdom centres there.
 To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
 How long shall human nature be their book,
 Degenerate mortal! and unread by thee?
 The beam dim reason sheds shews wonders there;
 What high contents! illustrious faculties!
 But the grand comment which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
 By Heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the cross!

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial God?
 A glorious partner with the Deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life!
 I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul
 Catches strange fire, eternity! at thee.

He, the great father! kindled at one flame
 The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
 From spirit's awful fountain: pour'd himself
 Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream:
 Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God,
 As his wise plan demanded; and when past
 Their various trials, in their various spheres,
 If they continue rational, as made,
 Reforbs them all into himself again; [crown.
 His throne their centre, and his smile their

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to
 Angels are men of a superior kind; [sing?
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
 High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight:
 And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
 Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
 And slippery step, the bottom of the steep:
 Yet summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
 Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.

§ 213. *Religion.*

RELIGION's all. Descending from its fire
 To wretched man, the Goddess in her left
 Holds out this world, and in her right, the next:
 Religion! the sole voucher man is man:
 Supporter sole of man above himself.

Religion! providence! an after state!
 Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
 This can support us; all is sea besides;
 Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
 And groaning Calvary of thee! There shine
 The noble truths; there strongest motives sting!
 Can love allure us? or can terror awe?

He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
 He sighs!—the sigh, earth's deep foundation
 If, in his love, so terrible, what then [shakes.

His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
 Can prayer, can praise avert it?—Thou, my all!
 My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
 My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
 My light in darkness! and my life in death!
 My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!
 Eternity too short to speak thy praise,
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

§ 214. *God's Love to Man.*

O How omnipotence is lost in love!
 Father of angels! but the friend of man!
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking
 brand

From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
 To challenge, and to distance, all return!
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
 But since the naked will obtains thy smile,
 Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,
 For ever lie intomb'd my fear of death,
 And dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown.

Oh for an humbler heart, and loftier song!
 Thou, my much-injur'd theme! with that soft eye
 Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

§ 215. *Lukewarm Devotion.*

O ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!
 On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
 Shall Heaven, which gave us ardour, and has
 Its own for man so strongly, not disdain [thewn
 What smooth emollients in theology,
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
 Rise odours sweet from incense uninflam'd?
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout.

§ 216. *Death, where is thy Sting?*

O H when will death (now stingsless), like a
 friend,
 Admit me of that choir? Oh when will death,
 This mould'ring, old, partition-wall thrown
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode? [down,
 Oh death divine! that gives us to the skies,
 Great future! glorious patron of the past,
 And present, when shall I thy shrine adore?
 From Nature's continent, immensely wide,
 Immensely blest, this little isle of life
 Divides us. Happy day, that breaks our chain
 That re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
 Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;
 Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his wounds
 Beholding man, allows that tender name.
 'Tis this makes Christian triumph, a command;
 'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wife.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
 Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds

On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze;
And with him all our triumph o'er the tomb.

§ 217. *Faith enforced by our Reason.*

NATURE is dumb on this important point:
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes:
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; even adders hear,
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes;
That mountain-barrier between man and peace:
'Tis Faith disarms destruction; and absolves
From ev'ry clamorous charge the guiltless tomb.

Why shouldst thou disbelieve?—" 'tis Reason
bids,
"All sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame.
Reason! my heart is thine: Deep in its folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
My reason rebaptis'd me, when adult;
Weigh'd true and false in her impartial scale;
And made that choice, which once was but my
fate.

Reason pursued is faith: and unpursu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more;
And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,
Or Reason lies, and Heaven design'd it wrong:
Absolve we this? What then is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear:
Reason the root, fair Faith is but the flow'r:
The fading flower shall die; but Reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
Wrong not the Christian, think not reason yours:
'Tis Reason our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis Reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents.
Believe, and shew the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' Reason's wounds alone, thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to Death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

§ 218. *False Philosophy.*

LEARN hence what honours due to those who
push
Our antidote aside; those friends to reason,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.
Those pompous sons of reason idoliz'd,
And vilify'd at once; of reason dead,
Then deified, as monarchs were of old.
While love of truth thro' all their camp resounds

They draw Pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument,
And then exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the sun:" and, Indian-like, adore.

Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.
A Christian is the highest style of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

§ 219. *The mere Man of the World.*

YE sold to sense, ye citizens of earth,
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your
gain?

Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on,
"Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free:
"A freedom, far less welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour so late, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy
shroud!

Where is the fable of thy former years? [thee
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now posselt, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift: Eternity is all;
And whose eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss?
For ever basking in the Deity!

Conscience reply, O give it leave to speak;
For it will speak ere long. O hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accents mild.
Truth is deposited with man's last hour;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council when he made the worlds,
Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he made,
Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Than from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame.
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

§ 220. NIGHT V. *Darkness.*

LET Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me:
It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.

Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis Reason's reign,
And Virtue's too; these tutelary shades
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.

§ 221. *The Futility of Man's Resolutions.*

VIRTUE for ever frail, as fair below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve
Immaculate the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange, light, motion, concourse, noise,
All, scatter us abroad; thought outward bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

§ 222. *The Power of Example.*

PRESENT example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man;
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
We see, we hear with peril; safety dwells
Remote from multitude; the world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes; [peace.
That stains our innocence; this wounds our
From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.

§ 223. *Midnight.*

THIS sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone:
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half-believes a God.
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black
waste
Of murder'd time: auspicious midnight, hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n;
Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,
Predestines future action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life; and reasons with the storm;
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

§ 224. *Little to be expected from Man.*

WHAT are we? how unequal! now we soar,
And now we sink: how dearly pays the
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay! [soul
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Tho' proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, down I rush,
In sorrow drown'd—But not, in sorrow, lost.
How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl, in sorrow's stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

§ 225. *Wisdom.*

IF wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief, more proficients in thy school are made,
Than genius, or proud learning, e'er could boast.
Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This forager on others' wisdom leaves
Her native farm, her reason quite untill'd:
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary:
A pomp untameable of weed prevails: [mourns,
Her servant's wealth encumber'd wisdom
And what says Genius? "Let the dull be wise."
It pleads exemption from the laws of sense;
Considers Reason as a leveller,
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim
To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.
But Wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals
weep.

When Sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the
glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower:
Her seed celestial, then, glad Wisdom sows,
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, I'll gain by my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous, intellectual field;
And gather every thought of sovereign power,
To chase the moral maladies of man; [skies,
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the
Tho' natives of this coarse penurious soil,
Nor wholly wither there, where seraphs sing:
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in heaven.

§ 226. *Reflections in a Church-yard.*

SAY, on what themes shall puzzled choice
descend?
"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
"Why

"Why men decline it; Suicide's foul birth;
 "The various kinds of grief; the faults of age;
 "And Death's dread character—invite my song."

And first, th' importance of our end survey'd.
 Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief;
 Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.
 Are they more kind than HE who struck the blow?
 Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
 And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,
 And bring it back, a true, and endless peace?
 Calamities are friends: as glaring day
 Of these unnumber'd lustres robes our sight;
 Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
 Of import high, and light divine to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
 Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,
 Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
 Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic ray;
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
 Lorenzo, read with me Narcissa's stone;
 Few orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
 Apt words can strike, and yet in them we see
 Faint images of what we here enjoy.

What cause have we to build on length of life?
 Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep;
 And ill-foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, Truth fallies on my soul,
 And put's Delusion's dusky train to flight;
 Disperses the mists our sultry passions raise,
 And shews the real estimate of things,
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
 Pulls off the veil from Virtue's rising charms;
 Detects Temptation in a thousand lies.
 Truth bids me look on men, as autumn's leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
 See things invisible, feel things remote,
 Am present with futurities; think nought
 To man so foreign, as the joys possess'd,
 Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight:
 Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms.
 How differ worldly wisdom, and divine?
 Just as the waning and the waxing moon,
 More empty worldly wisdom every day;
 And every day more fair her rival shines.
 But soon our term for wisdom is expir'd,
 And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
 Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

What grave prescribes the best?—a friend's;
 and yet

From a friend's grave how soon we disengage,
 Even to the dearest, as his marble, cold!
 Why are friends ravish'd from us! 'tis to bind,
 By soft Affection's ties, on human hearts,
 The thought of death, which Reason, too supine,
 Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
 Nor Reason, nor Affection, no, no both
 Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
 Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!

Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
 And to forget it, the chief aim of life;
 Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

§ 227. *Little Attention paid to the Warnings of Death.*

Is Death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
 That all-important, and that only sure,
 (Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
 Nay, tho' invited by the loudest calls
 Of blind imprudence, unexpected still?
 Tho' num'rous messengers are sent before
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
 The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?
 All heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.

§ 228. *Life compared to a Stream.*

Is it, that Life has sown her joys so thick,
 We can't thrust in a single care between?
 Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,
 The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
 Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,
 Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?
 To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
 We take the lying sister for the same.
 Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
 In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the brook the same; the same we think
 Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
 Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
 And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
 (Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
 That life is like a vessel on the stream?
 In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
 Of time descend, but not on time intent;
 Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
 Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
 We start, awake, look out; our bark is burst.

Is this the cause death flies all human thought?
 Or is it judgment by the will struck blind,
 That domineering mistress of the soul?
 Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
 From looking down a precipice so steep?
 'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
 By nature conscious of the make of man.
 A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
 A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
 By that unaw'd, man on each pique of pride,
 Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
 Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
 And mar the schemes of Providence below.

§ 229. *Suicide.*

WHAT groan was that? There took his
 gloomy flight,
 On wing impetuous, a black fullen soul,
 Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
 Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
 So call'd, so thought—and then he fled the field.
 Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.

O Britain!

O Britain! infamous for suicide;
An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beside,
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth, &
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing in Eden might prevail,
And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow
Who names his soul) a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unfold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup
With cool reserve light-touching, should indulge
On immortality her godlike taste;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet there.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of earth for gifts that came from heaven;
Sink into slaves; and sell, for present hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his full basket gorges them no more;
Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full,
Are, instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement; tho' fast barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded strong
With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest nature, or dire guilt can raise;
And moated round with fathomless destruction,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons! is the cause, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus, criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness; but the madness of the heart.
And what is that? our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life is big
With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Thro' sacred nature's murder, on their own,
Because they never think of death, they die.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death.
(That most pathetic herald of our own;)
How read we such sad scenes? as sent to man
In perfect vengeance? no; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress

Indelible, death's image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile:
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry:
Our quick returning folly cancels all:
As the tide rushing raises what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

§ 230. Tears.

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
Or studied the philosophy of tears?
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our funeral tears from different causes rise:
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the public eye, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear: [share.
They dwell on praises, which they think they
Some mourn in proof that something they could
love.

They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrears.
Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their
check.

By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest; and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while reason sleeps
Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm.
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! the cruel grief soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stings of tale!
Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning there her true support,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
The stranger weds, and blossoms as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life.

§ 231. Inattention to the Voice of Death.

WHAT thus infatuates? what enchantment
plants
The phantom of an age, 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
The

The pointed thought, which from a thousand
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd? [quivers
We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death entrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves, in that just mirror, see!

Absurd Longevity! More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind!
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow,
While nature is relaxing ev'ry string?
Ask thought for joy; grow rich and hoard within.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal; learn even now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter:
Divine or none, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of age, the glory is to wish to die.

That wish is praise and promise; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their fires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority to faults of youth,
How shocking! it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.

What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the
Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil. [knell
Enough to live in tempest; die in port.
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will's subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If unconsider'd, too, a dreadful scene!

§ 232. *Little Learning required, to be Good.*

BUT you are learn'd; in volumes deep you sit;
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!
Learn well to know how much need not be known;
And what that knowledge, which impairs your
sense.

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of nature and experience, moral truth;
And dive in science for distinguish'd names,
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout.
If you would learn death's character, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random. Or if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

§ 233. *The Caprice and universal Power of Death.*

LIKE other tyrants, Death delights to smite,
What smitten most proclaims the pride of
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme, [power,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb;
Me thine, Narcissa!—what tho' short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name:
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methuselems may die,
O how misdated on their flattering tombs!

All more than common menaces an end:
A blaze betokens brevity of life.
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end, [but so
Thus runs Death's dread commission; "Strike,
"As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence stratagem delights him, and surprise,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim, [most.
And where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs
What are his arts to lay our fears asleep!

Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, Death assumes
The name and look of life, and dwells among us.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.

Most happy they whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on Death, and one full fix'd on heaven,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

Where is not Death? sure as night follows day,
Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the
world, [shuns,
When Pleasure treads the paths which Reason
When, against reason riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense.

Then foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: and when the revel burns,
When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key; and bids him sup
With their progenitors—He drops his mask,
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire!

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than simple conquest in the fiend?

And now, gay trifler, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.

Is death uncertain? therefore thou be fix'd;
 Fix'd as a sentinell, all eye, all ear,
 All expectation of the coming foe.
 Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,
 Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
 And fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
 Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die;
 Nor let life's period hidden (as from most),
 Hide too from thee, the precious use of life.

Does wealth with youth and gaiety conspire
 To weave a triple wreath of happiness?
 That shining mark invites the tyrant's spear.
 As if to damp our elevated aims,
 And strongly preach humility to man,
 O how portentous is prosperity!
 How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines!
 Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss;
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 The gaudy centre of the public eye;
 When fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
 How often have I seen him dropp'd at once,
 Our morning's envy, and our ev'ning's sigh!
 As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
 The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,
 And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

§ 234. NIGHT VI. *The Death of Narcissa.*

SHE (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
 Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
 Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
 This seeming mitigation but inflames;
 This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.
 The longer known, the closer still she grew;
 And gradual parting is a gradual death.

O the long dark approach thro' years of pain,
 Death's gallery with sable terror hung;
 Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimmering ray!
 There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd.
 How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
 How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles!
 In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine:
 She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
 Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
 By slow and silent, but resistless sap,
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
 Death urg'd his deadly siege: in spite of art,
 Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
 To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!
 And thou, O moon! bear witness; many a night
 He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Tied down my sore attention to the shock,
 By ceaseless depredations on a life,
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation! darker every hour!
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below.
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity,

When, on a moment's point, th' important die
 Of life and death, spun doubtful, ere it fell,
 And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.

But why more woe? more comfort let it be.
 Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
 Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain:
 Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.
 Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wife?
 Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars
 Too low to reach it; death, great death alone,
 O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our transition; tho' the mind,
 An artist at creating self-alarms,
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
 Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.
 Our sketch, all random strokes, conjecture all;
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
 Death, and his image rising in the brain,
 Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
 Fear shakes the pencil, Fancy loves excess,
 Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades;
 And these the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects
 And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb. [rise;
 Far other views our contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
 Views that suspend our agonies in death.
 Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.
 Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song.

§ 235. *Reflections on Man and Immortality.*

THY nature, immortality, who knows?
 And yet who knows it not? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever; black and brittle here!
 How short our correspondence with the sun!
 And while it lasts, inglorious! our best deeds,
 How wanting in their weight! our highest joys,
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how great
 To mingle interests, converse, amities,
 With all the sons of Reason, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, wherever born,
 Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens
 Of universal Nature! to lay hold
 By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
 To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
 Our own! to rise in science as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
 To read creation; read its mighty plan
 In the bare bosom of the Deity!
 The plan and execution to collate!
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave
 No mystery—but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!

Love's

Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair.

These are the thoughts that aggrandise the great.

How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)—
How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,
To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage:
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To prophesy our own futurities!
To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception, as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale!
When mount we? when these shackles cast?
when quit

This cell of the creation? this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun-air?
Fine-spun to sense, but gross and feculent
To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales; and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore.

In an eternity what scenes shall strike!
What webs of wonder shall unravel there!
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten its inextricable maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full our banquet here!
Here, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world material lately seen in shades,
And in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the labouring eye,
Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port! the least
Of these disseminated orbs how great!
Yet what are these to the stupendous whole?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd.

If admiration is a source of joy, [heaven.
What transport hence! Yet this the least in
What this to that illustrious robe He wears,
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power!
'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of
heaven!

This bliss supreme of the supremely blest!
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;

The bare ideas! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below!

And chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, 'till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals spin in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?
The momentary buzz of vain renown!
A name, a mortal immortality.

§ 236. *Genius connected with Ignominy.*

GENIUS and art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
When I behold a genius bright and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks, I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.
Hearts are proprietors of all applause,
Right ends, and means, make wisdom: worldly-
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise. [wife

§ 237. *Exalted Station.*

—WHAT is station high? [begs;
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; all more is merit's due;
Her sacred and inviolable right,
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools indeed drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his fires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perch'd on alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in immortality.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou before was something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
That pride defames humanity, and calls [raise.
The being mean, which staffs or strings can

§ 238. *True Greatness.*

THAT prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly
sheaths;

On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why this so rare? because forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day, [nounce
Which sits as judge: that day which shall pro-
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo! never shut thy thought against it;
Be levees ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the cabinet.

That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that ambition? then let flames descend,
Point to the centre their inverted spires:
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines
Substantial happiness, and true renown; [above,
Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

§ 239. *The Torment of Ambition.*

AMBITION! powerful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like length of wing
in birds,

When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies.
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close-grated by the sordid bars of sense;
All prospect of eternity shut out;
And but for execution ne'er set free.

§ 240. *True Riches.*

WITH error in ambition, justly charg'd,
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his wealth?
Where thy true treasure; Gold says, "not in
me,"

And, "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
India's insolvent: seek it in thyself;
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there:
In being so descended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!

In senses, which inherit earth and heavens;
Enjoy the various riches nature yields:
Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy;
Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright
Take in at once the landscape of the world, [fire;
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wondrous world they see.
Our senses, as our reason, are divine.

But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which beautifies creation's ample dome.
Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,

Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in senses such as these! what
In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer scene [wealth
Than sense surveys! in memory's firm record,
Which, should it perish, could this world recall,
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours fresh, originally bright
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in intellect, that sovereign power!
Which sense, and fancy, summons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends:
And from the mass those underlings import,
From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
Forms art, and science, government, and law.

What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range
around.

Disdaining limit, or from place, or time,
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
Th' almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound!
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new, in fancy's field to rise!
Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' almighty made,
And wander wild through things impossible;
What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,
In liberty to choose, in power to reach,
And in duration (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!

§ 241. *The Vanity of Wealth.*

HIGH-BUILT abundance, heap on heap! for
what?

To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then make a richer scramble for the throng:
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long,
Almost by miracles is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish, from dislodging engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New masters court, and call the former fool,
(How justly?) for dependence on their stay.
Wide scatter first, our play-things, then our dust,

Much learning shews how little mortals know:
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At best it babies us with endless toys;
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men in shining riches see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to fortune, trembles at her pow'r.
The man of reason smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony, this! a being
Of such inherent strength and majesty,

Not

Not worlds possess can raise it; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure; which hold on its glorious course,
When thine, O nature, ends; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, this!
The monarch is a beggar to the man.

§ 242. *Immortality.*

IMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone!

Morn without eve! a race without a goal!

Unshorten'd by progression infinite!

Futurity for ever future! life

Beginning still, where computation ends!

'Tis the description of a Deity!

'Tis the description of the meanest slave.

Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,

As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;

Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms;

No more we slumber on the brink of fate;

Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,

And breathes her native air; an air that feeds

Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;

Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;

Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the

Immortal! was but one immortal, how [stars.

Would others envy! how would thrones adore!

Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?

How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven!

O vain, vain, vain! all else: eternity!

A glorious, and a needful refuge that,

From vile imprisonment in abject views.

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,

Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,

The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.

Eternity depending covers all;

Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;

Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;

The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,

Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,

Make one promiscuous, and neglected heap,

The man beneath; if I may call him man,

Whom immortality's full force inspires.

Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;

Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,

By minds quite conscious of their high descent,

Their present province, and their future prize;

Divinely darting upward every wish,

Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

Doubt you this truth? why labours your be-
lief?

If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye

Was seen at once, her tow'ring alps would sink,

And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.

Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,

Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.

To that stupendous view when souls awake,

So large of late, so mountainous to man,

Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

§ 243. *Man ignorant of his real Greatness.*

IN spite of all the truths the muse has sung,

Are there who wrap the world so close about
them,

They see no farther than the clouds; and dance

On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,

Till stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance
and song?

Are there on earth (let me not call them men)

Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;

Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,

Or rock, of its inestimable gem? [these

When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish,

Shall know their treasure; treasure, then, no
more.

§ 244. *Disbelief of a Future State.*

ARE there (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? who smother in its
birth

The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?

Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way,

And, with rever'd ambition, strive to sink?

Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs,

Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,

To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock

Of endless night? night darker than the grave's?

Who fight the proofs of immortality?

To contradict them see all nature rise!

What object, what event, the moon beneath,

But argues, or endears, an after-scene?

To reason proves, or weds it to desire?

All things proclaim it needful; some advance

One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.

A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,

From heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge a

By nature, as her common habit worn. [few,

Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,

Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills, and warms

Creation, and holds empire far beyond!

Eternity's inhabitant august!

Of two eternities amazing Lord!

One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;

Aid, while I rescue from the foe's assault

Thy glorious immortality in man.

§ 245. *Man's Immortality proved by Nature.*

NATURE, thy daughter, ever-changing birth

Of thee the great Immutable, to man,

Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;

And he who most consults her, is most wise.

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all. [night,

All change, no death. Day follows night; and

The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;

Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,

With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,

Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,

Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,

Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away,

Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with
breath

Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,

Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades:

As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:

Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,

Nature revolves, but man advances; both

Eternal, that a circle, this a line.

That

That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends;
Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mafs, and shall for ever roll.
No fingle atom, once in being, loft,
With change of counfel, charges the Moft High.

Matter, immortal? and fhall fpirit die?
Above the nobler, fhall lefs noble rife?
Shall man alone, for whom all elfe revives,
No refurrection know? fhall man alone,
Imperial man! be fown in barren ground,
Lefs privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The blifs of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the fpleen of fate
Severely doom'd death's fingle unredeem'd?

§ 246. NIGHT VII. *Discontent.*

WHY discontent for ever harbour'd there?

Incurable confumption of our peace!
Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,
He whom fea-fever'd realms obey, and he
Who fteals his whole dominion from the wafte,
Repelling winter's blaft, with mud and ftraw,
Disquieted alike, draw figh for figh,
In fate fo diftant, in complaint fo near.

Is it, that things terreftrial can 't content?
Deep in rich pature, will thy flocks complain?
Not fo; but to their mafter is deny'd
To fhare their fweet ferene. Man, ill at eafe,
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food,
Than was ordain'd his cravings to fuffice,
Poor in abundance, famifh'd at a feaft,
Sighs on for fomething more, when moft enjoy'd.
Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks, than thee?
Not fo; thy pature richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from inftinct, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By fenfe, his reafon fleeps, nor dreams the caufe.
The caufe how obvious, when his reafon wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in difguife;
And difcontent is immortality.

Shall fons of æther, fhall the blood of heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and ftale here,
With brutal acquiefcence in the mire?
No, no, my friend: they fhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious foreigners diftrefst, fhall figh
On thrones; and thou congratulate the figh:
Man's mifery declares him born for blifs;
His anxious heart afferts the truth I fmg.

Our heads, our hearts, our paffions, and our
pow'rs,
Speak the fame language; call us to the fkies.
Unripen'd thefe in this inclement clime,
Scarce rife above conjecture, and miftake;
And for this land of trifles, thofe too ftrong,
Tumultuous rife, and tempeft human life;
What prize on earth can pay us for the ftorm?
Meet objects for our paffions Heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave

No fault, but in defect: bleft Heav'n! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded blifs;
O for a blifs unbounded! far beneath
A foul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our powers to perifh immature;
But, after feeble effort here beneath,
A brighter fun, and in a nobler foil,
Transplanted from this fublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

§ 247. *Reason and Inftinct.*

REASON progressive, inftinct is complete;
Swift inftinct leaps; flow reafon feebly
climbs.

Brutes foon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Was man to live coëval with the fun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning ftill;
Yet, dying, leave his leffon half unlearn't.
Men perifh in advance, as if the fun
Should fet ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd.
To man, why, ftepdame nature, fo fevere?
Whythrown afide thy mafter-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laft hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man muft die, [dread?
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in
Why curft with foresight? wife to mifery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why lefs pre-eminent in rank than pain?—
His immortality alone can tell,
Full ample fund to balance all amifs,
And turn the fcale in favour of the juft.

§ 248. *Human Hope.*

HIS immortality alone can folve
That darkeft of ænigmas, human hope;
Of all the darkeft if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' affaffin of our joy,
All prefent bleffings treading under foot,
Is fcarce a milder tyrant than defpair.
With no paft toils content, ftill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for eafe.
Poffeffion, why more taftelefs than purfuit?
Why is a wifh far dearer than a crown?
That wifh accomplifh'd, why the grave of blifs?
Because in the great future bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour fhould purfue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the future fets
By fecret and inviolable fprings;
And makes his hope his fublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry ftill;
"More, more, the glutton cries:" for fomething
So rages appetite, if man can 't mount, [new
He will defcend. He ftarves on the poffeff.
Hence the world's mafter, from ambition's fpire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank fty why wallow'd empire's fon
Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His riot was ambition in defpair.

See

See restless hope, for ever on the wing!
High perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And never stooping, but to mount again!
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If being fails), more mournful riddles rise,
And virtue vies with hope in mystery.

Why virtue? Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd;

What, true self-int'rest of quite-mortal man?
To close with all that makes him happy here.
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue, 'tis our sov'reign good.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
Is weak; with rank knight-errandries o'er-run.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death?

Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself; and let her sink!
Thy country! what to thee? (I speak with awe)
The godhead, what? tho' he should bid thee
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is split [bleed?
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

§ 249. *The Madness of Infidelity.*

SINCE virtue's recompense is doubtful, here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers nature lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wisest, loudest in her praise?
Can man by reason's beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?

Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or, both are true, or man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.

Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.

The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death,—because he cannot die.

But if man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.

A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,

Or pure heroical defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When, to the grave, we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love, [beam

And all we praise; for worth, whose noon-tide
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;

Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?

Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,

And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The mind Almighty? could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine, [ever?
Should snatch the draught, and blot it out for
Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?

From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom, and worth, how boldly he commends!

Wisdom and worth are sacred names; rever'd;
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!

Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,

To make us but more wretched; wisdom's eye
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;

And worth, so recompens'd, new points their
stings:

Or man the grave surmounts, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.

Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in salvage-sport,

Rank insult of our pompous poverty, [fair?
Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so
In future age lies no redress? and shuts

Eternity the door on our complaint?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made?

The worst to wallow, and the best to weep.
Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,

What the worst perpetrate, or best endure?
This cannot be. To love, and know, in man

Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.

Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heaven suits in all;
Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,

Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
Is man the sole exception from her laws?

Eternity struck off from human hope,
Man is a monster, the reproach of heav'n,

A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,

(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
Or own the soul immortal, or invert

All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man,
And bow to thy superiors of the stall;

Thro' ev'ry scene of sense superior far: [stream
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd

With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, de-
spairs,

Mankind's peculiar! reason's precious dow'r!
No foreign clime they ransack for their robes,

Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar:
Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd;

They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
On boughs forbidden, where no curses hang;

Their ill no more than strikes the sense, un-
stretcht

By previous dread, or murmur in the rear;
When the worst comes, it comes unfeard; one

stroke
Begins and ends their woe: they die but once;
Blest, incommunicable privilege! [stars,

For which who rules the globe, and reads the
Philosophy her, or her, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes :
 No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,
 But what beams on it from eternity.
 O sole and sweet solution ! that unites
 The difficult, and softens the severe ;
 The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels ;
 Restores bright order ; casts the brute beneath ;
 And re-inthrones us in supremacy
 Of joy, ev'n here : admit immortal life,
 And virtue is knight-errantry no more :
 Each virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r,
 Far richer in reversion : hope exults ;
 And, tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
 Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.
 O wherefore is the Deity so kind ?

Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubstid'd thy stubborn heart ? For there
 The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing :
 Reason is guiltless ; will alone rebels.

What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
 New, unexpected witnesses against thee ?

Ambition, and the fateless love of gain ! [soul
 Canst thou suspect that these, which make the
 The slave of earth, should own her heir of
 heav'n ?

Canst thou suspect, what makes us disbelieve
 Our immortality, should prove it sure ?

§ 250. *Ambition and Fame.*

FIRST, then, ambition summon to the bar :
 Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
 And inextinguishable nature, speak :
 Each much deposes ; hear them in their turn.

Thy soul how passionately fond of fame !
 How anxious that fond passion to conceal !
 We blush detected in designs on praise,
 Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men :
 And why ? because immortal. Art divine
 Has made the body tutor to the soul :
 Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow ;
 Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
 Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
 Which stoops to court a character from man ;
 While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
 Far more than man, with endless praise, and
 blame.

Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks
 The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
 At high presumptions of their own desert,
 One age is poor applause ; the mighty shout,
 The thunder by the living few begun,
 Late time must echo ! worlds unborn, resound :
 We wish our names eternally to live : [thought,
 Wild dream ! which ne'er had haunted human
 Had not our natures been eternal too.

Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter ;
 But our blind reason sees not where it lies ;
 Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
 And in itself a shadow : soon as caught,
 Contemn'd ; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
 Consult the ambitious ; 'tis ambition's care.
 " And is this all ? " cry'd Cæsar at his height,
 Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings

Of immortality. The first in fame,
 Observe him near, your envy will abate :
 Sham'd at the disproportion vast between
 The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
 At such success, and blush at his renown :
 And why ? because far richer prize invites
 His heart ; far more illustrious glory calls.

And can ambition a fourth proof supply ?
 It can, and stronger than the former three.
 Tho' disappointments in ambition pain,
 And tho' success disgusts, yet still we strive
 In vain to pluck it from us : man must soar :
 An obstinate activity within,

An insuppressive spring will toss him up,
 In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
 Each villager has his ambition too :
 No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave :
 Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
 Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts,
 And cry,—" Behold the wonders of my might !"
 And why ? because immortal as their lord :
 And souls immortal must for ever heave
 At something great ; the glitter, or the gold ;
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of heav'n.

§ 251. *Avarice.*

THUS far ambition. What says avarice ?
 This her chief maxim, which has long been
 thine,

" The wise and wealthy are the same." I grant
 To store up treasure, with incessant toil, [it.
 This is man's province, this his highest praise.
 To this great end keen instinct stings him on ;
 To guide that instinct, reason ! is thy charge ;
 'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies :
 But reason failing to discharge her trust,
 A blunder follows, and blind industry,
 O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,
 The jaded spirits of the present hour,
 Providing for eternity below.

Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain ?
 From inextinguishable life in man :
 Man, if not meant by worth to reach the skies,
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.
 Sour grapes I grant ambition, avarice ;
 Yet still their root is immortality.
 These its wild growths religion can reclaim,
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
 And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

§ 252. *Address to Unbelievers.*

" NOW all ; know infidels, unapt to know,
 'Tis immortality your nature solves ;
 'Tis immortality decyphers man,
 And opens all the myst'ries of his make.
 Without it half his instincts are a riddle ;
 Without it, all his virtues are a dream :
 His very crimes attest his dignity ;
 His fateless appetite of gold, and fame,
 Declares him born for blessings infinite.
 What, less than infinite, makes unabsurd
 Passions, which all on earth but more inflame ?
 Fierce passions so mismeasur'd to this scene,
 Stretch'd

Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,
Far, far, beyond the worth of all below,
For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the skies."

§ 253. *The Passions.*

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!

Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from hell!
Think not our passions from corruption sprung,
Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings:
That is their mistress, not their mother. All
(And justly) reason deem divine: I see,
I feel a grandeur in the passions too, [end;
Which speaks their high descent, and glorious
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere Adam fell; the wiser in their aim.

What tho' our passions are run mad, and stoop
With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze
On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire;
Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But these, when reason moderates the rein,
Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere.

But grant their phrensy lasts; their phrensy
To disappoint one providential end; [fails
Was reason silent, boundless passion speaks
A future scene of boundless objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all;
And all by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.
Consider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible, all; and all is great:
Consider man as mortal, all is dark,
And wretched; reason weeps at the survey.

§ 254. *Proofs of Immortality. Man's Happiness consists in the Hope of it.*

MUCH has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?

Call; and with endless questions be distressed,
All unresolvable, if earth is all.

"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
Our wish eternity; our home, the grave?
Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope,
Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?
Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
(For nature never gravitates to nought;)
That thirst unquencht declares it is not here.
Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
As, hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
If friend and friendship vanish in an hour?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy?

—Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense?
Why past and future, preying on our hearts,
And putting all our present joys to death?
Why labours reason? instinct were as well;
Instinct far better; what can choose, can err;
O how infallible the thoughtless brute!
Reason with inclination why at war?
Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?"

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here.
Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All promise, some insure, a second scene;
Which, was it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain; was it false,
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope;
The future of the present is the soul:
How this life groans, when sever'd from the next!
Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In both part perishes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

§ 255. *Misery of Unbelief.*

COULDEST thou persuade me, the next life
would fail

Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my de-
Abhor'd Annihilation blasts the soul, [ipair,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
In this black channel would my ravings run:

"Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere
while.

The future vanish'd! and the present pain'd!
Fall, how profound! Hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at
once

To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe?
O for delusion! O for error still! [plant
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to
A thinking being in a world like this,
Not over rich before, now beggar'd quite;
More curst than at the Fall? The sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry
thought!

Why sense of better? it imbitters worse:
Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!
Woe, from heav'n's bounties! woe, from what
was wont

To flatter most, high intellectual pow'rs.

"Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by
thy scheme,

All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once
My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself, true wisdom?—no, to shun
That shocking science, parent of despair!
Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.

"Know my Creator? Climb his best abode
By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
Obtruding life, with-holding happiness?
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!

Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!

"Know his achievements! study his renown!
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!—
For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of misery!
To find the being, which alone can know,
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise?
Thro' nature's ample range, in thought to stray
And start at man, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs,
and death!

"Knowing is suff'ring: and shall virtue share
The sigh of knowledge? virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of excellent,
By battles fought, and from temptation won,
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon, shuffled in the dark
With ev'ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?

"Duty; Religion! these, our duty done,
Imply reward. Religion is mistake:
Duty? there's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats! away; ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies:
Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
That toss and struggle in my lying breast,
To scale the skies, and build presumption there,
As I were heir of eternity;
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more,
As bounded as my being, be my wish.
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool:
Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on;
And, ignorance! befriend us on our way;
Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
Since, as the brute, we die: the sum of man,
Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.

"But not on equal terms with other brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too; they never poisons choose. [meals,
Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome
And sends all-marring murmur far away.
For sensual life they best philosophize;
Theirs, that serene, the fates sought in vain:
'Tis man alone expostulates with heav'n,
His, all the pow'r, and all the cause to mourn.
Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?
And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts?
The wide-stretch'd realm of intellectual woe,
Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.

In life so fatally distinguish'd, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lump't, in death?

"And why then have we thought? To toil and
eat, [thought.
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no
What superfluities are reasoning souls!
Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.—
But without thought our curse were half unfelt!
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;
And therefore 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, reason,
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much

For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for heav'n to make one emmet more?
Too much for chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, untormented into man?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of phrensy, thought!
Wretched capacity of dying, life!
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (oh foul revolt!)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

"Death then has chang'd its nature too; O
death,

Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav'n!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bow'r?
But why this sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
Why so magnificently lodg'd despair?
At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
Their misery's full measure?—smiles with flow'rs,
And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his with'ring joys?
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
For such delights! blest animals! too wise
To wonder; and too happy to complain!

"Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene;
Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?
Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
For man to howl in? why not his abode
Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high
desire,

If from her humble chamber in the dust, [flames,
While proud thought swells, and high desire in-
The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;
And round us death's inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.

"Undrawn no more? behind the cloud of
Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt [death,
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
How the grave's alter'd! fathomless as hell!
Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
Next moment I may drop from thought, from
The privilege of angels, and of worms, [sense,
An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,
For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
Death of that death I fearless once survey'd,
When horror universal shall descend,
And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

*Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,*

Here

*Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heav'n!
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd."*

And art thou then a shadow? less than shadow?
A nothing, less than nothing? To have been,
And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm
Thine equal? runs thy taste of pleasure high?
Why patronize sure death of every joy?
Charm riches? why choose begg'ry in the grave,
Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic lord, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,
Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee:
Oh! spare this waste of being half divine;
And vindicate th' æconomy of heav'n.

§ 256. *The Annihilation of Man, incompatible
with the Goodness of God.*

HEAV'N is all love; all joy in giving joy;
It never had created, but to bleis;
And shall it then strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy so to be?
Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.

§ 257. *The Guilty alone wish for Annihilation.*

Is that, all nature starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—the dying groan
Of nature murder'd by the blackest guilt:
What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn, till virtue dies.
And oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But first he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

§ 258. *No spiritual Substance annihilated.*

THINK'ST thou omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and when the call
Of that loud trump collects us round heav'n's
Conglob'd we bask in everlasting day. [throne,
How bright this prospect shines! how gloomy
thine!

A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the shambles of omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being lost. Lorenzo, can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,

Where nought substantial, but our misery?
A world, where dark, mysterious vanity
Of good and ill the distant colours blends,
Confounds all reason, and all hope destroys;
A world so far from great (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;
Being, a shadow! consciousness, a dream!
A dream how dreadful! universal blank
Before it, and behind! poor man a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb.

§ 259. *The World a System of Theology.*

THE skies above proclaim immortal man,
And man immortal all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read by the greatest strangers to the schools,
If honest, learn'd; and sages o'er a plough.
What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit;
A strenuous enterprise: to gain it, man
Must burst thro' ev'ry bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
His prize, repentance; infamy, his crown.

§ 260. *Virtue the Fruit of Immortality.*

THE virtues grow on immortality;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire,
A Deity believ'd will nought avail;
Rewards and punishments make God ador'd;
And hopes and fears give conscience all her
As in the dying parent dies the child, [pow'r,
Virtue with immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave.
His duty 'tis, to love himself alone,
Nor care, tho' mankind perish, if he smiles. [are
And are there such?—Such candidates there
For more than death; for utter loss of being;
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains!
More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn!
Far more undone! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence against you?
In the course drudgeries, and sinks of sense,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of
heav'n
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own.

§ 261. *Free-thinking.*

THIS is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent.
Thro' all the provinces of human thought,
To dart her flight, thro' the whole sphere of man;

To look on truth unbroken, and entire;
 Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
 Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
 More firm; who most examine, most believe.
 Parts, like half sentences, confound; the whole
 Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
 Who not in fragments writes to human race;
 Read his whole volume, sceptic! then, reply.

This, this is thinking free, a thought that
 grasps

Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
 Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene;
 What are earth's kingdoms to yon boundless orbs
 Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
 And what yon boundless orbs to godlike man?
 Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
 And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
 In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
 For ampler orbs; for new creations, there.
 Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
 A point of no dimension, of no weight?
 It can; it does: the world is such a point,
 And of that point how small a part enslaves!
 How small a part—of nothing, shall I say?
 Why not?—friends, our chief treasure? how they
 drop?

How the world falls to pieces round about us,
 And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
 What says this transportation of my friends?
 It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
 And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
 Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;
 Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
 That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord,
 Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
 Eye thy great Pole-star: make the land of life.

§ 262. *Rational and Animal Life.*

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
 And two of death; the last far more severe.
 Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun;
 Thrives on its bounties, triumphs in its beams.
 Life rational subsists on higher food,
 Triumphant in his beams who made the day.
 When we leave that sun, and are left by this,
 (The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
 'Tis utter darkness; strictly, double death.
 We sink by no judicial stroke of heav'n,
 But nature's course; as sure as plummets fall.
 If then that double-death should prove thy lot,
 Blame not the bowels of the Deity:
 Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.
 Not man alone, all rationals heav'n arms
 With an illustrious, but tremendous, pow'r,
 To counteract its own most gracious ends:
 And this, of strict necessity, not choice.
 That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
 A nature rational implies the pow'r
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
 Else idle reason would have nought to do;

And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
 Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom;
 Invites us ardently, but not compels;
 Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
 And fall he must, who learns from death alone
 The dreadful secret,—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee? thee yet perhaps in doubt
 Of second life: but wherefore doubtful still?
 Eternal life is nature's ardent wish:
 What ardently we wish, we soon believe:
 Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd:
 What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee, what?
 When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish'd,
 And when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve.

§ 263. *The Gospel.*

INSTEAD of racking fancy, to refute,
 Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—
 From purer manners, to sublimer faith,
 Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
 An honest deist, where the gospel shines,
 Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends.
 When that blest change arrives; e'en cast aside
 This song superfluous; life immortal strikes
 Conviction, in a flood of light divine.
 A Christian dwells, like Uriel in the sun;
 Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight;
 And ardent hope anticipates the skies.
 Read, and revere the sacred page; a page
 Where triumphs immortality; a page
 Which not the whole creation could produce;
 Which not the conflagration shall destroy;
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost:
 'Tis printed in the minds of gods for ever.

§ 264. *The Mystery of a Future State, no Argument against it.*

STILL seems it strange, that thou shouldst live
 for ever?
 Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
 This is a miracle; and that no more.
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end;
 Deny thou art, then, doubt if thou shalt be.
 A miracle, with miracles inclos'd,
 Is man! and starts his faith at what is strange?
 What less than wonders from the wonderful?
 What less that miracles from God can flow?
 Admit a God,—that mystery supreme!
 That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
 Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
 Deny him—all is mystery besides.
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous:
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
 So weak our reason, and so great our God,
 What most surprises in the sacred page,
 Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
 Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

§ 265. *Hope.*

HOPE, of all passions, most befriends us here;
 Joy has her tears; and transport has her
 death;

Hope,

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
 Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes;
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
 'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
 Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
 And to the modest eye chastis'd delight!
 Like the fair summer-evening, mild, and sweet!
 'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

§ 266. NIGHT VIII. *Worldly Pursuits.*

ON life's gay stage, one inch above the grave,
 The proud run up and down in quest of eyes:
 The sensual, in pursuit of something worse;
 The grave, of gold; the politic, of pow'r;
 And all, of other butterflies, as vain.
 As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
 How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
 On the swift circle of returning toys,
 Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then
 ingulph'd,
 Where gay delusion darkens to despair!

§ 267. *Human Life compar'd to the Ocean.*

OCEAN! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
 Death's capital! where most he domineers,
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
 Tho' lately feasted high at Albion's cost,
 Wide op'ning, and loud roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life!
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
 By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
 Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers
 We cut our cable, launch into the world, [gay,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
 All in some darling enterprise embark'd:
 But where is he can fathom its event?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
 Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
 Some steer aright: but the black blast blows hard,
 And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of
 proof
 Full against wind, and tide, some win their way;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
 They strike; and, while they triumph, they
 expire.
 In stress of weather, most: some sink outright;
 O'er them and o'er their names the billows close;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born:
 Others a short memorial leave behind;
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd,
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
 One Cæsar lives, a thousand are forgot.
 How few beneath auspicious planets born,
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted! Yet even these,
 Freight'd with all their wishes, soon complain:

They still are men; and when is man secure?
 As fatal time as storm! the rush of years
 Beats down their strength: their numberless
 escapes
 In ruin end: and now their proud success
 But plants new terrors on the victor's brow;
 What pain to quit the world just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

§ 268. *The Love of Distinction.*

AMBITION! pleasure! let us talk of these:
 Dost grasp at greatness? first know what it is;
 Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?
 Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
 Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;
 In that which joins, in that which equals all,
 The monarch, and his slave:—"A deathless soul,
 Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
 A father God, and brothers in the skies!"

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?
 It nought avails thee, where, but what thou art;
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man: [creep,
 Whenthro' death's straight earth's subtil serpents
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
 All that now glisters, while they rear aloft
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below:
 How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,
 And death puts out! dost thou demand a test,
 A test at once infallible and short,
 Of real greatness? that man greatly lives,
 Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies:
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall
 despair.

§ 269. *Pleasure.*

THOUGH somewhat disconcerted, steady still
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
 Lorenzo cries, "Be, then, ambition cast;
 Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
 Gay pleasure! proud ambition is her slave:
 Who can resist her charms?"—Or, should?
 Lorenzo!

What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
 Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs;
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below:
 How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray?
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?
 The love of pleasure; that, through ev'ry vein,
 Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death
 from life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
 Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.
 Some most affect the black; and some the fair;
 Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
 For her the black assassin draws his sword;
 For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight-lamp,
 To which no single sacrifice may fall;
 The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
 For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,

And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy,
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death:
Thus universal her despotic pow'r.

Patron of pleasure! I thy rival am;
Pleasure, the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name—
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r.

The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb:
Wisdom, her younger sister, tho' more grave,
Was meant to minister, and to not mar
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

§ 270. *Rise of Pleasure.*

FIRST, pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and
grandeur see,
Brought forth by wisdom, nurs'd by discipline,
By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue, list'd, forms her manly guard:
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence of joy?
Great legislator! scarce so great as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice:
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge, who most obey.

§ 271. *The End of Pleasure.*

OF pleasure, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n:
In aid to reason was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure first succours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life natural, civil, and divine?
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
Glide then for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows.

§ 272. *Virtue and Piety.*

"Is virtue, then, and piety the same?"
No:—piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy,
With piety begins all good on earth;
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good,
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power?
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity much happiness:
And yet still more on piety itself.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;

A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires:
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory, on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

§ 273. *Resources of a Dejected Mind.*

ART thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercast?
Thy gloom to chase, go, fix some weighty
truth;
Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous good;
Teach ignorance to see; or grief to smile;
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who made
thee—

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters,
Physicians! more than half of thy disease,
Laughter, tho' never censur'd yet as sin,
Is half-immoral. Is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a scorners, or it makes a fool;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
The house of laughter makes a house of woe:
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?
What for dejection, where presides a pow'r,
Who call'd us into being to be blest?
So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall:
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth
A shallow stream of happiness betray;
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Retire, and read thy bible, to be gay.
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace:
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd;
If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!
But these, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to
joy.

True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first:
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please,
And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heaven sells all pleasure; effort is the price;
The joys of conquest are the joys of man;
And glory the victorious laurels spreads
O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

§ 274. *A Man of Pleasure is a Man of Pains.*

THERE is a time, when toil must be prefer'd,
Or joy, by mistim'd fondness is undone.
A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.

False

False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
 From thoughts full bent, and energy, the true;
 And that demands a mind in equal poise,
 Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
 Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
 But happiness that shortly must expire:
 Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
 And in a tempest can reflection live?
 Can joy like thine secure itself an hour?
 Can joy like thine meet accident unhock'd,
 Or ope the door to honest poverty?
 Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?
 In such a world, and such a nature, these
 Are needful fundamentals of delight:
 These fundamentals give delight indeed;
 Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
 Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
 A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity?
 It is: yet far my doctrine from severe:
 "Rejoice for ever;" it becomes a man;
 Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods;
 "Rejoice for ever," Nature cries, "Rejoice;"
 And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
 Mix'd up of delicacies for ev'ry sense;
 To the great Founder of the bounteous feast
 Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
 And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
 Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
 Is the whole science of felicity.
 Yet sparing pledge; her bowl is not the best
 Mankind can boast: A rational repast;
 Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 A military discipline of thought,
 To foil temptation in the doubtful field;
 An ever-waking ardour for the right,
 'Tis these first give, then guard a cheerful heart.
 Nought that is right, think little; well aware,
 What reason bids, God bids: by his command,
 How aggrandiz'd the smallest thing we do!
 Thus nothing is insipid to the wise;
 To thee insipid all, but what is mad;
 Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

§ 275. *Earthly Happiness.*

CONSISTENT wisdom ever wills the same;
 Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
 Sick of herself is folly's character;
 As wisdom's is a modest self applause.
 A change of evils is thy good supreme;
 Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
 Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still:
 The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
 False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
 Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true:
 The true is fix'd, and solid, as a rock;
 Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave:
 'Tis love o'erflowing makes an angel here;
 Such angels all, intitled to repose
 On him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,
 Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on heav'n!
 To lean on Him on whom archangel's lean!
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,

They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
 For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
 In Israel's dream, come from and go to heav'n:
 Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes,
 While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

§ 276. *Joy.*

VAIN are all sudden sallies of delight;
 Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
 Joy's a fix'd state; a tenor, not a start;
 Bliss there is none, but unprecious bliss:
 That is the gem; sell all, and purchase that.
 Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
 And makes it as immortal, as herself:
 To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

§ 277. *Follies of Imagination.*

IN this is seen imagination's guilt; {thee,
 But who can count her follies? She betrays
 To think in grandeur there is something great.
 For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
 Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
 And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
 Hence what disaster!—Tho' the price was paid,
 That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome
 Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
 And poor magnificence is starv'd to death.
 Hence, just resentment, indignation, ire!—

§ 278. *Pleasure consists in Goodness.*

PLEASURE, we both agree, is man's chief
 good;
 Our only contest, what deserves the name? [pass'd
 Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has
 Th' authentic seal of reason, which defies
 The tooth of time; when past a pleasure still;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our future, while it forms our present joy.
 Some joys the future overcast; and some
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the
 Some joys endear eternity; some give [tomb:
 Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms.
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
 Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight:
 Be good,—and let heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The good man has his clouds that intervene;
 Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,
 But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,
 Patience, and resignation, are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth: remote from thee,
 Till this heroic lesson thou hast learn'd;
 To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain,
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss.
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

Now see the man immortal: him, I mean,
 Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on
 heav'n, Leans

Leans all that way his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall
raise
His lustre more; tho' bright, without a foil.
Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor stop at wonder; imitate and live.

§ 279. *Picture of a Good Man.*

WITH aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet;
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future, his:
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt:
Theirs, the wild chace of false felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true:
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore;
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain:
They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound:
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside, to find his dignity:
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse;
He nothing thinks so great in man, as man;
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion's, lives on prey;
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his
peace;

A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise:
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall:
Their no joys end, where his full feast begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss:
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun:
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

§ 280. *The Fall of the Good Man.*

BUT nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,
Undaunted breast:—And whose is that high
praise?

They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shown;
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts:
A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail:
By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that omnipotence he trusts:
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls,
And, when he falls, writes *VICI* on his shield;
From magnanimity, all fear above;
From nobler recompense, above applause.

§ 281. *Wit and Wisdom.*

WIT, how delicious to man's dainty taste!—
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease:
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by mankind,
Yet hated too; they think the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails,
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
See dulness blund'ring on vivacities.
But wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
How rare! In senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few.
While a loud prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent as fatal, wit. In civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser; sense, a man:
Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves:
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still:
Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than
It hoists more sail to run against a rock. [nought;

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
Where syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know;—
She gives but little; nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before;
An animal ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
But when it jars, the syrens sing no more,
The demi-god is thrown beneath the man;
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

§ 282. *False Gaiety ends in Despair.*

THEY grin; but wherefore? and how long
they laugh?

Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie:
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they
smile.

Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,
That others, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes,
O how laborious is their gaiety!

They scarce can muster patience for the farce;
And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls:
Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;
Off their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And shew us what their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming
Its impious fury still alive in death! [eye!
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade;
Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness and foul decays
From raging riot (slower suicides!),
And pride in these, more execrable still!—
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.

§ 283. NIGHT IX. *Reflections on Death.*

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's
scene; [plume?

Their port so proud, their buskin, and their
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise? Has Death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
Tho' in a style more florid, full as plain,
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene;
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"Profest diversions! cannot these escape?"
Far from it; these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er the grave.
As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

§ 284. *The World a Grave.*

WHAT is the world itself? thy world?—a
grave?

Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread:
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,

And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons:
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel:
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the dry;
Earth re-possesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature wide, our ruins spread: man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

§ 285. *The Triumphs of Death.*

NOR man alone; his breathing bust expires;
His tomb is mortal; empires die: Where now
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Tho' half our learning is their epitaph. [thought,
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,

§ 286. *Deluge and Conflagration.*

BUT, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame: of one departed world
I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.

Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant-furies roar;
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd:
But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage;
When heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes;
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

§ 287. *The Last Day.*

SEEST thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as, for man, her birth:
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt:
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;
But not of waters? at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,

Eruptions,

Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period; when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
'Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire:
Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike
The babe at Bethlem! How unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet, He it is;
That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! What
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descend! [pomp!
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:
And now, all drops remov'd, heav'n's sown pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contrast?) far, how far beneath!
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storm sulphureous: her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey [peace,

At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou nor hear her? dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we stood! Lorenzo! while thou mayst,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is
too late!

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth rose from Chaos; man from earth;
And an Eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor-earth created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
Already is begun the grand assize,
In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

§ 288. *Thoughtlessness of the last Day.*

THRICE happy they, that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare!
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!

What hero, like the man who stands himself,
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?
Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man and anxious for his fate,
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To dis-involve the moral world, and give
To nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now pass
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads
And deems it the first moment of his fall,

§ 289. *Eternity and Time.*

'Tis present to my thought!—And, yet,
where is it?

Say, Thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! say, where art
Art thou in time, or in eternity? [Thou?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee!

These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or un-arriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd, calls his sons
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving
womb

To second birth; upstarting from one bed;
He turns them o'er, eternity! to thee:
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
His greatest foe falls with him; time, and he
Whom murder'd all time's offspring, death, expire.

Time was! eternity now reigns alone!
And lo! her twice tenthousand gates thrown wide,
With banners, streaming as the comets blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of

Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,
Wide as creation! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd but by God;
Who, now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrosial: What ensues?
The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamant key's enormous size
Thro' destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt; on both their fates;
Then from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark profound,
Tenthousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

§ 290. *The unreasonableness of Complaint.*

WHAT then am I?—
Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
All, all is right, by God ordain'd, or done;
And who, but God, resum'd the friends he gave?
And have I been complaining, then, so long?—
Complaining of his favours; pain, and death?
Who without pain's advice would e'er be good?
Who without death, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to save from pain! all punishment,
To make for peace! and death to save from death;
And second death to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endless in the skies.

§ 291. *Grief and Joy.*

LET impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd,
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim:
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe:
Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too:
A noble fortitude in ills, delights
Heav'n, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray:
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man:
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

§ 292. *Night.*

—O MAJESTIC Night!
Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!

And fated to survive the transient sun!
A starry crown thy raven-brow adorns, [loom
An azure zoue, thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's
Wrought thro' varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine, [out,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n through-
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs claim a grateful verse
And, like a fable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

§ 293. *Regularity of the Heavenly Bodies.*

NOR think thou seest a wild disorder here;
Thro' this illustrious chaos, to the light,
Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind:
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
They rove for ever, without error rove:
Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
This tumult untumultuous: all on wing,
In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
To silence by the presence of their Lord;
Or hush'd, by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to their God and thine,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of his praise:
But, since their song arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power:
Mark, how, the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;
To Gods, how great! how legible to man!

§ 294. *Miracles.*

AND yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a solid base:
Why call for less than is already thine?
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a sun, or stop his mid-career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frighted east,
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's soft, flow'ry vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater, to create.
From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole
Of miracles;—resistless is their pow'r? [train
They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd un-miraculous survey.
Say'st thou, "The course of nature governs all?"
The course of nature is the art of God:
The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;
For, say, could nature nature's course controul?

§ 295. *Nature the Foe of Scepticism.*

OPEN thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood; let in happiness;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing up to God; which makes a man:
Take God from nature, nothing great is left:
Man's

Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees :
 Emerge from thy profound ; erect thine eye ;
 See thy distress ! how close art thou besieg'd !
 Besieg'd by nature, the proud sceptic's foe !
 Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
 As in a golden net of providence,
 How art thou caught ! sure captive of belief !
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,
 What blasphemy to reason sets thee free ?
 This scene is heaven's indulgent violence :
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory ?
 What is earth bosom'd in the ambient orbs,
 But faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man ?
 God is a spirit ; spirit cannot strike
 These gross, material, organs ; God by man
 As much is seen, as man a God can see,
 In these astonishing exploits of power :
 What order, beauty, motion, distance, size !
 Apt means ! great ends ! consent to general good !
 Each attribute of these material gods,
 A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought ;
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

§ 296. *Reasons for Belief.*

“ **W**HAT am I ? and from whence ?—I
 nothing know,
 But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
 Something eternal : had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been : eternal there must be :
 But what eternal ?—Why not human race ;
 And Adam's ancestors without an end ?
 That 's hard to be conceiv'd ; since every link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
 Can every part depend, and not the whole ?
 Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ; [too ?
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—eternal
 Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs
 Would want some other father :—much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes :
 Design implies intelligence, and art :
 That can't be from themselves—or man : that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?
 And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight ?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
 Has matter innate motion ? Then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust :
 Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious
 forms, [pos'd ?
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and re-
 Has matter more than motion ? has it thought.
 Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learn'd
 In mathematics ? Has it fram'd such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
 Who think a clod inferior to a man !
 If art, to form ; and council, to conduct ;
 And that with greater far than human skill ;
 Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—
 Grant then, invisible, eternal, mind ;

That granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting that,
 Draw I not o'er me still a darker cloud ?
 Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?
 A being without origin, or end !
 Hail, human liberty ! There is no God.
 Yet why ? on either scheme the knot subsists :
 Subsist it must, in God, or human race :
 If in the last, how many knots beside,
 Indissoluble all ?—why choose it there,
 Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more ?
 Reject it ; where that chosen, all the rest
 Dispers'd, leave reason's whole horizon clear ?
 What vast preponderance is here ! Can reason
 With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God ?
 What things impossible must man think true,
 On any other system ? and how strange
 To disbelieve, through mere credulity !”

§ 297. *The Power of God infinite.*

CAN man conceive beyond what God can do ?
 Nothing, but quite-impossible, is hard ;
 He summons into being, with like ease,
 A whole creation, and a single grain. [born !—
 Speaks he the word ? a thousand worlds are
 A thousand worlds ? there 's space for millions
 And in what space can his great fiat fail ? [more ;
 Still seems my thought enormous ? Think
 again ;—

Experience self shall aid thy lame belief :
 Glasses (that revelation to the sight !)
 Have they not led us deep in the disclose
 Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small ;
 And, tho' demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd ?
 If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
 In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
 To keep the balance, and creation poize ?
 Stupendous Architect ! Thou, Thou art all !
 My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
 And finds herself but at the centre still !
 I Am, thy name ! existence, all thine own !
 Creation 's nothing ; flatter'd much, if styl'd
 “ The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.”

§ 298. *The World sufficient for Man. Contem-
 plation of the Heavens.*

YET why drown fancy in such depths as these ?
 Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess
 The bounds of man ; nor blame them, as too small :
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen ?
 Full ample the dominions of the sun !
 Full glorious to behold ! how far, how wide,
 The matchless monarch from his flaming throne,
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
 Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires ?
 Beyond this city, why strays human thought ?
 One wonderful, enough for man to know !
 One firmament, enough for man to read !
 Nor is instruction, here, our only gain ;
 There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts ;
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
 With what authority it gives its charge,
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
 Tho'

Tho' silent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has its wonder, tho' too proud to praise.

Divine instructor! thy first volume, this,
For man's perusal; all in capitals!
In moon, and stars (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may read;
Who reads, can understand: 'tis unconfin'd,
To christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind:

A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain,
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough.
Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain!
A language, worthy the great mind, that speaks!
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!

Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.

By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
Yet more I wish; say, gentle Night! whose beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture, soften'd to the sight;
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious, star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and shew
The mighty potentate, to whom belong
These rich regalia, pompously display'd?

O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste, [her,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of visionary joys: say, goddess! where? [throne?
Where blazes his bright court? where burns his
Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee,
His grand pavillion, sacred fame reports, [round
The sable curtain's drawn, if not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where he dwells?

A star his dwelling pointed out below:
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
On which hand must I bend my course to find
him?

These courtiers keep the secret of their king;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from
In ardent contemplation's rapid car, [them.

From earth, as from my barrier, I set out:
How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes;
I pass the moon; and, from her further side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; pause at every planet,
And ask for him, who gives their orbs to roll.
From Saturn's ring, I take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud,
The souls of system!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round;
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.

§ 299. *Man's Science the Culture of his Heart.*

It is not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,

Without, or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him: humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God:
To fathom nature; (ill attempted here!)
Past doubt, is deep philosophy above;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still:
For, what a thunder of omnipotence
Is seen in all! in man! in earth! in skies!
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn—
“Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
“Mankind was born to wonder and adore.”

§ 300. *The Greatness of God inexpressible.*

“O WHAT a root! O what a branch is here!
O what a father! what a family!
Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,
In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
Great Vine! on thee: on thee the cluster hangs;
The filial cluster! infinitely spread
In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
A constellation of ten thousand gems,
Set in one signet, flames on the right-hand
Of majesty divine! the blazing seal,
That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
Indelible, his sovereign attributes
Omnipotence and love: nor stop we here,
For want of power in God, but thought in man;
If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of thee;
And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd.”

§ 301. *The Misery of Sin.*

O THOU, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou ashamed to bend thy knee to heaven?
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul;
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

§ 302. *Reason.*

THO' blind of heart, still open is thine eye;
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
Tho' that immensely great, still greater he,
Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
Unburthen'd, nature's universal scheme;
Can grasp creation with a single thought;
Creation grasp; and not exclude its fire.—
To tell him farther—It behoves him much
To guard the important, yet-depending, fate

OF

Of being, brighter than a thousand suns ;
One single ray of thought outshines them all.

§ 303. *Man.*

O THOU most awful being ! and most vain !
Thy will, how frail ! how glorious is thy
Tho' dread eternity has sown her seeds [power !
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast ;
Tho' heaven and hell depend upon thy thought,
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
My solemn night-born adjuration hear ;
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust.

§ 304. *Death.*

By silence, death's peculiar attribute :
By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom :
By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread !
That draw the curtain round night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene :
By night, and all of awful, night presents
To thought, or sense, by these her trembling fires,
By these bright orators, that prove and praise,
And press thee to revere, the Deity :
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,
To reach his throne ; as stages of the soul,
Thro' which, at different periods, she shall pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height ;
And purging off some dross at every sphere :
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world :
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most re-
nown'd,

From short ambition's zenith set for ever ;
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this evening's knell,
Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye ;
And shocks her with a hundred centuries
Round death's black banner throng'd, in human
thought :

By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear :
By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth ;
Ejected, to make room for—human earth ;
By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
Boast of our ruin ! triumph of our dust !
By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones ;
And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly dead,
More ghastly thro' the thick-incumbent gloom :
By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grove !
By groans and graves, and miseries that groan
For the grave's shelter : by desponding men,
Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt :
By guilt's last audit : by yon moon in blood,
The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
And thunder's last discharge, great nature's
By second chaos ; and eternal night— [knell !
Be wise—nor let Philander blame my charm ;
But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living ; duty to the dead.

§ 305. *Reflections on Sleep.*

BUT oh !—my spirits fail !—sleep's dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lids to soft repose :

Haste, haste, sweet stranger ! from the peasant's cot ;
The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
Whencefrow never chas'd thee : with thee bring
Not hideous visions, as of late ; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest ;
Man's rich restorative ; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine.
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn ;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion
When will it end with me ? [ends.

—Thou only know'st,

Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past
Joins to the present ; thou, and thou alone,
All-knowing !—all unknown ! and yet well
Thee, tho' invisible, for ever seen ! [known !
And seen in all the great, and the minute,
Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
Each flower, each leaf, with its small people
swarm'd, [declare
To the first thought, that asks, from whence ?
Their common source, thou fountain running
In rivers of communicated joy ! [o'er
Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes !
Say, by what name shall I presume to call
Him I see burning in these countless suns,
As Moses in the bush ? illustrious mind !
How shall I name Thee ?—how my labouring soul
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !

§ 306. *Address to the Trinity.*

GREAT system of perfections ! mighty cause
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God,
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform : mov'd, or at rest :
Father of these bright millions of the night !
Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
Father of matter's temporary lords !
Father of spirits ! nobler offspring ! sparks
Of high paternal glory ; rich-endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of instinct, reason, intuition ; beams
More pale, or bright from day divine, that raise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong
Of next approach to Godhead : Father kind
Of intellectual beings ! beings blest
With powers to please thee : not of passive ply
To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in seats
Of well-adapted joys ; in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons.
Or, oh ! indulge, immortal King ! indulge
A title, less august indeed, but more
Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !
Father of immortality to man !
And thou the next ! yet equal ! thou, by whom
That blessing was convey'd ; far more ! was
bought ;
Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds
Were made ; and one redeem'd ! illustrious light
From light illustrious ! Thou, whose regal power,
On more than adamant basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones
Inviolably

Inviolably reigns; beneath whose foot,
 And by the mandate of whose awful nod;
 All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 Through the short channels of expiring time,
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 In absolute subjection!—and, O Thou
 The glorious third! distinct, not separate,
 Beaming from both! incorporate with dust!
 By condescension, as thy glory, great;
 Inshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
 Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
 Of heaven with distant earth!—mysterious pow'r!
 Reveal'd,—yet unrevail'd! darkness in light!
 Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
 Tri-une, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
 Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God!
 Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye,
 From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
 Where Thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
 Beyond archangels unassisted ken;
 Thro' radiant ranks of essences unknown;
 Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd,
 Round various banners of omnipotence,
 With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
 Thro' wondrous beings interposing swarms;
 All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee;
 Thro' this wide waste of worlds—look down—
 down—down,

On a poor breathing particle in dust,
 Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes:
 His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
 Those smaller faults; half-converts to the right:
 Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 May see the sun (tho' night's descending scale
 Now weighs up morn) unpity'd, and unblest!
 In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
 And, since all pain is terrible to man,
 Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
 My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near!
 And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose;
 O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
 Man's sickly soul, tho' turn'd, and toss'd for ever,
 From side to side, can rest on nought but thee,
 Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.
 Thou God, and mortal! thence more God to man!
 Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise,
 Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
 Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
 The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth!
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
 Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
 Injoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 Takes his delights among the sons of men.

What words are these?—And did they come
 from heav'n?

And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
 What are all mysteries to love like this?
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

§ 307. *Conclusion.*

THEN, farewell night! of darkness, now no
 more:

Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day!
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain,
 Of a few evils, pay'd with endless joys?
 My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death;
 Thy patron, he, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heav'n; eternity thy prize.
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
 Whose lives whole drift is to forget their graves!
 And when our present privilege is past,
 The same astonishment will seize us all.
 What then must pain us, would preserve us now!
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
 That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee:
 For, what is hell? full knowledge of the truth,
 When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
 And calls eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
 And truths divine converting pain to peace,
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
 Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
 Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
 Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
 An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;
 When, like a falling star, the ray divine
 Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
 And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
 Which sets that title high, within thy reach,
 Awake, then, thy Philander calls, awake,
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire:
 When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In nature's ample ruins lies encomb'd;
 And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

§ 308. *Solitude.* YOUNG.

O SACRED solitude! divine retreat!
 Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid;
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
 (Strangers on earth) are innocence and peace:
 There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
 There, blest with health, with bus'ness unper-
 This life we relish, and ensure the next. [plex'd,
 There too the Muses sport; these numbers free,
 Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

§ 309. *The Day of Judgment.* YOUNG.

O! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,

M

At

At Heaven's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
To fix a hero's birth-day or descent? [spent,
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands:
Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above;
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, fall; another, stand;
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking
dawn

Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
Immortal Blenheim. fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air:
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!"
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound,
And hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth,
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas, my muse!
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou choose?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds
of light,

Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! where time and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation!): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)

I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:

But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious, thro' the courts of heaven, the
Of life and death eternal bends his course; [source
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array;
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding
And mingling voices in rich concert swell; [shell;
Voices seraphic! blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of him in Bethlem born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast!
How chang'd, from him who, meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
From him who was betray'd, forsook, denied,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,
and died;

Hung, pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe;
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!

And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well ex-
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame! [claim;
But God is good; 'tis wondrous all! ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, died for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze:
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea; and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows found.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure form the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the co-
lumn fly.

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars

Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff, of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dyed ocean into blood.

Oh formidable Glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight!
Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the Sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.

But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how but by Repentance—by a mind
Quick and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound: [weigh,
"O Thou! whose balance does the mountains
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to
flame,

That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the bounties of thy goodness calls,

"O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee!

Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!

If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.

My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

O may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!

Whodecks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
Who calls forth Summer like a sparkling bride?

Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
And bids old Winter lay her honors down?

Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.

May sea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!

When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake

my soul!
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!

Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!

Shine we in arms, or sing beneath our vine?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:

Thy pleasure points the shaft and bends the bow,
The cluster blasts or bids it brightly glow:

'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.

"Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the consecrated day;

Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies!

As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love;

Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

"And, oh, permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.

When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies:

Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
And shew all nature in a milder light;

How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calms subsides;
How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!

O how divine, to tread the milky way
To the bright palace of the Lord of day!

His court admire, or for his favour sue,
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew!

Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
While I long vigils to its Founder keep! [troul,

"Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh con-
Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul!

Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood;

Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.

O may I pant for Thee in each desire,
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!

Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!

At the great day of recompence behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!

Then, wafted upwards to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;

My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee!"

Fables for the Female Sex. MOORE.

§ 310. FABLE I. *The Eagle and the Assembly of Birds.*

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, Fair Excellence, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.

I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions understood;
Your monument, if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of Fame;
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent in charity my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all, promiscuous, as they pass:
Should folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true:
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in ev'ry clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-soothing page;
While satire, that offends the ear
Of vice and passion, pleases her.

Premising this, your anger spare;
And claim the fable you who dare.

The birds in place, by fictions press'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd:
By specious lyes the state was vex'd,
Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants the suit. The Eagle late
Decider of the grand debate.

The Pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phrase
You know I hate. This libel says,
"Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice;
And, skill'd to chatter out the hour,
Rise by their emptiness to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt you'll readily agree;
Yet well this sage assembly knows,
By parts to government I rose.

My prudent counsels prop the state;
Magpies were never known to prate,
The Kite rose up. His honest heart
In virtue's sufferings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew:
So far the libeller said true:
"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
Who knew no int'rest but their own;
Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd."
This might be true; but, if applied
To him, in troth the slanderer lyed.
Since ign'rance then might be mislead,
Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.

The Crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
He flew across the new-sown corn,
A screaming boy was set for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found him out in turn,
And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.

The Owl arose with solemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the case:
That magpies prate, it may be true;
A kite may be voracious too;
Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;
He libels not, who strikes at these:
The slander's here—"But there are birds,
Whose wisdom lies in looks not words;

Blund'ers, who level in the dark,
And always shoot beside the mark."
He names not me; but these are hints,
Which manifest at whom he squints,
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While Guilt, and his associate Fear,
Are startled at the passing air.

§ 311. FABLE II. *The Panther, the Horse,
and other Beasts.*

THE man who seeks to win the fair
(So custom says) must truth forbear;
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lye,
And raise the goddess to the sky.
For truth is hateful to her ear;
A rudeness which she cannot bear.
A rudeness! Yes, I speak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Chloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lye?
And still, to make you less my friend,
I strive your errors to amend!
But shall the senseless sop impart
The softest passion to your heart;
While he, who tells you honest truth,
And points to happiness your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease,
Your taste for flatt'ry I could please;
And similes in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.
What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the opening rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.
The butterfly of various hue,
More than the flow'r, resembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From four reserves, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known,
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves,

You'll

You'll frown, and ask, To what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I'll spare the question, and confess
I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less.
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther of majestic port
(The vainest female of the court)
With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every bosom with desire.
Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
Assemblies ev'ry week she held
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd;
Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
And lyes, and scandal, fill'd the place.

Behold the gay fantastic thing
Encircled by the spacious ring!
Low bowing, with important look,
As first in rank, the Monkey spoke:
"Gad take me, madam! but I swear,
No angel ever look'd so fair:
Forgive my rudeness, but I vow
You were not quite divine till now;
Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
O close them, or the gazer dies!"

Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,
I vow and swear you make me blush;
I shall be angry at this rate;
'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain;
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That pug was rivall'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet she must confess
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd:
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke:

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.

Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules:
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape?

He said, and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

§ 312. FABLE III. *The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise—
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cried, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In bus'ness, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

Deluded fool, with pride elate!
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou mightst have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

§ 313, FABLE IV. *Hymen and Death.*

SIXTEEN, d'ye say? Nay then 'tis time;
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—the settlement? "That's made."
Why then 's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, thro' the green-wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd;
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Outwent his pace, and join'd his side.

The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began:
Relentless Death! whose iron sway
Mortals reluctant must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen tied.

Shall not the bloody and the bold,
The miser hoarding up his gold,
The harlot reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle and the kind
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus replied:
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
That friend of yours you lately nam'd,
Cupid alone, is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be justly laid:
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly one in twenty years
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me! more than all mankind
Your vot'ries my compassion find.
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.
'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me your crowded altars smoke:
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that Death will set them loose.

§ 314. FABLE V. *The Poet and his Patron.*

WHY, Cælia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face
A little water might displace,
As Nature ev'ry morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, Madam, are you married?—Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases;
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made;
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that fours the wedded life.

Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth, his verse you'd swear
Apollo and the Muses there:
Thro' all the town his praises rung;
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddesses Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board!
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddesses flew.

Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muse,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.

With just contempt his Patron saw
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw);
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke:

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the fun of favour shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise.

§ 315. FABLE VI. *The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb.*

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice:
In that is due obedience shewn;
To choose, belongs to her alone.

May

May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race
In num'rous crowds attend the place;
For why, a mighty wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd as at early dawn,
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, the sportive Lamb
Skipp'd wanton by her fleecy Dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous thus the Dam bespoke:
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near:
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder bus'ness brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter—sweet, forgive
A Wolf's address—in her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And set my marrow all on flame;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.
Discourse like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands,
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees! Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And, of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies our her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma best knew
What unexperienc'd girls should do.
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carried,
A formal ass the couple married.

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride;
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find, in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorise the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way:
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought:
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws:
Food must be had, and Lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cried)
The gentle virtue of a bride?

That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'refs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!

So saying, on the Lamb he flies:
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

§ 316. FABLE VIII. *The Goose and the Swans.*

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The studied look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants
The face, which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart?
Where freedom and good-humour sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heavenly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,

Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At ev'ry public show are seen,
With look awry, and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;
Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say geese hobble in their pace;
Look here!—the slanderous lye detect;
No haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! Lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I pawn my word
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock! No.

Thus vaunting, 'cross the mead she stalks,
'The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
'The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cried,
Again what arrogance we see!
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the water skim,
Because we geese are known to swim!
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensued,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd:

Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride:
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock;
And, as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.
Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And, striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

§ 317. FABLE VIII. *The Lawyer and Justice.*

LOVE! thou divinest good below!
Thy pure delights few mortals know:
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid;
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can by sympathy impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endued,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry bloomy grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's Author thus declar'd
The woman's sovereign and her guard,
Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence.

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tiger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted traveller's guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;
His strength against the weak employs;
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cried;
His brief the studious Lawyer plied;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to fight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook;
Loose ev'ry joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade replied
 (A crimson glow her visage dyed):
 Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
 Is Justice grown so strange a name?
 Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
 'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
 My guardian thee I did elect,
 My sacred temple to protect,
 That thou and all thy venal tribe,
 Should spurn the goddess for the bribe.
 Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
 Justice has neither ears nor eyes;
 In foul alliance with the bar,
 'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
 And rarely issues his decree
 But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd—her breast with fury burn'd;
 The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:

I own the charge is justly laid,
 And weak th' excuse that can be made;
 Yet search the spacious globe, and see
 If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lies,
 By faith's false glass deludes our eyes:
 O'er conscience rides without controul,
 And robs the man to save his soul.

The doctor, with important face,
 By sly design mistakes the case;
 Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
 To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier, rough with many a scar,
 And red with slaughter, leads the war;
 If he a nation's trust betray,
 The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
 And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
 Must I be better than the rest,
 And harbour Justice in my breast?

On one side only take the fee,
 Content with poverty and thee?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
 Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,

If virtue from the world is flown,
 Will other's faults excuse thy own?
 For sickly souls the priest was made;
 Physicians for the body's aid;

The soldier guarded liberty;
 Man, woman, and the lawyer me.

If all are faithless to their trust,
 They leave not thee the less unjust.
 Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
 And bar the sanction of my name;

Within your courts it shall be read,
 That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
 Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

§ 318. FABLE IX. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
 What rude offence alarms you now?
 I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
 But did I say she equall'd you?

Can't I another's face commend,
 Or to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead frowns,
 As if her merit lessen'd yours?
 From female envy never free,
 All must be blind because you see.

Survey the garden, fields, and bow'rs,
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs;
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows
 That vies in sweetness with the rose;
 Or where the lily's snowy white,
 That throws such beauties on the sight?
 Yet folly is it to declare,

That these are neither sweet nor fair.
 The crystal shines with fainter rays
 Before the diamond's brighter blaze;
 And fops will say the diamond dies
 Before the lustre of your eyes:
 But I, who deal in truth, deny
 That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossom stray,
 And sweets along the air convey,
 Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
 Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
 Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
 Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
 And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
 If you are lovelier than the rest?
 For while I give to each her due,
 By praising them I flatter you;
 And praising most, I still declare
 You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a Farmer sate,
 Replenish'd by his homely treat,
 His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
 And with his master shar'd the food;
 The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
 His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
 Till, fated now, supine he lay,
 And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
 And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
 Her modest worth the Master knew,
 And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw:
 Enrag'd, the snarling Cur awoke,
 And thus with spiteful envy spoke:

They only claim a right to eat,
 Who earn by services their meat;
 Me, zeal and industry inflame
 To scour the fields, and spring the game
 Or, plunged in the wint'ry wave,
 For man the wounded bird to save.
 With watchful diligence I keep
 From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep;
 At home his midnight hours secure,
 And drive the robber from the door:
 For this his breast with kindness glows,
 For this his hand the food bestows;
 And shall thy indolence impart
 A warmer friendship to his heart,
 That thus he robs me of my due,
 To pamper such vile things as you!

I own

I own (with meekness Puffs replied)
 Superior merit on your side;
 Nor does my breast with envy swell,
 To find it recompenc'd so well;
 Yet I, in what my nature can,
 Contribute to the good of man.
 Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
 Who drives the vermin from the house?
 Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
 From lurking rats secures the grain?
 From hence, if he rewards bestow,
 Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
 Why pine my happiness to see,
 Since there's enough for you and me?
 Thy words are just, the Farmer cried,
 And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

§ 319. FABLE X. *The Spider and the Bee.*

THE nymph who walks the public streets,
 And sets her cap at all she meets,
 May catch the fool who turns to stare;
 But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
 With silken line, my Lydia stood,
 I smil'd to see the pains she took
 To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
 Along the forest as we stray'd,
 You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
 Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
 Lest, heedless, we approach too near?
 For as behind the bush we lay,
 The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
 The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
 And think you, with inferior art,
 To captivate the human heart?

The maid who modestly conceals
 Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
 Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
 From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
 All dress was meant for fancy's aid;
 Which evermore delighted dwells
 On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Celia struts in man's attire,
 She shews too much to raise desire;
 But, from the hoop's bewitching round,
 Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
 The forward laugh, the wanton air,
 May catch the fop: for gudgeons strike
 At the bare hook and bait alike;
 While salmon play regardless by,
 Till art like nature forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch
 A Spider long had held her watch;
 From morn to night, with restless care,
 She spun her web, and wove her snare.
 Within the limits of her reign
 Lay many a heedless captive slain;
 Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils,
 To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
 Beheld her with disdainful eye,

And thus began: Mean thing! give o'er,
 And lay thy slender threads no more;
 A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
 Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
 For bees of sense thy arts evade,
 We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, that displays
 Her spreading foliage to gaze;
 That points her charms at all she sees,
 And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
 Attracts not me; where blushing grows,
 Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
 Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
 Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
 Reluctant she my ardour meets,
 And bashful renders up her sweets.

To wiser heads attention lend,
 And learn this lesson from a friend:
 She who with modesty retires,
 Adds fuel to her lover's fires;
 While such incautious jilts as you
 By folly your own schemes undo.

§ 320. FABLE XI. *The Young Lion and the Ape.*

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
 Though flatter'd by the public voice;
 And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
 His exclamations, O how fair!
 I listen not to wild delights,
 And transports of expected nights;
 What is to me your hoard of charms,
 The whiteness of your neck and arms?
 Needs there no acquisition more
 To keep contention from the door?
 Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find
 All beauty cloy, but of the mind.

Sense and good-humour ever prove
 The surest cords to fasten love.
 Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
 You never think but to perplex;
 Coquetting it with ev'ry ape
 That struts abroad in human shape;
 Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
 But that it stings your lover's breast.
 To-morrow you resign the sway,
 Prepar'd to honour and obey:
 The tyrant mistress change for life,
 To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
 And learn instruction from a friend:

Reluctant hear the first address,
 Think often ere you answer Yes:
 But, once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
 And wear your wishes in your eyes;
 With caution ev'ry look forbear
 That might create one jealous fear,
 A lover's ripening hopes confound,
 Or give the gen'rous breast a wound;
 Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
 Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;
 For fools alone with rigour sway,
 When, soon or late, they must obey.

The King of brutes, in life's decline,
 Resolv'd dominion to resign;

The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train:
Why cringe, my friends, with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise;
Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn;
At others woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himself has felt.

He spoke—his bosom swell'd with pride;
The youthful Lion thus replied:

What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules:
To them return; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause;
The partial sex I don't condemn,
For liking those who copy them,
Wouldst thou the gen'rous lion bind?
By kindness bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn.

§ 321. FABLE XII. *The Colt and the Farmer.*

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man?
Did Nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
And, miser-like, withhold that store,
Which, by imparting, blesses more?
Beauty's a gift by Heaven assign'd
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him once 'twas paid.
And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal?
The summer of your youth to rove
A stranger to the joys of love?

Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'reless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty once possess'd;
How will you curse that stubborn pride
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind!
Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you I write my tale.

A Colt, for blood and mettled speed
The choicest of the running breed.
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank unshelter'd sides assail.
As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight:
And, friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd and fed.
In slothful ease all night he lay,
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls—along the road
His back must bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he struggles or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdued by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
By arrogance and folly led:
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,

Then

Then had I, like my fires of yore,
The prize from ev'ry courser bore.
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my speed forgot;
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.

§ 322. FABLE XIII. *The Owl and the Nightingale.*

To know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no curt'fy going out,
Depend upon 't, mamma is one
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.

If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground;
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands with truth and sense at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature!

Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip for science ev'ry pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to ev'ry art and science
His daring genius bid defiance,

And swallow'd wisdom with that haste
That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
One evening, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A Nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And screeching interrupts the song:

Pert, busy thing! thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplation soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance, and noise?
Be wise; true harmony thou'lt find
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go, read the authors Pope explodes;
Fathom the depths of Cibber's odes;
With modern plays improve thy wit;
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And, if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little warbler cried,
Made up of ignorance and pride!
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No senseless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their evenings with a song:
Make short the weary traveller's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.

Thus, following nature and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

§ 323. FABLE XIV. *The Sparrow and the Dove.*

It was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithesome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.
For ev'ry she his bosom burns,
And this and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill;
And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows and dem-me's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.

Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better:
But these he held as specious arts,
To shew his own superior parts;
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cried, Sir!—pray, Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to those that may endure ye—
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!
Then off she glided like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain;
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hift, love! the male companion cried;
Retire awhile, I fear we're spied.
Nor was the caution vain: he saw
A Turtle rustling in the straw;
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young:

Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous, cease to dare;
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray;
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day
That tears me from myself away;
That cancels all that Heaven could give,
The life by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who in the thought already die.

Ye pow'rs whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes by bliss convey'd,
And even the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless.

Yet friendship forms the bliss above;
And, life, what art thou without love?

Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud;
And next, approaching smil'd and bow'd:

Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come thro' pure good nature—
(Upon my soul a charming creature!)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
No doubt that odious thing, call'd Duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other:
The greatest ill in the creation
Is sure the want of education.

But think ye—tell me without feigning—
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame! reject this mean employment,
Enter the world and taste enjoyment,
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:
Come, prove the blessing, follow me
Be wise, be happy, and be free.

Kind Sir, replied our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be blest
Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not should Heaven give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.

Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior:
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That sly decoy, with varied snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by Heaven's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.
It is the double snake that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcase still astray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!

Give

Give me frank nature's wild demesne
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range:
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing:
Delights still varied, and divine,
Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink, you?
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer!
Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.

Soft yet, return'd our female fencer;
A question more, or so—and then, Sir.
You've rallied me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
“No, no.” How then? “Why, dare I tell?
“What does the business full as well.”
Do you ne'er love? “An hour at leisure.”
Have you no friendships? “Yes, for pleasure.”
No care for little ones? “We get 'em;
“The rest the mothers mind—and let 'em.”

Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortunes surely must.
In the dread season of dismay,
In that your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?

Say, when the black-bow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times at no persuasion stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue by folly fed,
That soul of pertness whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest.
No friends, by cordial bonds allied,
Shall seek thy cold unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers to delight
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.
Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course;
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But, torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,

The Source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its separate class
Through many a fair enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order o'er the sky
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The sun display'd his orb to sight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And scal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems of various use,
Imbib'd her soft maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form and hue:
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, subliming and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind.
Caught in the fond celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heaven-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heaven below.

The bridal partners thus allied,
And thus in sweet accordance tied,
One body, heart, and spirit live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty-fold.
Their union, firm and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;
But, as the stem and scion stand
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks and chaste desire,
Fan and support the mutual fire;
Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends:
Like Nile it opens, and descends;
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus, roll'd in one continued tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide;
While kindred streams on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy sight rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice;
With partial eyes no parent see,
And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected or declin'd,
An alien even among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face;
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side.
Thy name shall like thy carcase rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.
All-giving Pow'r! great Source of life!

Oh hear the parent, hear the wife!
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To those from whom my days I drew,
To these in whom those days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth as blood allied,
To friends with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!

But chief the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name—
O spare him, spare him, gracious Pow'r!
O give him to my latest hour!

Let me my length of life employ
To give my sole enjoyment joy.
His love let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight;
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.
When he with graceful action woos,
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own;
And, in my circling wings carest'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,

Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one unruffled, calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform;
Through life, one mutual aid sustain;
In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
And forth with eager joy she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings, their souls, embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat;
Half lost in secret sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Straight to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their fire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand;
The fire his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport given, tho' won with toil;
While all-collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heaven of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.

The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little flights disarm'd,
And from himself by virtue charm'd,
When now he saw what only seem'd
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind;
In secret with a turtle too,
And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

§ 324. FABLE XV. *The Female Seducers.*

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife.

That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The traveller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure:
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,

If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore;
Her swifter folly flies before!

The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more—for sacred stories tell,
That even immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endued,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew;
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone? Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire;
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendour burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls—to rise no more!

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground;

A stream call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies;
And there the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line,
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heaven to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore;
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd:

O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo! there the arduous path's in view
Which Virtue and her sons pursue?
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant: yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigour, flows;
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heavenly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;

From

From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass;
But, sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, oh thither wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has given,
For present earth, a future heaven;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the pathway bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear;
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipp'd in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulfy shore,
Sudden they sink—and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair.
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heaven-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd;

Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, handmaid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heaven-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And bodied by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to Heaven, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And gloried in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;—
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the blest.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung:

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taste what ecstasies they give;
Dying raptures taste, and live.

In thy lap, disdainful measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish;
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

List not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,

Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Even against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment past the painting?
Fairest, dost thou yet delay
Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our Fair One might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy, bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet;
And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet;
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of every good possess'd,
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety even the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.
As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns, with sail and oar
To shun the much-suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till, found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accusom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long-reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd;
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The servant of her better fate;
With Honour, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all-enquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when with flumb'rous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams;
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all rapt amidst his store;
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd:

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heaven-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, she cried.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While these in crimes the deepest dyed
Approach'd to whiten at her side:
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deserted shore?
So trusting, back the Mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore 's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shews her instant foes behind,

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heaven not daring to complain;
No truce by hostile clamour given,
And from the face of friendship driven,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heaven and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooch'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heaven she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil tried;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands, that trip the flitting streams;
Down, that anchors on the air;
Clouds, that paint their changes there;

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Shewing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life! like all its circles—vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' incumbring world shall pass;
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store;
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorers own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heaven shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleasure knows:
Richer far the weeds I bring
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest;
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with Virtue at thy side;
Come, be ev'ry bar defied,
Till we gain our native shore;
Sister, come, and turn no more.

§ 325. FABLE XVI. *Love and Vanity.*

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health and lusty labour rose;
The milkmaid caroll'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale:
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch-roof'd cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A Nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
Her studied negligence, and ease;
And curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady slightly,—Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court no doubt the public care,
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, Sir, replied the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honour centres;
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in where nature fails,
And, ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still where Heaven is sparing.

But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cried,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign;
But be the sphere of beauty mine.

For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I choose to live, and choose to reign.

Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong;

And chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And innocence, array'd in light;
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three;
And rosy peace, the cherub blest,
That nightly sing us all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down:
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confest,
And, like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul,
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by Heaven assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The Nymph impatient stood,
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?—
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Thro' the whole piece of female nature;

Then

Then mark, my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Trackless, and shifting as the wind;
A sea, whose fathom none can find;
A moon, still changing and revolving;
A riddle, past all human solving;
A bliss, a plague, a heaven, a hell;
A—something that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend.

Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the same;
For as the world, however varied,
And through unnumber'd changes carried,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms and storms,
Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste for all their joys
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

And now, familiar and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad,
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound;
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the flowing lappet sail,
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And shew the lovely idol there;
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And, numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading:
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion!
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;

Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of ev'ry stream,
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly her wisest acquisition;
And even from pity and disdain
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues, which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honour and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!

Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er makes sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher;
And virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price.
Like Samson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tott'ring state;
Sap these, and in a moment's space
Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles and from toys
I spring, the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss;
For them each topic I explore,
I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
To them uniting Indias sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale:
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sov'reign balm of woe.
Beyond the stoic's boasted art
I sooth the heavings of the heart;
To pain give splendor and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign!
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags,
With light coquettes thro' folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,

Their

Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
The nymph, conceiving discontent-hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster;
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
Inspire the heavenly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head;
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not with her parting breath;
Then do I set, in order bright,
A length of fun'ral pomp to fight,
The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er the bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heaven she hopes hereafter.

In truth rejoin'd love's gentle God,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And, strange, in all the toilsome way
No house of kind refreshment lay;
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected;
And so my system stands protected.

O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And, kindling at her malice, burn'd:
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymys, rever'd of old;
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her fire,
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;
Alike Peneiope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows—
A kind of ancient thing call'd fables!
And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddess whom our grandames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,
As heaven's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related.

The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion;
When thus the Goddess, answ'ring mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd:

Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual suns can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, still bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperience'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tripp'd lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cried love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our difference soon may be decided;
Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our Goddess seem'd contented;
Nor pausing made a moment's stand,
But tripp'd, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
And to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the Dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket-mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;

As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to fight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond desire.

§ 326. *The Young Lady and Looking-Glass.*
WILKIE.

YE deep philosophers, who can
Explain that various creature, Man,
Say, is there any point so nice
As that of off'ring an advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend:
Tho' you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good, admit him wise;
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse.
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply;
Without a name reprove and warn;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn;
This too must fail; the picture shewn,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science, with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is, and vice.
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows makes it out.
There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Restive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.

'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit;
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the Maid;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might shew her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking-glass achiev'd;
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The Maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
So, when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, Fable to the human kind
Presents an *image* of the mind;
It is a *mirror*, where we spy
At large our own deformity;
And learn of course those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

§ 327. *The Boy and the Rainbow.* WILKIE.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs, so constantly as man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possess'd
Of talents far above the rest.

Descend to instances, and try;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood,
With fishes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of ev'ry creature,
In opposition to his nature.
The happiness of human-kind
Consists in rectitude of mind;
A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art;
Patience, which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom never sad nor sour:
In these consists our proper bliss;
Else Plato reasons much amiss.

But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true;
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While Reason no assent can gain,
And Revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives, in ev'ry stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
You'll ask me why I thus rehearse
All Epictetus in my verse?
And if I fondly hope to please
With dry reflections, such as these,
So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?
I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One evening, as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a show'r is nigh.
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow:
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the Rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet, and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil thro' wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire.
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,
And, stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place, and slipp'd away,
As seeming his approach to shun.
From walking he began to run;
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue.
At last, thro' many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

§ 328. *The Rake and the Hermit.* WILKIE.

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode.
Whose hospitality in need
Reliev'd the traveller and his steed;
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches, and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames.
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;

At which our traveller, as he sat,
By intervals began to chat.—
'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains
Of folly govern some folks' brains:
What makes you choose this wild abode?
You'll say, 'Tis to converse with God.
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim;
You never saw or spoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And say, it rules us ev'ry hour;
To me all nature seems confusion,
And such weak fancies mere delusion.
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Could there be such a thing as night;
Which, when the sun has left the skies,
Puts all things in a deep disguise?
If then a traveller chance to stray
The least step from the public way,
He's soon in endless mazes lost,
As I have found it to my cost.
Besides, the gloom which nature wears
Assists imaginary fears,
Of ghosts and goblins from the waves
Of sulph'rous lakes and yawning graves;
All sprung from superstitious seed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith suggests when reason fails;
And reason nothing understands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
These subtle essences, like wind,
Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie,
Which says men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wisely leaves them out:
Suggesting what is worth our care,
To take things present as they are,
Our wisest course: the rest is folly,
The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—

Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
That Reason still our guide should be;
And will admit her as the test
Of what is true, and what is best:
But Reason sure would blush for shame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are sublime and holy;
Impiety's the child of Folly;
Reason, with measur'd steps and slow,
To things above from things below
Ascends, and guides us thro' her sphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
And Reason puts us in her hands;
But not till her commission giv'n
Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.
'Tis strange, that man, a reasoning creature,
Should miss a God in viewing nature;
Whose high perfections are display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made:
Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
When found again, we see them most:
The night itself, which you would blame
As something wrong in nature's frame,

Is but a curtain to invest
 Her weary children, when at rest:
 Like that which mothers draw to keep
 The light off from a child asleep.
 Beside, the fears which darkness breeds
 (At least augments) in vulgar heads,
 Are far from useless, when the mind
 Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
 They make the worldling think with pain
 On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
 Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
 Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
 And in defence of virtue's cause,
 Assist each sanction of the laws.
 But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
 And superstitious dread expels,
 The silent majesty of night
 Excites to take a nobler flight;
 With saints and angels to explore
 The wonders of creating pow'r;
 And lifts on contemplation's wings
 Above the sphere of mortal things.
 Walk forth, and tread those dewy plains
 Where night in awful silence reigns;
 The sky's serene, the air is still,
 The woods stand list'ning on each hill,
 To catch the sounds that sink and swell,
 Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
 While foxes howl, and beetles hum,
 Sounds which make silence still more dumb:
 And try if folly, rash and rude,
 Dare on the sacred hour intrude.
 Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
 Attempt to quote those lights by name
 Which shine so thick, and spread so far;
 Conceive a sun in ev'ry star,
 Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
 While comets shoot athwart the whole;
 From system still to system ranging,
 Their various benefits exchanging,
 And shaking from their flaming hair
 The things most needed ev'rywhere—
 Explore this glorious scene, and say
 That night discovers less than day;
 That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
 That chance disposes, not design:
 Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
 Him either mad, or else a dunce;
 For reason, tho' 'tis far from strong,
 Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
 From signs and evidences clear
 Of wise contrivance ev'rywhere.

The Hermit ended, and the youth
 Became a convert to the truth;
 At least he yielded, and confess'd
 That all was order'd for the best.

§ 329. *The Youth and the Philosopher.*
 W. WHITEHEAD.

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,

Would often boast his matchless skill
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
 The idiot wonder they express'd
 Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would shew
 His master what his art could do;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Academus' sacred shade.
 The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
 The wood-nymphs started at the sight;
 The Muses drop the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire.
 Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
 The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring;
 And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
 And now along th' indented plain
 The self-same track he marks again;
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
 The youths with emulation glow'd;
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
 And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
 With pain the triumphs of the field:
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye;
 Alas! unhappy youth, he cried,
 Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd.)
 With indignation I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 The time profusely squander'd there
 On vulgar arts, beneath thy care,
 If well employ'd, at less expence,
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
 To govern men, and guide the state.

§ 330. *The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow.*
 DR. COTTON.

Addressed to Phoebe and Kitty C. at Boarding-School.

My dears, 'tis said, in days of old
 That beasts could talk, and birds could scold.
 But now, it seems, the human race
 Alone engross the speaker's place.
 Yet lately, if report be true,
 (And much the tale relates to you)
 There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
 Which reason'd and convers'd as we.

Who reads my page will doubtless grant
 That Phe's the wise industrious Ant;
 And all with half an eye may see
 That Kitty is the busy Bee.
 Here then are two—but where's the third?
 Go search the school, you'll find the bird.

Your

Your school! I ask your pardon, Fair;
 I'm sure you'll find no sparrow there.
 Now to my tale—One summer's morn
 A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
 Studious to husband ev'ry hour,
 And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
 With which the artist builds her comb,
 And keeps all tight and warm at home:
 Or from the cowslip's golden bells
 Sucks honey, to enrich her cells:
 Or ev'ry tempting rose pursues,
 Or sips the lily's fragrant dew;
 Yet never robs the shining bloom
 Or of its beauty or perfume.
 Thus she discharg'd in ev'ry way
 The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
 Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care:
 A great œconomist was she,
 Nor less laborious than the Bee;
 By pensive parents often taught
 What ills arise from want of thought;
 That poverty on sloth depends;
 On poverty the loss of friends;
 Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found
 With anxious steps to tread the ground;
 With curious search to trace the grain,
 And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
 The Ant fulfil her parent's law.
 Ah! sister labourer, says she,
 How very fortunate are we!
 Who, taught in infancy to know
 The comforts which from labour flow,
 Are independent of the great,
 Nor know the wants of pride and state.
 Why is our food so very sweet?
 Because we earn before we eat.
 Why are our wants so very few?
 Because we nature's calls pursue.
 Whence our complacency of mind?
 Because we act our parts assign'd.
 Have we incessant tasks to do?
 Is not all nature busy too?
 Doth not the sun, with constant pace,
 Persist to run his annual race?
 Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
 Renew their courses ev'ry night?
 Doth not the ox obedient bow
 His patient neck, and draw the plough?
 Or when did e'er the gen'rous steed
 Withhold his labour or his speed?
 If you all nature's system scan,
 The only idle thing is man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
 Their sage discourse, and straight drew near.
 The bird was talkative and loud,
 And very pert and very proud;
 As worthless and as vain a thing,
 Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
 She found, as on a spray she sat,
 The little friends were deep in chat;

That virtue was their fav'rite theme,
 And toil and probity their scheme:
 Such talk was hateful to her breast;
 She thought them arrant prudes at best.

When to display her naughty mind,
 Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
 She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,
 And hopp'd and hopp'd to snatch her prize,
 The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,
 And guess'd her fell design to kill,
 Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
 And why she treated Ants as foes?

The Sparrow her reply began,
 And thus the conversation ran:

Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,
 I think the whole creation mine;
 That I'm a bird of high degree,
 And ev'ry insect made for me.
 Hence oft I search the emmet-brood
 (For emmets are delicious food),
 And oft, in wantonness and play,
 I slay ten thousand in a day.
 For truth it is, without disguise,
 That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh! fie! the honest Bee replied,
 I fear you make base men your guide;
 Of ev'ry creature sure the worst,
 Though in creation's scale the first!
 Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,
 Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!
 I hate his vile administration,
 And so do all the emmet nation.
 What fatal foes to birds are men,
 Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!
 O! do not men's example take,
 Who mischief do for mischief's sake;
 But spare the Ant—her worth demands
 Esteem and friendship at your hands.
 A mind with ev'ry virtue blest,
 Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoin'd the sneering bird,
 Where did you learn that Gothic word?
 Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
 That virtue was at all rever'd.
 But say it was the ancients' claim,
 Yet moderns disavow the name;
 Unless, my dear, you read romances,
 I cannot reconcile your fancies.
 Virtue in fairy tales is seen
 To play the goddess or the queen;
 But what's a queen without the pow'r
 Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
 Yet this is all that virtue brags,
 At best 'tis only worth in rags.
 Such whims my very heart derides:
 Indeed you make me burst my sides.
 Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,
 I've copied men from earliest youth;
 The same our taste, the same our school,
 Passion and appetite our rule;
 And call me bird, or call me sinner,
 I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.
 A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
 And wide expands her amber eyes:

Near and more near Grimalkin draws;
She wags her tail, protends her paws;
Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus, in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked wanton Sparrow died.

§ 331. *The Bears and Bees.* MERRICK.

As two young Bears in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where th' industrious Bees had stor'd
In artful cells their luscious hoard;
O'erjoy'd they seiz'd with eager haste
Luxurious on the rich repast.

Alarm'd at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew,
The beasts, unable to sustain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain;
There sit, and now, discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain,
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill;
But when experience opens our eyes,
Away the fancy'd pleasure flies:
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real sting behind.

§ 332. *The Camelion.* MERRICK.

OF it has it been my lot to mark
A proud conceited talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen:
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun;
"A lizard's body, lean and long,
"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
"Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How slow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,

"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
"And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it blue.
"At leisure I the beast survey'd,
"Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye.—
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
"For, if they always serve you thus,
"You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
"The creature's neither one nor t' other:
"I caught the animal last night,
"And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
"I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
"You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
"And can produce it." "Pray, Sir, do:
"I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
"The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well then, at once, to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
"And when before your eyes I've set him,
"If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

He said; then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast, and lo—'twas white.
Both star'd; the man look'd wondrous wise—
"My children," the Camelion cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
"When next you talk of what you view,
"Think others see as well as you:
"Nor wonder, if you find that none
"Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

§ 333. *The Monkeys. A Tale.* MERRICK.

WHOE'ER, with curious eye, has rang'd
Through Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon, th' offending race
Entreat the injur'd pow'r
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r;
But t' other half he bade the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air the creatures strode,
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
 Around their temples spread;
 The tail, that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head.
 The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face;
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.
 Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
 Jove bade them take their place
 (Restoring them their ancient claim)
 Among the human race.
 Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow;
 But woman lik'd the motley breed,
 And call'd the thing a beau.

§ 334. *Know Thyself.* ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?

Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
 Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
 Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
 Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
 And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
 By motion which began without a cause,
 Supremely wise, without design or laws?
 Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood?
 A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
 The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
 Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides;
 The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
 Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
 This frame, compacted with transcendant skill
 Of moving joints obedient to my will,
 Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
 Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.
 New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains;
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains,
 And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then? sure of a noble birth;
 By parent's right, I own as mother, Earth;
 But claim superior lineage by my fire,
 Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd, [fire;
 By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
 With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
 I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
 Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
 View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
 What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide
 Through the same trackless paths of boundless
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail, [void!
 And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
 These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
 Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
 A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
 Erase the new-born image from my mind:
 Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
 Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,

Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,
 And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
 If, on sublimer wings of love and praise,
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
 The tow'ring lark thus, from her lofty strain,
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
 By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
 I rove to one, now to the other coast;
 To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
 My lot unequal to my vast desires.
 As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
 Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
 So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
 See he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
 Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
 And barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
 Whilst man, through op'ning views of various
 ways

Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
 Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
 Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
 The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
 Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
 And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
 Whether next sun his being shall restrain
 To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.
 Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
 (Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
 Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
 Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
 Down on the turf, the next, two two-legg'd beast,
 There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest:
 Between these wide extremes the length is such,
 I find I know too little or too much.

'Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise com-
 mand,
 'Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;
 'Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
 'Or break into my soul with perfect day!
 This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
 The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
 Thus the benighted traveller, that strays
 Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning
 rays:

The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
 Parting, unfold the fields and vaulted blue.
 'O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
 'I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
 'Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent.
 'And toldst me what those mystic tokens meant;
 'Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
 'Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
 'Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
 'Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
 'Unskill'd my twofold nature to divide, [pride;
 'One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my
 'Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
 'Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile.
 Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree, [be,
 What thou once wert, art now, and still may
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;

Faultless

Faultless thou dropp'dst from his unerring skill,
 With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
 Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
 For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
 Who acts by force impell'd can nought deserve;
 And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
 Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy
 Left thy Creator, and the realms of light; [flight,
 Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,
 And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
 Tho' by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
 In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
 Thou still retain'st some sparks of heavenly fire,
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
 The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
 Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distates:
 Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
 Curb'd or indulg'd, or baulk'd or gratified,
 Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd [sels'd.
 In what thou want'st, and what thou hast pos-
 In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
 Return and seek thy Father and thy God;
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
 Borne on the wings of vain philosophy!
 Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes:
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
 Let humble thoughts thy weary footsteps guide;
 Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

§ 335. *Lessons of Wisdom.* ARMSTRONG.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
 His manly sense, and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
 He still remember'd that he once was young;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
 Him even the dissolute admir'd, for he
 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied man; and much he pitied those
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
 Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
 Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
 Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
 Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind,

Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
 That all was vanity, and life a dream.
 Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
 And for your friend; be busy even in vain,
 Rather than tease her sated appetites.
 Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
 Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
 But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
 And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
 Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, he
 Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
 Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
 Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
 'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just.
 Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
 But at his heart the most undaunted son [dare;
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
 To noblest uses this determines wealth;
 This is the solid pomp of prosperous days,
 The peace and shelter of adversity.
 And if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation, which the secret shock
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
 The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By sense alone and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
 Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
 Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
 Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
 Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
 But for one end, one much neglected use,
 Are riches worth your care (for nature's wants
 Are few, and without opulence supplied)
 This noble end is, to produce the Soul,
 To shew the virtues in their fairest light;
 To make humanity the minister
 Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
 That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.—
 Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard; [taught
 And (strangeto tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

§ 336. *The Pain arising from virtuous Emotions
 attended with Pleasure.* AKENSIDE.

— BEHOLD the ways
 Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
 For ever just, benevolent and wise:

That

That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
 By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
 Should never be divided from her chaste,
 Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
 At length may learn what energy the hand
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
 Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
 Which flies impatient from the village-walk
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some hapless bark; while sacred pity melts
 The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
 While every mother closer to her breast
 Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
 As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down. O dearest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by nature giv'n
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
 No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs
 To this their proper action and their end?—
 Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
 Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye
 Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
 For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r
 Of heaven and earth surveys th' immortal page,
 E'en as a father blessing, while he reads
 The praises of his son; if then thy soul,
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame:
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view;
 When, rooted from the base, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust and tremble at the frown
 Of curs'd Ambition;—when the pious band
 Of youths that fought for freedom and their fires,
 Lie side by side in gore;—when ruffian-pride
 Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
 Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule,
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee;—when honour'd urns
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
 And storied arch, to glut the coward race

Of regal envy, strew the public way
 With hallow'd ruins!—when the muse's haunt,
 The marble porch where wisdom, wont to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 Or female superstition's midnight pray'r;—
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of Time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
 To sweep the works of glory from their base;
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds
 That clasp the mould'ring column;—thus defac'd,
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;—
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? Or wouldst thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows, for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, "I am a king, [woe
 "And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of
 "Intrude upon mine ear?" The baleful dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Bless'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
 The native honours of the human soul;
 Nor so effac'd the image of its fire.

§ 337. *A Paraphrase on Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.*

Miss WILLIAMS.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine; thou hast
 "prepared the light and the sun.
 "Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast
 "made summer and winter."

MY God! all nature owns thy sway,
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!
 When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the op'ning flower;
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong!
 Or when, in paler tints array'd,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade;
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can more than day's enliv'ning bloom
 Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.

In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
 In ev'ry form by thee impress'd,
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;
 In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,

The

The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise, and love.
As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,
Oh never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human scene in vain!
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize
The joys that from thy favour rise!

§ 338. *A Paraphrase on Isaiah xlix. 15.*

Miss WILLIAMS.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should
"not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea,
"they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

HEAVEN speaks! Oh Nature, listen and rejoice!
Oh spread from pole to pole this gracious voice!
"Say every breast of human frame, that proves
The boundless force with which a parent loves;
Say, can a mother from her yearning heart
Bid the soft image of her child depart? [bear
She! whom strong instinct arms with strength to
All forms of ill, to shield that dearest care;
She! who with anguish stung, with madness wild,
Will rush on death to save her threaten'd child;
All selfish feelings banish'd from her breast,
Her life one aim to make another's blest—
When her vex'd infant to her bosom clings,
When round her neck his eager arms he flings;
Breathes to her list'ning soul his melting sigh,
And lifts, suffus'd with tears, his asking eye!
Will she, for all ambition can attain,
The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,
Betray strong Nature's feelings? will she prove
Cold to the claims of duty, and of love?
But should the mother from her yearning heart
Bid the soft image of her child depart;
When the vex'd infant to her bosom clings,
When round her neck his eager arms he flings;
Should she unpitying hear his melting sigh,
And view unmov'd the tear that fills his eye;
Should she, for all ambition can attain,
The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,
Betray strong Nature's feelings—should she
prove
Cold to the claims of duty and of love!
Yet never will the God, whose word gave birth
To yon illumin'd orbs, and this fair earth;
Who thro' the boundless depths of trackless space
Badenew-wak'd beauty spread each perfect grace;
Yet when he form'd the vast stupendous whole,
Shed his best bounties on the human soul;
Which reason's light illumines, which friendship
warms,
Which pity softens, and which virtue charms;
Which feels the pure affections' gen'rous glow,
Shares others' joy, and bleeds for others' woe—
Oh never will the gen'ral Father prove
Of man forgetful, man the child of love!"
When all those planets in their ample spheres
Have wing'd their course, and roll'd their des-
tin'd years:
When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;

When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,
When Chaos triumphs, and when Nature dies;
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive,
Midst falling spheres, immortal man shall live!
The voice which bade the last dread thunders roll,
Shall whisper to the good, and cheer their soul.
God shall himself his favour'd creature guide
Where living waters pour their blissful tide,
Where the enlarg'd, exulting, wond'ring mind
Shall soar, from weakness and from guilt refin'd;
Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloudless
Shall gild eternity's unmeasur'd days; [rays,
Where friendship, unembitter'd by distrust,
Shall in immortal bands unite the just;
Devotion, rais'd to rapture, breathe her strain,
And love in his eternal triumph reign!

§ 339. *A Paraphrase on Matt. vii. 12.*

Miss WILLIAMS.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do
"ye even so to them."

PRECEPT divine! to earth in mercy given;
O sacred rule of action, worthy heaven!
Whose pitying love ordain'd the blest command
To bind our nature in a firmer band;
Enforce each human sufferer's strong appeal,
And teach the selfish breast what others feel;
Wert thou the guide of life, mankind might know
A soft exemption from the worst of woe;
No more the powerful would the weak oppress,
But tyrants learn the luxury to bless;
No more would slavery bind a hopeless train
Of human victims in her galling chain;
Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move
To soften mis'ry by the deeds of love;
And avarice from his hoarded treasures give,
Unask'd, the liberal boon, that want might live!
The impious tongue of falsehood then would cease
To blast, with dark suggestions, virtue's peace;
No more would spleen or passion banish rest,
And plant a pang in fond affection's breast;
By one harsh word, one alter'd look, destroy
Her peace, and wither ev'ry op'ning joy;
Scarce can her tongue the captious wrong explain,
The slight offence which gives so deep a pain!
Th' affected ease that flights her starting tear,
The words whose coldness kills from lips so dear;—
The hand she loves, alone can point the dart,
Whose hidden sting could wound no other heart—
These, of all pains the sharpest we endure,
The breast which now inflicts, would spring to
No more deserted genius then would fly [cure.—
To breathe in solitude his hopeless sigh;
No more would fortune's partial smile debase
The spirit, rich in intellectual grace; [bloom,
Who views unmov'd from scenes where pleasures
The flame of genius sunk in mis'ry's gloom;
The soul heaven form'd to soar, by want deprest,
Nor heeds the wrongs that pierce a kindred breast.
Thou righteous Law, whose clear and useful light
Sheds on the mind a ray divinely bright;
Condensing in one rule whate'er the sage
Has proudly taught, in many a labour'd page;
Bid every heart thy hallow'd voice revere,
To justice sacred, and to nature dear!

§ 340. *Reflections on a Future State, from a Review of Winter.* THOMSON.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighen'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r
And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

§ 341. *On Slavery.* Miss H. FALCONAR.

To man superior reason's light was giv'n
Reason, the noblest gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Unfailing beam, bright intellectual ray,
Thou steady guide through error's devious way;
Say, wert thou first by gracious Heav'n design'd
To stamp injustice on the human kind?
Forbid it truth, forbid it ev'ry breast
That heaves in pity for the wretch oppress'd:
Yet reason, justice, mercy, plead in vain;
Still the sad victim drags his galling chain;

Still bows submissive to the tyrant hand,
That tore the suff'rer from his native land;
Yet, ere the arts of luxury began,
They boasted liberty, the right of man;
Serene, they saw each peaceful morning smile,
Joy led their hours, and plenty blest'd their toil.
Their pleading sighs, their suppliant, moving pray'r,
Daughter of Virtue! Royal Charlotte, hear!
Sovereign, yet parent of this happy isle,
O'er whose gay plains fair plenty deigns to smile;
Where spotless peace extends her azure wing;
And liberty's enchanting blossoms spring;
Thine is compassion's sympathetic sigh,
The melting tear that beams in pity's eye:
The heart like thine, that feels another's pain,
Hears not distress'd misfortune plead in vain;
Be 't thine to heal pale sorrow's wounded breast,
And lull each raging passion into rest;
Let not the wretched slave in vain deplore
The long-lost joys he must behold no more;
Then, while Britannia hails thy sacred name,
A deed like this shall swell the trump of fame;
Virtues like thine shall wake the sounding lyre,
Each bosom glow with emulative fire;
And swell'd with themes like this, the poet's page
Remain admir'd through each succeeding age.
When Superstition rais'd her threat'ning hand,
And scatter'd horror round the bleeding land,
On sad Britannia's ravag'd plains she stood,
Drench'd in one fatal stream of martyr'd blood;
O'er ev'ry scene with fell delight she flew,
And smil'd, exulting, at the dreadful view;
Religion's sacred truths, though once design'd
To banish error from the darken'd mind,
Avail'd not here; her pure celestial light,
Lost in the gloom of superstition's night,
Drooping, beheld the fatal torrent roll
Resistless terrors o'er the doubtful soul;
Till bright Eliza came, whose matchless sway
Call'd forth the dawn of fair religion's day;
Cherish'd the genial influence as it rose,
Dispell'd their errors and reliev'd their woes.
Shall Britain, then, who boasts th' unrivall'd deed,
Relentless, see the guiltless victim bleed?
Amid the horrors of tormenting pain
He seeks for mercy, but he seeks in vain;
Affrighted Mercy quits the guilty land,
Where grim Oppression waves her tyrant hand;
Where, to the savage herd, a harmless prey
Sinks faint beneath the fervid beam of day;
Or, haply trembling in the midnight air,
Sunk in the deepest gloom of low despair;
Or burning thirst and furious want, combin'd,
With wild distraction fire his glowing mind,
Till death restores to him eternal rest,
And calms the tumults of his troubled breast.
The British youth, torn from his much-lov'd home,
O'er foreign seas and foreign coasts to roam,
Amid the fury of the piercing blast,
The swell'd wave circling round the shiver'd mast,
While bursting peals of thunder rend the skies,
And o'er the deck the foaming billows rise,
Awhile

Awhile in terror views the lightning glare,
 With streaming horror, through the midnight air;
 The storm once past, he gains the friendly ray
 Of hope, to guide him through the dang'rous way;
 Smiling, she bids each future prospect rise,
 Through fancy's varied mirror, to his eyes.
 Not so the slave; oppress'd with secret care,
 He sinks the hapless victim of despair;
 Or doom'd to torments that might even move
 The steely heart, and melt it into love;
 Till, worn with anguish, with'ring in his bloom,
 He falls an early tenant of the tomb!
 Shall Britain view, unmov'd, sad Afric's shore
 Delug'd so oft in streams of purple gore!
 Britain, where science, peace, and plenty, smile,
 Virtue's bright seat and freedom's favour'd isle!
 Rich are her plains and fruitful is her clime,
 The scourge of tyrants, and the boast of time;
 Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth, possessor,
 That fires the hero's or the patriot's breast:
 There, nobly warm'd with animating fire,
 Our Shakespear struck his soul-commandingly;
 There scenes of bliss immortal Milton sung,
 And notes harmonious issued from his tongue:
 And bards like these shall boast in ev'ry age,
 While native genius glows in Hayley's page;
 While genius bids, to our enchanted eyes,
 In Swift's own strains, a second Pope arise.
 When truth, perplex'd in errors thorny maze,
 Threw o'er the world obscur'd and darken'd rays,
 Then Newton rose, unveil'd the beauteous maid:
 He spoke, and nature stood at once display'd.
 These were the souls that Britain once possess'd,
 When genuine virtue fir'd the patriot's breast;
 And still shall she protect fair freedom's cause,
 And vindicate her violated laws;
 Waft peace and freedom to a wretched land,
 And scatter blessings with a lib'ral hand.

In Britain's paradise, by freedom made,
 The tree of commerce spreads its ample shade;
 Unsparring plenty bends the lofty brow,
 And wealth bright glitters on each golden bough;
 On some the richest gems of India shone,
 And added lustre to the British throne;
 Such as in gentle radiance might outvie
 The melting lustre of the sparkling eye;
 Such as in gay variety might grace
 The native beauties of the lovely face:
 On some the bud of health, in rosy bloom,
 Call'd languid sickness from an early tomb;
 Or bade contented labour calmly smile
 O'er the rich prospect of his native soil.
 One ample branch, superior to the rest,
 Rose to the view, in splendid radiance drest;
 On ev'ry leaf the tempting manna hung,
 In golden dyes each beauteous blossom sprung;
 The flow'rs of brightest hue oppression nam'd,
 Yet from the tree the rank of commerce claim'd.
 Led by the fair deceit, beneath its shade
 With eager eye the slaves of av'rice stray'd;
 This fatal fruit was loveliest to the view,
 That on the spreading tree of commerce grew;
 They grasp'd the baneful load with fatal haste,
 Destructive poison to th' enchanted taste;

Lost in the pleasing dream, awhile the soul,
 Where av'rice reign'd secure from all controul,
 Slept calm, till conscience, with unerring dart,
 Struck deep conviction through the guilty heart;
 And bade reflection wake the feeling mind,
 That turn'd to ev'ry scene it left behind:
 There might they see the tortur'd wretch implore
 Eternal vengeance on Britannia's shore;
 In silent grief, amid distraction wild,
 The wretched parent mourn her long-lost child:
 These scenes appear when death, in terror drest,
 Bids sharp repentance wound the shudd'ring
 breast,

When o'er your heads th' avenging thunders roll,
 And quick destruction seems to snatch the soul;
 When fast around the dreadful lightnings fall,
 And guilt shall hear th' incens'd Almighty's call;
 Then will his wrath destroy the life he gave,
 And justice snatch the soul that mercy could not
 Britain, be thine the glorious task to heal [save.
 The bleeding wounds thy wretched sons shall
 Extend thy ev'ry noble pow'r to save [feel;
 The wretch just tott'ring o'er an early grave;
 For, noble were the deed that could impart
 Reviving vigour to the drooping heart;
 For, then no more the fatal branch shall bind,
 In golden ties, the lost enchanted mind;
 Tear ev'ry fibre from the verdant root,
 And blast each dang'rous blossom ere it shoot:
 So shall the praise of ransom'd millions rise,
 In grateful incense, to the echoing skies;
 So through the world thy matchless fame extend,
 And wond'ring nations hail thee mercy's friend;
 Thee, first in ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth,
 That gives to glory or to genius birth;
 Let thy avenging, thy all-conqu'ring, hand
 Give peace and freedom to an injur'd land!
 Glory be thine; and let pale mis'ry prove
 The joys of friendship and the bliss of love!
 And heav'nly liberty's celestial ray
 Beam o'er the world one pure eternal day!

§ 342. *A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.* BURNS.

O THOU unknown Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear!
 In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear!
 If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun,
 As Something loudly in my breast
 Remonstrates I have done;
 Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
 With passions wild and strong;
 And list'ning to their 'witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.
 Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stepp'd aside,
 Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.
 Where with intention I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
 But, Thou art good; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

§ 343. *The Genealogy of Christ, as it is represented on the East Window of Winchester College Chapel. Written at Winton School, by Dr. LOWTH.*

AT once to raise our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and please the sight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of ecstasy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the visionary faint arise:
Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and, as he gazes, fires;
Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd;
Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,
They check our pleasure with an awful fear;
While thro' the mortal line the God you trace,
Author himself and Heir of Jesse's race,
In raptures we admire thy bold design,
And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
So long shall last thine honour, praise, and name.
And may thy labours to the Muse impart
Some emanation from her sister art,
To animate the verse, and bid it shine
In colours easy, bright, and strong as thine!

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;
The hoary sire Heaven's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel stands.
The form august and large, the mien divine,
Betray the founder of Messiah's line*.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascend,
And high to Heaven its sacred boughs extend:
Each limb productive of some hero springs,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the mystic top is crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line
At their first dawn with ripen'd splendours shine,
In David all express'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
Hark—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heavenly song.
Oh could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;
Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade;
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.

On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud incestuous lord!
This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he
tows,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.

There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
And his stolen honour all his shame displays:
The base usurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel subject and th' ungrateful son.

Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand:
Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose,
And eloquence from ev'ry gesture flows.
Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious heart,

From his own lips condemn'd; severe decree!
Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as He.
But man with frailty is allied by birth;
Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:
Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and springs in ev'ry vein,
Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
Some gross alloy, some tincture of the man.

But who is he deep musing? in his mind,
He seems to weigh in reason's scales mankind;
Fix'd contemplation holds his steady eyes—
I know the sage†, the wisest of the wise.
Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain.
And lo! bright glittering in his sacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple stands.
Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!
Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold:
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enshrin'd,
Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfined!
Above th' unutterable glory plays,
Presence divine! and the full-streaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant clouds intolerable blaze.

But stern oppression rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful spring,
A beardless Senate, and a haughty King.

There Asa, good and great, the sceptre bears,
Justice attends his peace, success his wars:
While virtue was his sword and Heaven his shield,
Without controul the warrior swept the field;
Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her swarthy sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But since thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is Heav'n chang'd, apostate prince, but thou.
No mean atonement does this lapse require;
But see the Son, you must forgive the Sire:
He†, the just prince—with ev'ry virtue blest
He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd;
Around his throne fair happiness and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where drought incumbent on the thirsty ground
Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around,
The

* Jesse.

† Solomon.

‡ Josaphat.

The * prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.
The new-spring waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious through the sucking plain;
Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the desert plenty pours her horn.
So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
And bids the virtues raise their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.
See, on his arm the royal eagle stand,
Great type of conquest and supreme command;
Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,
Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquish'd Heaven by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.
Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent bless'd,
And thy days shone in fairest actions dress'd:
Till that rash hand, by some blind phrensy
Unclean, the sacred office durst invade. [sway'd,
Quick o'er thy limbs the scurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious † Son,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he stands: he who the rage subdued
Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in
blood.

And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace
With thy base front the glories of thy race?
See the vile King his iron sceptre bear—
His only praise attends the pious † Heir;
He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,
The best good son from the worst wicked fire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long exil'd piety returns again;
Again in genuine purity she shines, [shrines.
And with her presence gilds the long-neglected
Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious § Lord
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword;
His own vain threats th' insulting King o'erthrow,
But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.
Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,
Leant down from heav'n: amid the storm he rode,
March'd Pestilence before him; as he trod,
Pale Desolation bath'd his steps in blood. }
Thick wrapt in night thro' the proud host he pass'd,
Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast;
Nor bade Destruction give her revels o'er [gore.
Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human
But what avails thee, pious prince, in vain
Thy sceptre rescued, and th' Assyrian slain?
Even now the soul maintains her latest strife,
And death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life.
Yet see, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding sun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' nature her inverted course forego,
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,

Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure;
On them her ever-healing rays shall shine;
More mild and bright, and sure, O sun! than thine.
At length the long-expected Prince behold,
The last good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,
Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.

Blest, happy prince! o'er whose lamented urn,
In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fallen Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate:
Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
And anguish tears her with convulsive sighs.
The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;
Till he ||, great Chief! in Heaven's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.

Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envied walls securely rise.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,
Again shalt lift sublime thy sacred head.
But, ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint resemblance of the old in you.

No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud;
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine;
And Heaven has left thy solitary shrine.

Yet, in thy courts, hereafter shalt thou see,
Presence immediate of the Deity, [Thee. }
The light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd in }

And now at length the fated term of years
The world's desire have brought, and lo! the
God appears.

The Heavenly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confess the parent's cares;
The pleasing burden on her breast she lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile sur-
The infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest, [veys:
And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.
A radiant glory speaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead shine.

But now, alas! far other views disclose
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.
See where man's voluntary sacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fixt to the Cross his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy streams from ev'ry wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,
And the strong pang that rends the stubborn
As all death's tortures, with severe delay, [soul,
Exult and riot in the noblest prey!

And canst thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
Nor share the anguish which He bears for thee?
Thy sin, for which his sacred flesh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn.
Canst thou?—while nature smart's in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!
Lo! the black sun, his chariot backward driven,
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heaven:

O 2

Earth,

• Elisha.

† Jotham.

‡ Hezekiah.

§ Sennacherib.

|| Zorobabel.

Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part;
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.

The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide dis-
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey. [play
Thou, groaning earth, shalt heave, absorb in flame,
As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame;
When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
Wrapt in full blaze of power and majesty,
Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,
The bright effusion streams thro' all the skies.

Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:

The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.

Then shall the splendours of th' enliven'd glass
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.

And, oh! till earth, and seas, and heaven decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away; [spare,
May winds and storms those beauteous colours
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair;

All the vain rage of wasting time repel, [well.
And his tribunal see, whose Cross they paint so

§ 344. *On the Death of Frederic Prince of Wales.*
Written at Paris, by DAVID LORD VISCOUNT
STORMONT, of Christ Church, Oxon.

LITTLE I whilom deem'd my artless zeal
Should woo the British Muse in foreign land
To strains of bitter argument; and teach
The mimic Nymph that haunts the winding
And oozy current of Parisian Seine, [verge
To syllable new sounds in accents strange.

But sad occasion calls: who now forbears
The last kind office? who but consecrates
His off'ring at the shrine of fair Renown
To gracious Frederic rais'd; tho' but compos'd
Of the waste flow'rets, whose neglected hues
Chequer the lonely hedge or mountain slope?

Where are those hopes, where fled th' illusive
scenes

That forgeful fancy plann'd, what time the bark
Stemm'd the salt wave from Albion's chalky bourn?

Then filial Piety and parting Love [cliffs.
Pour'd the fond pray'r—"Farewel, ye less'ning
Fairer to me than aught in fabled song
Or mystic record told of shores Atlantic!
Favour'd of Heaven, farewell! imperial isle,
Native to noblest wits, and best approv'd
In manly science and advent'rous deed!
Celestial Freedom, by rude hand estrang'd
From regions once frequented, with Thee takes
Her steadfast station, fast beside the throne
Of sceptred rule, and there her state maintains
In social concord, and harmonious love.
These blessings still be thine, nor meddling fiend
Stir in your busy streets foul Faction's roar;
Still thrive your growing works, and gales pro-
pitious

Visit your sons who ride the wat'ry waste;
And still be heard from forth your gladsome
bow'rs

Shrill labor pipes, and ev'ry peaceful sound.

"Nor vain the wish, while George the golden
scale [sway.

With steady prudence holds, and temp'rate
And when his course of earthly honour's run,
With lenient hand shall Frederic sooth your
Rich in each princely quality, mature [care:
In years, and happiest in nuptial choice.

Thence too arise new hopes; a playful troop
Circles his hearth, sweet pledges of that bed
Which Faith, and Joy, and thousand Virtues guard.
His be the care t' inform their ductile minds
With worthiest thoughts, and point the ways of
honour.

How often shall he hear with fresh delight
Their earnest tales, or watch their rising pas-
With timorous attention; then shall tell [sons
Of justice, fortitude, and public weal;
And oft the while each rigid precept smooth
With winning tokens of parental love!"

Thus my o'erweening heart the secret stores
Of Britain's hope explor'd, while my strain'd
Pursued her fading hills, till wrapt in mist [fight
They gently sunk beneath the swelling tide.

Nor slept those thoughts, whene'er in other climes
I mark'd the cruel waste of foul oppression,

Saw noblest spirits, and goodliest faculties,
To vassalage and loathsome service bound.

Then conscious preference rose; then northward
My eye to gratulate my natal soil. [turn'd

How have I chid, with froward eagerness,
Each veering blast that from my hand withheld

The well-known characters of some lov'd friend,
Tho' distant not unmindful! Still I learn'd,

Delighted, what each patriot plan devis'd
Of arts or glory, or diffusive commerce.

Nor wanted its endearment ev'ry tale
Of lightest import. But, oh heavy change!

What notices come now? Distracted scenes
Of helpless sorrow, solemn sad accounts;

How fair Augusta watch'd the weary night,
Tending the bed of Anguish; how great George

Wept with his infant progeny around;
How heav'd the orphan's and the widow's sigh,

That follow'd Frederic to the silent tomb!
For well was Frederic lov'd, and well deserv'd.

His voice was ever sweet, and on his steps
Attended ever the alluring grace

Of gentle lowliness and social zeal.
Him shall remember oft the labour'd hind,

Relating to his mates each casual act
Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,

Plying the varied woof in sullen sadness,
Tho' wont to carol many a ditty sweet.

Soon too the mariner, who many moons
Has counted, beating still the foamy surge,

And treads at last the wish'd-for beach, shall stand
Appall'd at the sad tale, and soon shall steal

Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.
Be this our solace yet—all is not dead;

The bright memorial lives: for his example
Shall Hymen trim his torch, domestic praise

Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer shew.
In age succeeding, when another George,

To ratify some weighty ordinance

Of Britain's peers conven'd, shall pass beside
Those hallow'd spires, whose gloomy vaults in-
close,

Shrouded in sleep, pale rows of sceptred kings,
Oft to his sense the sweet paternal voice
And long-remember'd features shall return;
Then shall his generous breast be new inflam'd
To acts of highest worth, and highest fame.

These plaintive strains, from Albion far away,
I lonely meditate at even tide;

Nor skill'd nor studious of the raptur'd lay;
But still rememb'ring oft the magic sounds,
Well-measur'd to the chime of Dorian lute,
Or past'ral stop, which erst I lov'd to hear
On Isis' border'd mead, where dips by fits
The stooping osier in her hasty stream. [fam'd

Hail, Wolfey's spacious Dome! hail, ever
For faithful nurture, and truth's sacred lore,
Much honour'd parent! You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble song.

§ 345. *Death.* EMILY.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of brisk-eyed joy, and friendship's genial
bowl,

Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
Of unsuspecting youth, profuse of soul,
Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning aisles
Lonely to wander; no unholy guest

That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.

Permit me, with sad musings, that inspire
Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence drear
Blameless to wake, and with the Orphean lyre,
Fittingly attemper'd, sooth the merciless ear
Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway

Great nature owns thro' all her wide domain;
All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way

Through the green bosom of the spawnly main;
And those that to the streaming æther spread,

In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail;
And those that creep; and those that statelier tread,

That roam o'er forest, hill, or browsy dale;
The victims each of ruthless fate must fall;

E'en God's own image, man, high paramount
of all.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
That startle from the sleepful lid of light

The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright

Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
These many-window'd aisles her glimmering

beam;

Know, that ere its starr'd career along [team
Thrice shall have roll'd her silver-wheeled

Some parent breast may heave the answering
To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll; [sigh
E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl;
E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all-unsuspected Death.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
Some few, some short-liv'd years, and all is
A future bard these awful domes may see [past;
Muse o'er the present age, as I the last;

Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were seen to tread,
Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,

As custom urg'd, or wilful nature led:
Mix'd with the various crowd's inglorious clay,

The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heaven-born ray,

No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
Chisel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to start

The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that
thought?

Cold are the fingers that in stone-fixt trance
The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-
eyed glance,

All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own
Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung [fire:
The warrior arm. Where sleeps the patriot
breast

Whilom that heav'd impassion'd? where the
tongue

That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring
Of sceptred insolence, and overthrew [crest
Giant Oppression, leagued with all her earth-
born crew!

These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,

Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
The dawn of that inevitable day, [friend

When wrapt in shrouded clay, their warmest
The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,

When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;

For soon must thou, too soon! who spread'st
Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd, [abroad

Doom'd like some better angel sent of God
To scatter blessings over humankind,

Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,
And tread these dreadful paths a Faulkland
trod before.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep discontinuous o'er th' ethereal plain!

Another still upon another crowds;
All hastening downward to their native main.

Thus passes o'er, thro' varied life's career,
Man's fleeting age; the Seasons, as they fly,

Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.

The parent, ever-honour'd, ever-dear,
 Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
 A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
 And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's
 To-day we frolic in the rosy bloom [eye.
 Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the
 tomb.

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot
 Shall Heaven to me the drear abode assign?
 How soon the past irrevocable lot

Of these that rest beneath me, shall be mine?
 Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn [wave,
 Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian
 Thy gentle breast, my Tavisotoc, shall mourn
 To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.

No more the social leisure to divide,
 In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
 Blithe, or of graver brow: no more to chide
 The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
 Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
 Full-blossom'd, their bright honours to the
 gazing day.

Ah, dearest youth! these vows perhaps unheard
 The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main;
 These prayers at friendship's holy shrine prefer'd
 May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
 Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
 With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
 And I survive to grave upon thy tomb

The mournful tribute of memorial verse.
 That leave to Heaven's decision—be it thine,
 Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
 To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
 With self-earn'd honours, eager to pursue
 Where glory, with her clear unfulfilled rays,
 The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest
 praise.

'Twas she thy godlike Russel's bosom steel'd
 With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
 Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
 The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
 Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
 Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
 Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd
 fame [war.

From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd
 'Twas she that, on the morn of direful birth,
 Bar'd thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
 Lamented Armitage!—the bleeding youth!
 O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
 Ye Nereids! and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
 Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your
 haunted shore.

Better to die with glory than recline
 On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
 Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
 In monkish apathy and gowned ease.
 Better employ'd in honour's bright career
 The least division on the dial's round,
 Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
 Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground,

Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
 Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
 The feverous rage of fierce diseases sore
 Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
 Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
 All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt
 sphere.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life
 A thousand maladies are posted round,
 With wretched man to wage eternal strife
 Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound,
 There the swoln hydrop stands, the wat'ry rheum,
 The northern scurvy, blotch with lep'rous
 And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom [scale;
 Of learned sloth, and bookish asthma pale:
 And the shunn'd hag unsightly, that (ordain'd
 On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
 Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd)
 O'er dog-eyed lust the tort'ring scourge ab-
 horr'd

Shakes threat'ning, since the while she wing'd
 her flight
 From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-
 clad height.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
 The chatt'ring ague chill; the writhing stone;
 And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
 Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning
 moan,

Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
 Of nerveless palsy; there, on purpose fell
 Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
 Grim suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
 There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight *, [foul;
 The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance
 Self-wasting melancholy, black as night [howl
 Low'ring; and foaming fierce with hideous
 The dog hydrophoby; and near allied
 Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eyeballs
 staring wide.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky
 mine †,
 With boiling sulphur fraught, and smouldering
 He, the dread delegate of wrath divine, [fires:
 Ere while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
 Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking
 wand,

Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,
 And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his
 hand.

He struck—the rocking ground, with thun-
 derous roar,
 Yawn'd! Here from street to street hurries, and
 there

Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours
 Staring distraction: many a palace fair [amain,
 With millions sinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd
 fane.

Old ocean's farthest waves confess the shock;
 Even Albion trembled conscious on his steadfast
 rock.

The

* Placed.

† Alluding to the Earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1755.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
 Stern war; and the loath'd monster whom of
 The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood [yore
 Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
 Foul pestilence that on the wide-stretch'd wings
 Of commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
 His westering flight, and thro' the sick air flings
 Spotted contagion; at his heels dismay
 And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
 Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
 Of Paran came unwreath'd the mightiest, shook
 Earth's firm-fixt base tottering; thro' the black
 night [abroad
 Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heaven's rent roof
 Thunder'd; and universal nature felt its God.
 Who on that scene of terror; on that hour
 Of roused indignation, shall withstand
 Th' Almighty, when he meditates to show'r
 The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land?
 Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride, [gore
 Tongue-doubtly miscreant, who but now didst
 With more than Hebrew rage the innocent side
 Of agonizing mercy, bleeding fore—
 Canst thou confront, with steadfast eye unaw'd,
 The sworded judgment stalking far and near?
 Well mayst thou tremble, when an injur'd God
 Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
 Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's softest breath,
 And every glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.
 The good alone are fearless; they alone,
 Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
 The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
 Thrice happy who, the blameless road along
 Of honest praise, hath reach'd the vale of death!
 Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
 His better actions, to the parting breath
 Singing their blessed requiems; he the while
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
 Breathes out his benisons; then with a smile
 Of soft complacence lays him down to rest,
 Calm as the slumbering infant: from the goal
 Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.
 Whether some delegated charge below, [claim;
 Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may
 Whether it heavenward soars, again to know
 That long-forgotten country whence it came;
 Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
 Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
 Thro' speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
 And all to end at last where it begun.
 Fain would we trace, with reason's erring clue,
 The darksome paths of destiny aright;
 In vain; the task were easier to pursue
 The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.
 From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds,
 Pavillion'd in thick night and circumambient
 clouds.

§ 246. *On the Immortality of the Soul.* S. JENYNS.
 Translated from the Latin of H. H. Browne.

BOOK I.

To all inferior animals 'tis giv'n
 To enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n;

No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
 No fears of dark futurity molest.
 Man, only Man, solicitous to know
 The springs whence Nature's operations flow,
 Plods thro' a dreary waste with toil and pain,
 And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;
 For sable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,
 Cuts short his progress with his vital thread.
 Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find
 These seeds of Science in the human mind,
 If no congenial fruits are predestin'd?
 For what avails to man this pow'r to roam
 Thro' ages past, and ages yet to come,
 To explore new worlds o'er all th' ethereal way,
 Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?
 Since all must perish in one common grave,
 Nor can these long laborious searches save,
 Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,
 To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade?
 Or at thy jovial festivals appear,
 Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear
 From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?
 Come on then, let us feast; let Chloe sing,
 And soft Næra touch the trembling string;
 Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know
 What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.
 But these delights soon pall upon the taste;
 Let's try then if more serious cannot last:
 Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,
 Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;
 In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,
 Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:
 Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings!
 Alas! what vanity in human things!

What means then shall we try? where hope to
 A friendly harbour for the restless mind? [find
 Who still, you see, impatient to obtain
 Knowledge immense (so Nature's laws ordain),
 Ev'n now, tho' fetter'd in corporeal clay,
 Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,
 And seeks, unwearied, Truth's eternal ray.
 No fleeting joys she asks which must depend
 On the frail senses, and with them must end;
 But such as suit her own immortal fame,
 Free from all change, eternally the same.

Take courage then, these joys we shall attain;
 Almighty wisdom never acts in vain:
 Nor shall the soul, on which it has bestow'd
 Such pow'rs, e'er perish like an earthly clod;
 But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,
 Freed from her prison and unbound her chain,
 She shall her native strength and native skies
 regain;

To heav'n an old inhabitant return,
 And draw nectareous streams from truth's per-
 petual urn.

Whilst life remains (if life it can be call'd
 To exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd),
 Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,
 The soul scarce wakes, or opens her glad some
 Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace [wings,
 Retains some marks of her celestial race;
 Else whence from mem'ry's store can she produce
 Such various thoughts, or range them so for use?

Can matter these contain, dispose, apply?
 Can in her cell such mighty treasures lie?
 Or can her native force produce them to the eye?

Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,
 Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts;
 Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those
 names,

Adjusted properly by legal claims,
 From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
 And cities, laws, and governments design'd?
 What can this be, but some bright ray from heav'n,
 Some emanation from Omniscience given?

When now the rapid stream of eloquence
 Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,
 Can its dread thunder or its lightning's force
 Derive their essence from a mortal source?
 What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
 Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
 With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
 Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?

Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,
 The same dull farce repeated on the stage,
 The poet gives us a creation new,
 More pleasing and more perfect than the true;
 The mind, who always to perfection hastes,
 Perfection such as here she never tastes,
 With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
 And thence foresees a system more complete.
 Of those what think you, who the circling race
 Of suns and their revolving planets trace,
 And comets journeying thro' unbounded space?
 Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul,
 That now can traverse heav'n from pole to pole,
 From thence descending visits but this earth,
 And shall once more regain the regions of her
 birth? [known,

Could she thus act, unless some Power un-
 From matter quite distinct and all her own,
 Supported and impell'd her? She approves
 Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates and loves,
 Mourns and rejoices, hopes and is afraid,
 Without the body's unrequested aid:

Her own internal strength her reason guides;
 By this she now compares things, now divides;
 Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece col-
 Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects; [lects,
 Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
 And rears th' aspiring fabric to the skies;
 From whence, as on a distant plain below,
 She sees from causes consequences flow,
 And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
 Which from the Almighty's throne to earth de-
 And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes, [scends:
 Perceives how all her own ideas rise;
 Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
 And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
 Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,
 Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd?
 For body is but a machine alone

Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.

Rate not th' extension of the human mind
 By the plebeian standard of mankind,
 But by the size of those gigantic few
 Whom Greece and Rome still offer to our view,

Or Britain, well-deserving equal praise,
 Parent of heroes too in better days.
 Why should I try her numerous sons to name,
 By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame;
 Or who have forc'd fair Science into sight,
 Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light?

O'er all superior, like the solar ray,
 First Bacon usher'd in the dawning day,
 And drove the mists of sophistry away;
 Pervaded nature with amazing force,
 Following experience still throughout his course,
 And finishing at length his destin'd way,
 To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of
 Illustrious souls! if any tender cares [day.
 Affect angelic breasts for Man's affairs;
 If, in your present happy heav'nly state,
 You're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
 Let this degenerate land again be blest
 With that true vigour which she once possess'd;
 Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes,
 And to our ancient dignity to rise.

Such wondrous pow'rs as these must sure begin
 For most important purposes by Heav'n;
 Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
 Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
 To form to virtue each degenerate time,
 And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
 That there's a self which after death shall live,
 All are concern'd about, and all believe;
 That something's ours, when we from life depart,
 This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
 The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
 This truth, the public voice declares the same;
 No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
 For future prospects in a world to come.
 Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
 We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
 And hence vast pyramids aspiring high
 Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.
 Hence is our love of fame; a love so strong,
 We think no dangers great, or labours long,
 By which we hope our beings to extend,
 And to remotest times in glory to descend.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies
 Disowning ev'ry crime for which he dies;
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
 Nature has wove into the human mind
 This anxious care for names we leave behind,
 T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
 And give an earnest of a life to come:
 For if when dead we are but dust or clay,
 Why think of what posterity shall say?
 Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral
 train,

And marble monument that speaks in vain,
 With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays
 To their unfeeling dead in diff'rent ways!
 Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have
 laid,

And annual obsequies around it paid,
 As if to please the poor departed shade;

Others

Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And store their ashes in the faithful urn;
But all in one great principle agree,
To give a fancy'd immortality.
Why should I mention these, whose oozy soil
Is render'd fertile by the o'erflowing Nile?
Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires;
But, washing, first th' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;
Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact and sound;
And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
With the same features which in life it wore:
So strong their presage of a future state,
And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold, remote from Reason's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
Of life impatient rush into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire!
Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,
Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.

Nor is less fam'd the orientai wife
For stedfast virtue, and contempt of life:
These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes;
But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,
And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;
In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.

Inclines where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
To battle all unanimously run,
Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun.
Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,
But from a notion on their minds imprest,
That all who for their country die, are blest?
Add too to these the once-prevailing dreams
Of sweet Elysian groves, and Stygian streams;
All shew with what consent mankind agree
In the firm hope of immortality.

Grant these inventions of the crafty priest,
Yet such inventions never could subsist,
Unless some glimmerings of a future state
Were with the mind coeval, and innate;
For ev'ry fiction which can long persuade,
In truth must have its first foundations laid.

Because we are unable to conceive
How unembodiy'd souls can act, and live,
The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,
And habitations in peculiar places:
Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wise,
Struck with the glare of such absurdities,
Their whole existence fabulous suspect,
And truth and falsehood in a lump reject;
Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or else too proud that ignorance to own.

For hard 's the task the daubing to pervade
Folly and Fraud on Truth's fair form have laid:
Yet let that task be ours; for great the prize;
Nor let us Truth's celestial charms despise,
Because that priests or poets may disguise.

That there's a God, from Nature's voice is clear;
And yet what errors to this truth adhere!

How have the fears and follies of mankind
Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd
To each the frailties of the human mind!
Nay, superstition spread at length so wide,
Beasts, birds, and onions too, were deify'd.

Th' Athenian sage, revolving in his mind
This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
Foretold, that in maturer days, tho' late,
When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,
Some God would light us, like the rising day,
Thro' error's maze, and chase these clouds away.
Long since has time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this Divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made
By Nature, void of this celestial aid:

Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize,
Is plain; such is this union Nature ties:
But then as often too they disagree,
Which proves the soul's superior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;
At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
The body sinks with sickness and with pains:
Now did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.
But sure experience, on the slightest view,
Shews us, that the reverse of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,
How comes it that the mind, when sleep has clos'd
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide,
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd;
And like some bird who from its prison flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies?

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd;
And each of these must will, perceive, design,
And draw confus'dly in a different line;
Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,
Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling and figuring these parts;
Just as if circles wiser were than squares:
But surely common sense aloud declares
That size and figure are as foreign quite
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.
Allow that motion is the cause of thought,
With what strange pow'rs must motion then be
fraught!

Reason, sense, science, must derive their source,
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force;
Tops whipp'd by school-boys sages must com-
mence,

Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into sense,
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.
Whence can this very motion take its birth?
Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth;
But from a living spirit lodg'd within,
Which governs all the bodily machine;

Just

Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul
Informs, directs, and animates the whole.

Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
But rather wonder, if she e'er could die,
So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity:
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
Which time can dissipate, and force divide;
For beings of this make can never die,
Whose pow'rs within themselves and their own
essence lie.

If to conceive how any thing can be
From shape extracted and locality
Is hard; what think you of the Deity? }
His Being not the least relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To shape or size, similitude or place,
Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no space.
Such then is God, a Spirit pure, refin'd
From all material dross; and such the human
mind.

For in what part of essence can we see
More certain marks of Immortality?
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Go then, forgetful of its toil and strife,
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
And into nothing then dissolve away. }
Are these our great pursuits? Is this to live?
These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can
give?

How much more worthy envy is their fate,
Who search for truth in a superior state!
Not groping step by step, as we pursue,
And following Reason's much entangled clue, }
But with one great and instantaneous view.

But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,
Corporeal organs if we take away? }
Since it from them proceeds, and with them
must decay.

Why not? or why may not the soul receive
New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?
The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,
And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;
These in mankind new faculties create,
And lift him far above his native state;
Call down revolving planets from the sky,
Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,
The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How could the mind, did she alone depend
On sense, the errors of those senses mend?
Yet oft, we see, those senses she corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects,
In distances of things, their shapes, and size,
Our reason judges better than our eyes.
Declares not this the soul's pre-eminence
Superior to, and quite distinct from sense?
For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high
Clogg'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,

Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,
And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,
'Tis not for us to know; our search is vain:
Can any now remember or relate
How he existed in the embryo state?
Or one from birth insensible of day
Conceive ideas of the solar ray?
That light's deny'd to him, which others see,
He knows, perhaps you'll say,—and so do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On earth that's worthy of a wish or fear:
He whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires;
Thence to sequester'd shades and streams retires,
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In Wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new;
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then! nor farther launch into the main:
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe;
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The fun'ral of our friends, who go before;
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither, hurry'd by a gen'rous scorn
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?
Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit;
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Could I a firm persuasion once attain,
That after death no being would remain;
To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end,
Nor life accept, altho' renew'd by Fate
Ev'n from its earliest and its happiest state.

Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,
Genius and science, morals and good sense,
Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence;
A num'rous offspring to the world well known
Both for paternal virtues, and their own;
Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round and round;
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

BOOK II.

God then thro' all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourselves; ourselves of all
His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,
His own bright image, who alone unblest
Feel ill's perpetual, happy all the rest.

But

But hold, presumptuous ! charge not Heav'n's
With such injustice, such partiality. [decree

Yet true it is, survey we life around,
Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found ;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the species meditate the blow.
What millions perish by each other's hands
In War's fierce rage ! or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
Or lose them in variety of pains !
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In spite of Nature's liberality !
(Those, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,
By lewdness and intemperance justly slain)
What numbers guiltless of their own disease
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow
degrees !

Where then is Virtue's well-deserv'd reward ?
Let's pay to Virtue ev'ry due regard ;
That she enables man, let us confess,
To bear those evils which she can't redress,
Gives hope and conscious peace, and can assuage
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage ;
Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure :
Where vice prevails severest is their fate,
Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate :
How many struggling in their country's cause,
And from their country meriting applause,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,
And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd !

Soon as superior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to pursue !
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,
And envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame :
Should he at length, so truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamour, libels, and disgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble ! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous
wretched state.

Is private life from all these evils free ?
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see,
Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,
Quarrels, and feuds, and law's entangling snares.

But there are pleasures still in human life,
Domestic ease, a tender loving wife, [gaze,
Children whose dawning smiles your heart en-
The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age :
If happiness exists, 'tis surely here ;
But are these joys exempt from care and fear ?
Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair ?
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the die's cast, and 'tis too late to learn ?
Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
These children shall pursue ? or if they should,
Death comes when least you fear so black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not that these ills from Virtue flow ;
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin ;
But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.

Observing this, some sages have decreed,
That all things from two causes must proceed ;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the miseries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure ;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Can such a system satisfy the mind ?
Are both these Gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior ? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey :
Is one superior ? good or ill must reign,
Eternal joy or everlasting pain :
Whichever is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious God enjoy the field :
Hence with these fictions of the Magi's brain !
Hence oozy Nile, with all her monstrous train !

Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right ?
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things ;
Himself half-starving happier far than kings.
'Tis fine indeed to be so wondrous wise !
By the same reasoning too he pain denies ;
Roast him, or slay him, break him on the wheel,
Retract he will not, tho' he can't but feel :
Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan ;
What then ? An inconvenience 'tis, he'll own :
What vigour, health, and beauty ? are these good ?
No ; they may be accepted, not pursued :
Absurd to squabble thus about a name, [same.
Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the
Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
You might be blest without external good ;
But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail and mortal man.

But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour ;
Why value, then, that strength of mind they boast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost ?
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
And a slow fever wipes it quite away. [hand
See one * whose councils, one † whose conqu'ring
Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land,
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r ;
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.
Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
† In each politer kind of writing well ;
Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll and hum'rous prose ;
Few years, alas ! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit :
See self-surviving he's an idiot grown !
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

Thy

* Lord Somers.

† Duke of Marlborough.

‡ Dean Swift.

Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future state we cease to live.
For here the virtuous suffer much, 'tis plain;
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;
And on this principle confess we must,
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds
confine,
That ere it touches Truth's extremest line,
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.
Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?
Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:
'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
To future justice, and a life to come.
This path, you say, is hid in endless night;
'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight;
You stop ere half your destin'd course is run,
And triumph when the conquest is not won:
By this the Sophists were of old misled; [bred!
See what a monstrous race from one mistake is

Hear then my argument:—Confess we must,
A God there is, supremely wise and just:
If so, however things affect our sight,
As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right*.
But is it right, what here so oft appears,
That Vice should triumph, Virtue sink in tears?
The inference then that closes this debate,
Is, that there must exist a future state.

The wise, extending their enquiries wide,
See how both states are by connection ty'd;
Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
So crowd existence all into a day.

Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
That Justice never will resume her reign;
On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
And to this altar vile assassins fly.

“But rules not God by general laws divine:
Man's vice or virtue change not the design:”
What laws are these? Instruct us if you can:—
There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man,
Another guides inactive matter's course,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity subsists between
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.

The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds and beasts of ev'ry kind;
By all the sandy desert's savage brood,
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood?
Of these, none uncontroul'd and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move;
Led by that instinct Heav'n itself inspires,
Or so much reason as their state requires:
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
All use those arms, which nature has bestow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilst that care they need;
In these lov'd offices completely blest,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views;
God thro' the wonders of his works pursues;
Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause;
For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
The great example of Divinity,

As in benevolence: the patriot's soul
Knows not self-centred for itself to roll,
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:
Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,
His country next, then man; nor here it ends,
But to the meanest animal descends.

Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd
By forming man so helpless, and unarm'd:
His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech
T' implore that aid, this lesson daily teach;
Mankind with other animals compare,
Single, how weak and impotent they are!
But view them in the complicated state,
Their pow'rs how wondrous, and their strength
how great,

When social virtue individuals joins,
And in one solid mass, like gravity, combines!
This then's the first great law by Nature giv'n,
Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heav'n;
All from utility this law approve,
As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love.

Why deviate then so many from this law?
See passions, custom, vice and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from East to West,
How few, alas! how very few are blest!
Beneath the frozen Poles, and burning Line,
What poverty and indolence combine
To cloud with Error's mists the human mind!
No trace of man, but in the form we find.

And are we free from error and distress, [blest?
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to
Whom true Religion leads? (for she but leads
By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds;)
Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,
This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,
And after Sophistry's vain systems run!
For these as for essentials we engage
In wars and massacres with holy rage;
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,
Mistaken Zeal, how savage is thy reign!

Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,
All right and wrong, all order they confound;
These are the giants who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the sky:
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,
And deems the crimes of Man beneath his cares?
He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,
And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.

Nor doubt I, tho' this state confus'd appears,
That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes:
Sometimes, lest man should quite his pow'r disown,
Hemakes that pow'r to trembling nations known:
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As Superstition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.

Nor know I not how much a conscious mind
Avails to punish, or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel
The Fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal tho' thou hop'st to run,
Thyself thou canst not, nor thy conscience shun:
What must thou suffer when each dire disease,
The progeny of Vice, thy fabric seize!

Consumption,

Consumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of spasms, and gout, and stone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone supply,
Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.

Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend;
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threat'ning Death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies to art,
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!
Why this, if after it no sense remains?

Why should he choose these miseries to endure,
If death could grant an everlasting cure?
'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,
(Tho' fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

See the reverse: how happy those we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind!
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd;
Their easy aspects shine with smile serene,
And all is peace and happiness within:
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.

Him fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,
Whose views extend beyond this mortal state;
By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made;
Whilst he who Virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely-setting sun,
His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest th' illustrious* Hough we find,
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind,
The Mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend,
In times which ask'd a champion to defend;
Who after near a hundred virtuous years,
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the stage:
Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,
Who, having run his course, the crown of Glory
claims.

From this just contrast plainly it appears,
How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears:
But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this
dread,

If nothing really can affect the dead?
See all things join to promise, and presage
The sure arrival of a future age!
Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise
Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.
An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within;
And if she sends a more propitious gale,
He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.

Nor fear that he who sits so loose to life,
Should too much shun its labours, and its strife;
And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight, inglorious and afraid:
Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he who pow'r contemns, be least a slave:
Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country and his

But still his merit you cannot regard, [friends,
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward;
His soul, you cry, is uncorrupt and great,
Who, quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence,
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.
It may be so: yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive Nature draws;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues;
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain!
He follows but where Nature points the road,
Rising in virtue's school, till he ascends to God.

But we, th' inglorious common herd of Man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost,
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
Mere infants all till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests of Immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
He hopes not vainly in a world like this,
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
For good and ill, in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.
With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain;
God may perhaps (might human Reason's line
Pretend to fathom infinite design)
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
No happiness complete on earth may find;
And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
To heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have pass'd
Thro' Error's rocks, and see the port at last;
Let us review and recollect the whole.—
Thus stands my argument.—The thinking soul
Cannot terrestrial or material be,
But claims by Nature Immortality;
God, who created it, can make it end,
We question not, but cannot apprehend
He will; because it is by him endued
With strong ideas of all perfect Good;
With wondrous pow'rs to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our earthly state;

With

With sure presages of a life to come;
All false and useless, if beyond the tomb
Our beings cease: we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live;
It follows, that a time must surely come,
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom:
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy Wisdom infinite,

A system of consummate skill appear,
And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.
Doubt we of this? What solid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wise Disposer reigns?
Whilst all Creation speaks a pow'r divine,
Is it deficient in the main design?
Not so; the day shall come, (pretend not now
Presumptuous to enquire or when, or how,
But) after death shall come th' important day,
When God to all his justice shall display;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a just proportion punish and reward.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE SECOND:

DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND PATHETIC.

§ 1. *The Traveller, or, a Prospect of Society.*
Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. H. Goldsmith.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, flow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door:
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;

Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherds humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain [vain?
That good which makes each humbler bosom
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd;
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, [plies;
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man sup-
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam:
His first, best country, ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. [fails;
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit, in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
At her command the palace learn'd to rise, [state:
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies:

The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm:
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meannesses occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still e'en here Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the
And drags the struggling savage into day. [way,
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;

And

And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest. [flies,
Whence from such lands each pleasing science
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way;
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
How often have I led thy sportive choir, [please,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmur'ing Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour!
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand:
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast,
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper-lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans again the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; [parts
But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here!
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride;
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide:
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;

Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul:

While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man. [here,

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
Thine are those charms, that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy.

That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone;
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrensy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her
charms,

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for
One sink of level-avarice shall lie, [fame,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's soft'ring sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations
roam,

Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;

Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force:
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind?
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from pow' but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

§ 2. *The Deserted Village.* GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
swain;

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill, [hill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring
The

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd:
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And fleits of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-

prove— [these,
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence
shed, [are fled,

These were thy charms—but all these charms
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:

One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage hints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess'd the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view [grew;
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my grief—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting my repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,

And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feeble bend beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron! forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,

To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r, [place;
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
won. [glow,

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird, each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies:
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their care
distress'd;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,

Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For, ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring
sound,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the
door;

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay.
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd :

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrustful asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around ;
Yet count our gains : this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss : the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their
growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies :
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past (for charms are frail),

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.

Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise.

While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave !

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp
display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight
reign,

Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !

[eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.

She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;

Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head ;

And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
show'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,

She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?

[train,
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah, no ! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far diff'rent there from all that charms before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling :

Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey ;

And savage men, more murd'rous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,

Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,

The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,

That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that
parting day,

That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past, [last,

Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain

For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,

Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep !
The good old fire the first prepar'd to go

To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,

He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,

The fond companion of his hapless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,

And left a lover's for her father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!
Farewel! and, oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength, possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

§ 3. *Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad.*

GOLDSMITH.

'TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way
'To where yon taper cheers the vale
'With hospitable ray.
'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
'With fainting steps and slow;
'Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
'Seem length'ning as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the Hermit cries,
'To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
'For yonder phantom only flies
'To lure thee to thy doom.
'Here to the houseless child of want
'My door is open still;
'And, tho' my portion is but scant,
'I give it with good-will.
'Then turn to night, and freely share
'Whate'er my cell bestows;
'My rushy couch and frugal fare,
'My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free
'To slaughter I condemn;
'Taught by that Pow'r that pities me,
'I learn to pity them:
'But from the mountain's grassy side
'A guiltless feast I bring;
'A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
'And water from the spring.
'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong:
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.
No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penfive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answer'ing care oppress'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurn'd,
'Reluctant dost thou rove?
'Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas!

' Alas! the joys that fortune brings
 ' Are trifling and decay;
 ' And those who prize the paltry things
 ' More trifling still than they.
 ' And what is Friendship but a name,
 ' A charm that lulls to sleep;
 ' A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 ' And leaves the wretch to weep?
 ' And love is still an emptier sound,
 ' The modern fair-one's jest;
 ' On earth unseen, or only found
 ' To warm the turtle's nest.
 ' For shame! fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 ' And spurn the sex!' he said:
 But, while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.
 Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.
 The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms;
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.
 And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 ' A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
 ' Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 ' Where Heaven and you reside!
 ' But let a maid thy pity share,
 ' Whom love has taught to stray;
 ' Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 ' Companion of her way.
 ' My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 ' A wealthy lord was he;
 ' And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
 ' He had but only me.
 ' To win me from his tender arms
 ' Unnumber'd suitors came;
 ' Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 ' And felt, or feign'd a flame.
 ' Each hour a mercenary crowd
 ' With richest proffers strove;
 ' Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 ' But never talk'd of love.
 ' In humble, simplest habit clad,
 ' No wealth or pow'r had he;
 ' Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 ' But these were all to me.
 ' The blossom op'ning to the day,
 ' The dews of heaven refin'd,
 ' Could nought of purity display
 ' To emulate his mind.
 ' The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 ' With charms inconstant shine:
 ' Their charms were his; but, woe to me!
 ' Their constancy was mine.
 ' For still I tried each fickle art,
 ' Importunate and vain;
 ' And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 ' I triumph'd in his pain:

' Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
 ' He left me to my pride;
 ' And sought a solitude forlorn
 ' In secret, where he died.
 ' But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
 ' And well my life shall pay;
 ' I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 ' And stretch me where he lay!
 ' And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 ' I'll lay me down and die;
 ' 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ' And so for him will I!
 ' Forbid it, Heaven! the Hermit cried,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
 The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide—
 'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.
 ' Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 ' My charmer, turn to see
 ' Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 ' Restor'd to love and thee!
 ' Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ' And ev'ry care resign:
 ' And shall we never, never part,
 ' My life—my all that's mine?
 ' No, never from this hour to part;
 ' We'll live and love so true,
 ' The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 ' Shall break thy Edwin's too!

§ 4. *A Pastoral. In Four Parts.* POPE.

To Sir William Trumbal.

PASTORAL I. SPRING.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
 Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains.
 Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
 While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
 Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
 And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
 You that, too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost!
 O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
 So when the nightingale to rest removes,
 The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
 But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
 And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.
 Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the
 Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leavest the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white Bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain;
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies—
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield:
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping
flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air; [fair,
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the
year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing
so well!

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around,
For, see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

PASTORAL II. SUMMER.

Addressed to Dr. GARTH.

A Shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus, not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay—
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree;
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray, ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

As

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I thum the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said—Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring:
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join:
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly
bow'rs;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall
rise,

And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmur'ing brooks retreat;
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey;
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

PASTORAL III. AUTUMN.

Addressed to Mr. Wycherley.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit in-
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire; [spire,
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour
charms, [warms!

Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains
groan,

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad Turtle his lost love deploras,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she!
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds:
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing phrensy soothes my
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind? [mind!
She comes, my Delia comes! Now cease, my lay;
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;

Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!

Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,

Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,

In their loose traces from the field retreat;

While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,

And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!

Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:

Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,

While she with garland hung the bending boughs.

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;

So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!

Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,

And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;

Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;

Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!

The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."

Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,

Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?

Pan came, and ask'd what magic caus'd my smart,

Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?

What eyes but hers, alas! have pow'r to move?

And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!

I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.

From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,

For sake mankind, and all the world—but Love!

I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,

Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed:

Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,

Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!

Farewell, ye woods! adieu, the light of day!

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains:

No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night

The skies yet blushing with departing light;

When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,

And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

PASTORAL IV. WINTER.

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murr'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;

Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below

So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,

The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,

While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,

Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,

Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.

Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,

That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain!

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Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.

Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,

And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"

Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,

And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,

Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;

Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,

And break your bows as when Adonis died;

And with your golden darts, now useless grown,

Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore!"

"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,

See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,

Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,

With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,

The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan

In notes more sad than when they sing their own;

In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,

Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore;

Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,

Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,

Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,

Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;

Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;

Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,

Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;

No more the birds shall imitate her lays,

Or, hush'd with wonder, harken from the sprays;

No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,

A sweeter music than their own to hear;

But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,

Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,

And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;

The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,

Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;

The silver flood, so lately calm, appears

Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears.

The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,

Daphne, our grief, our glory, now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on

Above the clouds, above the starry sky! [high,

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,

Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!

There,

There, while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads, select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed. [give,
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay;
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and
groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

§ 5. *Windfor-Forest.* POPE.

To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Landsdown.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again!
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades:
Here, in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's band;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste;
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey;
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves),
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled;
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began;
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subject's cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Thengath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But

But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant
springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purpled crest and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with
gold!

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo): [roves,
With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply:
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valley sweep,
Hang o'er their couriers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen:

Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign;
The earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor-shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last):
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be
known,

But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A pointed quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd; and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling
doves;

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God more furious urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
vain—

“Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
“Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
“My native shades—there weep, and murmur
She lay, and melting as in tears she lay, [there.”
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The wat'ry landskip of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the
Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear:

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes;
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre shew
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court ap-
proves,

His sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy, next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse
inspires;

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease,
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or, wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
To observe a mean, but to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd;
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus, retir'd.

Ye sacred nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless.
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove, [flow]
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
tongue.

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks were led!
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley
strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor
bore,

What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore;
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains;
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone).
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed!
Heavens! what new wounds! and how her old
have bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said—'Let discord cease!
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold;
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood;
First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose clear streams his flow'ry islands lave
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:

The

The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears;
And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Wind for domes and pompous turrets rise!
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From Heaven itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muses' themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign!
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood but in the sylvan chace;
The trumpets sleep while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employed on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the chrystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day:
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales:
For me the balm shall bleed, the amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow:
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold,
The time shall come when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side;

And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to
shore,

Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there;
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires!
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution morn her broken wheel;
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And grasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light:
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

§ 6. *Two Choruses to the Tragedy of Brutus*.*

POPE.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught,
Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtless walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O heaven-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore;

See

* Altered from Shakespeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his Play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

See Arts her savage sons controul,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves;
And men, once ignovant, are slaves.
O curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous brea...
Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here;
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus, with blushes, owns he loves;
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has impress'd?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love;
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kindred flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary fire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distates, fumes;
Hence false tears, deceit, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine!
Purest love's unwaisting treasure,

Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

§ 7. *Ode on Solitude*. POPE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away:
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation!
And innocence which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

§ 8. *The Dying Christian to his Soul*. POPE.

O D E.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

§ 9. *An Essay on Criticism*. POPE.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis without judgments, as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

12

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn
right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd;
So by false learning is good sense defac'd.

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,

There are who judge still worse than he can write,
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass'd,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fool at last,
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass;
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

Those half-learn'd writings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:

To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require;
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away,
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.

Like Kings, we lose the conquest gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his servile province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart;
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Work without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effect remains.

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:

The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shews much true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd.
Nature, like monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules in-
dites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she shew'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from
heaven.

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's hand-maid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art [learn'd
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poets may be made,
These leave the sense, their learning to display;
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course
would steer,

Know well each Ancient's proper character:
His fable, subject, scope, in ev'ry page:
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.

Be Homer's works your study and delight;
Read them by day, and meditate by night:
Thence form your judgment, thence your max-
ims bring,

And trace the Muses upwards to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd his text peruse;
Or let your comment be the Mantua's Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critics law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:

But

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;
For there's a happiness as well as care:
Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),
Some lucky Licence answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;
Which, without passing through the judgment,
The heart, and all its end at once attains. [gains
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock or hanging precipice.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made,
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous
thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near;
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, may seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire

(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your
flights;
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain Wits a science little known;
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own!
Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find [wind:
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight, with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low;
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!
No single parts unequally surprise;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length ap-
pear;

The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize;
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities: what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrte.

"Not so, by heaven!" he answers in a rage;

"Knights, 'squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing; not exact, but nice;
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—The Style is excellent;
The Sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and, where they most
abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable;

A vile conceit, in pompous words express,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some, by old words, to fame have made pretence;
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense:
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amazeth unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks, with awkward vanity, display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday!
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets dress.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old.
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, "it whispers thro' the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep."
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song, [along.
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
know

What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness
join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smooth numbers flows:
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent
roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perlians

Perfians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow ;
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence ;
That always shews great pride, or little sense :
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry ;
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own, despise ;
The ancients only, or the moderns, prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works ; and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality :
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord :
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me !
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus thro' imitation err ;
As oft the learn'd by being singular :
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night ;
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd ;
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still, they say ;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read :
Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted :

Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn !
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit ;
And authors think the reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind !
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.

Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux :
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past,
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true :
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas ! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years :
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast ;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand ;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live ;
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast ;
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy :
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
Sure some to vex, but never all to please : [ease,
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun ;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.

Good nature and good sense must ever join:
To err is human; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large
increase:

When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war,
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:

The modest fan was lifted up no more;
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.

The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights
dispute,

Left God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!

Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice:

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to shew,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;

But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do:
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And thinks unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.

Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flatt'ry to fulsome dedicators, [more
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:

Your silence there is better than your spite;
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.

False steps but help them to renew the race;
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,

Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales:
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay shew'd his faults, but when would Poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church
yard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Sill pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?

Unbias'd or by favour or by spite;
Nor dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd well-bred, and tho' well-bred sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely shew,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride!
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
Spread ail his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd; 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his Works inspire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme;
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please;
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand;
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just:
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew:
From the same foes, at last, both felt their
doom;

And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny then Superstition join'd;
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind:
Much was believ'd, but little understood;
And to be dull was construed to be good:
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run;

And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.
At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name
The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!

Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow,
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name;
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws;
Such was the Muse whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

Such late was Walsh, the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give.
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries: [view;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

§ 10. *The Rape of the Lock.* POPE.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due,
This even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:

Q 3

Slight

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays. [pel

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could com-
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage?

And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake;
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest—
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head—
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
That even in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow,
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs, [flow'rs!
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.

Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky:
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.

Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know further yet—whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Tho' honour is the word with men below. [face,

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, [train,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds "your grace" salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eye of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way;
Thro' all the giddle circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim;
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where;
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can;

Beware of all, but most beware of man! [long,
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux; [read,
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd;
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs:
A heavenly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
 The tortoise here and elephant unite, [white:
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths, around her
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. [thone;
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore;
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixt as those:
 Favours to none, to all the smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
 This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray;
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For, when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
 Propitious Heaven, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
 And all the trophies of his former loves:
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire:

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
 The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play;
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whenever they wave their
 Amid the circle on the gilded mast, [wings.
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear:
 Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
 By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
 Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
 Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light,
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wint'ry main,
 Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain:
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;

Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball; [fall.
 Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must
 Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
 Form a strong line about the silverbound, [whale:
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain:
 Or alum styptics with contracting pow'r,
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
 flow'rs, [tow'rs,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes
 its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
 In various talk th' instructive hours they pass'd,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat;
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang, that jury-men may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in
 And the long labours of the toilet cease. [peace,

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
 At ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard; [flow'r,
 And four fair queens whose hands sustain a
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
 were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 E'en mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'er-
 threw,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
 What boots the regal circle on his head;
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
 Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs com-
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find. [bin'd,
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green,
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye;
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook;
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Cordille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth; the King, unseen,
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
Queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cur'd for ever this victorious day. [crown'd,

For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise

The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to sit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies, in romance, assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steam she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought [near.
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd;
Relign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd. [wide,

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex
T'inclose the Lock; now joins it to divide.

Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in
But airy substance soon unites again: [twain,
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their
last;

Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
The Victor cried; the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days, [blaze;
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its
And monuments, like men, submit to fate! [date,
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder, then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel? [feel

CANTO IV.

[press'd,

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph op-
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For that sad moment, when the Sylphs with-
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew, [drew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here, in a grotto shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head. [place,

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and
noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shews in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand:
Then thus address'd the Pow'r:—Hail, way-
ward Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit;
On various tempers act, by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costly lapdog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease;
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to
day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound:
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire. [cried,
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and
(While Hampton's echoes Wretched maid! re-
Was it for this you took such constant care [plied)
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?

Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall;
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs;
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
" devil! [" must be civil!

" Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you
" Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
" Give her the hair?"—he spoke, and rapp'd
his box.

It grieves me much (replied the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then, see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said:

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy, ah ten times happy, had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;

Where

Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lordsto roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind;
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd? [beaux,
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade;
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.

All side in parties, and begin th' attack: [crack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage,
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune forms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day! [way,
Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propt on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters deaths around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in song.

"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"

Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;

"Those eyes are made so killing!"—was his last.

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies

Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain;
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).
Boast not my fall, he cried, insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low:
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
 Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound;
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
 So Rome's great founder to the heavens with-
 To Proculus alone confest in view. [drew,
 A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall sur-
 And hail with music its propitious ray; [vey,
 This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ra-
 vish'd hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
 This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

§ 11. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*
 POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-
 light shade,
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
 Oh everauteous, ever friendly! tell,
 Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
 To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods!
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
 Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confin'd in their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives and thus your children fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearths shall besiege your gates;
 There passengers shall stand; and, pointing, say
 (While the long fun'ral blacken all the way),
 Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield,
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, oh ever-injur'd shade!
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
 What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show;
 What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot:
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

§ 12. *Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato.*

POPE.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness shew,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys—
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd;
And shew, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece whom she subdu'd;
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

§ 13. *Epilogue to Mr. Rowe's Jane Shore.* POPE.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious thus, and cried,

The play may pass—but that strange creature,
Shore,

I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool,
So from a sinner sinner you shall hear,
“How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!”
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sin;
Still boarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners,
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with
Well, if our author in the wife offends, [sinners.
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's self was on relentless spouse:
Plu—Plutarch—what's his name that writes his
Tells us that Cato dearly lov'd his wife: [life?
Yet if a friend a night or so should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city;
There many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the trumpet down.

§ 14. *The Temple of Fame.* POPE.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising
flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings);
A train of phantoms in wild order rose;
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose:
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and
The whole creation open to my eyes: [skies;
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here

Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmur'ing on the hollow shore:
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds con-
High on a rock of ice the structure lay, [ceal'd.
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide were spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own with labour in their place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal, faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays, [days.
Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains propth' incumbent sky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the differ'ent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Refts on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand;
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But, on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Whomeasur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride;
There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd;
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes;
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, linear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face:
The wall, in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mytic wall;
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates un-
fold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold;
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.
Of

Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage Historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,

His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himself subdued;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belyed the Lybian God.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still, in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought.
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just but when he sign'd the shell;
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names;
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore;
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets dress'd,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.

In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged fire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold; and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, [flight:
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions, in distorted posture, threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrte;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew;
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet enfold;

A thousand

A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning
Beneath in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine [ears.
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string:
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last eternal thro' the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.

Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours
Unlike successes equal merits found. [crown'd;
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns;
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we sought t' instruct and please man-
kind,

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow;
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud:
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But straight the direful trump of slander sounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies. [wore,

A troop came next who crowns and armour
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in deep oblivion drown'd:
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone;
Your statues mould'ring, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
And each majestic phantom sunk in night. [sight,

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame;
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft tho' high, so loud and yet so clear,
Even list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear:
To furthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows ex-
press'd, [dress'd;
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry
Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell;
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies. [press'd

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What

What! you (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and even fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days—
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall;
The people's fable and the scorn of all!
Straight the black clarion, sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sov'reign's ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics—
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown,
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and
life;
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air;
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair:
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state;
The falls of favourites, projects of the great;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumbered multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place;
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to
mouth.

So from a spark that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below;
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force;
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.

Around a thousand winged wonders fly, [sky.
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent.
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign;
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure;
Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame—

Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

§ 15. *The happy Life of a Country Parson.* POPE.

In Imitation of Dr. Swift.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing—
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia;
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts—my text,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next.
Lo! here the Septuagint—and Paul,
To sum the whole—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the Squire, and kiss his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will:
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

§ 16. *An Essay on Man: in Four Epistles.* POPE.

To H. St. John Lord Bolingbroke.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

Of Man in the abstract.—That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things.—That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown.—That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends.—The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.—The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural.—The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other

the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable.—That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone counterwails all the other faculties.—How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed.—The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire.—The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

A WAKE, my Saint John! leave all meaner things

To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us, since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan; [shoot;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracks, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or fightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own. [known,
He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro' or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?
Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less;
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade;
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove.

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where

Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use;
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. [strains

When the proud Steed shall know why man re-
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God;
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought: [fault;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
Or who could suffer Being here below? [know;
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day;
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd;
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. [soar;

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is but always, To be blest.
The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust;
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reasoning Pride our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.
Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for
" mine:

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r,
" Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me the mine a thousand treasures brings,
" For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
" My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow or when tempests
sweep

Towns to one grave, whole Nations to the deep?
" No ('tis replied); the first Almighty Cause
" Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws; [gan:
" Th' exceptions few; some change since all be-
" And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's
Why then a Borgia or a Cataline? [design,
Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind, [kind?
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man-
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things;
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit,
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral Order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? Now upward will he
And, little less than Angel, would be more: [soar,
Now,

Now, looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state:
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of man, (could Pride that blessing
Is not to act or think beyond mankind: [find]
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him
still

The whispering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line!
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied,
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,

Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale 's de-
stroy'd:

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each symptom in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm?—oh madness, pride, impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to
Himself, as an Individual.*

*The Business of Man not to pry into God, but to study
Himself. His Middle Nature; his Powers and
Frailties.*

Frailties.—The Limits of his Capacity.—The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary.—Self-love the stronger, and why.—Their end the same.—The Passions, and their use.—The Predominant Passion, and its force.—Its necessity in directing Men to different Purposes.—Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue.—Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the Office of Reason.—How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it.—That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections.—How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men.—How useful they are to Society, and to Individuals, in every state and every age of life.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;

Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the time to come!

Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and Reason to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend;
And, but for this, were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void;
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire;
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast:
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest.
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain:
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
So, cast and mingled with his very frame, [strength;
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination pines her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,

The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
All, all alike find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply:
Ev'n av'rice, prudence, sloth, philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use:
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where 's the North? at York, 'tis on the
In Scotland, at the Orcaes; and there, [Tweed;
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be;
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool, by fits, is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill!
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;

Each

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal; [Whole:
But Heaven's great view is One, and that the
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied—
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call, [all.
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf.
Not one will change his neighbour with himself,
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest; the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride, bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy:
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain.
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this—tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

The whole Universe one System of Society—Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for ano-

ther.—The happiness of Animals mutual.—Reason or Instinct operates alike to the good of each Individual.—Reason or Instinct operates also to Society in all animals.—How far Society is carried by Instinct.—How much farther by Reason.—Of that which is called the State of Nature.—Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, and in the Forms of Society.—Origin of Political Societies.—Origin of Monarchy.—Patriarchal Government.—Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle of Love.—Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle of Fear.—The influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good.—Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first Principle.—Mixed Government.—Various Forms of each, and the true End of all.

HERE then we rest: 'The Universal Cause
'Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach, or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of
Combining all below and all above. [Love
See plastic Nature working to this end;
The single atoms each to other tend;
Attract, attracted to the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die);
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to Whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that sows the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Now, Nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

While Man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason *he* must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Thap favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them
To bliss alike by that direction tend, [best;
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest;
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore
Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown be-
fore?

Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd the Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness;
So, from the first, eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial feeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone;
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race,
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend.
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace;
Another love succeeds, another race.

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.

Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain, habitual those:
The last scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began;
Memory and forecast just returns engage;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age:
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in Nature's State they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began;
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold un-
dress'd;

Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest;
Heaven's attribute was Universal Care;
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, bears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage Man.

See him from Nature rising flow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
"Learn

" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 " Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 " Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 " Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
 " Learn of the little Nautilus to sail.
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 " Here too all forms of social union find,
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
 " Here subterranean works and cities see;
 " There towns ærial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small People's genius, policies,
 " The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 " And Anarchy without confusion know;
 " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law;
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
 " And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made:
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law. [known,
 Thus states were form'd; the name of King un-
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.

'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made. [fate

Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
 On him their second Providence, they hung;
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wand'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' ærial eagle to the ground.

Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began,
 Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man:
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
 One great First Father, and that First ador'd.

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
 The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple Reason never sought but one:

Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
 To Virtue in the paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

Love all the faith and all th' allegiance then:
 For Nature knew no right divine in Men,

No ill could fear in God; and understood
 A Sov'reign Being but a sov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran;
 That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one; [done,
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
 Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest
 Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe; [Law,
 Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
 She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's
 found, [the ground,

When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
 She from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide!
 And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.

Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
 With heaven's own thunders shook the world
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe. [below,

So drives Self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust;
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
 The same Self-love in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?

His safety must his liberty restrain:
 All join'd to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-defence,
 Ev'n King's learn'd justice and benevolence:
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore

The faith and moral Nature gave before;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
 Taught Pow's due use to People and to Kings,
 Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
 The less or greater set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too;
 Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.

Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty
 made

To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;
 More

More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight:
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this One great End;
And all of God that bless Mankind; or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives!
The Strength he gains is from the embrace he
gives.

On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the Soul,
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral
frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT.

*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to
Happiness.*

False Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular.—It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all.—God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general not particular Laws.—As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these.—But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear.—What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage.—The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature or of Fortune.—The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars.—That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest.—That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, Virtue.—That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Illustrated in Riches—Honours—Nobility—Greatness—Fame—Superior Talents—With pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all.—That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal.—That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy
name;

That something still which prompts the eternal
For which we bear to live, or dare to die; [sigh,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies;
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests to the field? [toil.
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free; [thee.
And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with
Ask of the Learn'd the way: The Learn'd are
blind:

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n virtue vain!
Or indolent to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning
well;

And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, Man, "the universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws"
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and harkens to the kind.
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace,
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king:
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?

If

If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse;
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise;
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Compe-
But health subsists with temperance alone; [tence:
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or
right?

Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst, [first:
Which meets contempt, or which compassion
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sydney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the fire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long in life (if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is still at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal
Cause

Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks, on Calvin Heaven's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell.
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day? [say,
“But sometimes virtue starves while vice is
“fed.”

What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil.
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
“No—shall the good want health, the good want
“pow'r?”

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
“Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no
Nay, why external for internal giv'n? [king?”
Why is not man a God, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover, and the love of human kind, [clear,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade:
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and
"cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella. [strings,

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness
lies?

"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All fly, flow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The fame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;

When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still these things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy!
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife!
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and
great,

See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth—(enough for man to
know)

"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill:

Where

Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its ends it gain;
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's blest:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know!

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught will find,
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road;
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,

Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows were faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown.
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Shew'd erring pride, *whatever is, is right*;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, our ourselves to know.

§ 17. *Moral Essays. In Four Epistles.* POPE.
To Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call, [Knave,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's less: [guess.
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein;
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss:

That each from other differs, first confess:
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man;
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following like, thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.

Or

Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not
Oft in the passions' wild rotation tost, [take.
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield;
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep
(Tho' fast the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none:
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find:
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or Affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy:
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise:
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chace, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Cautious is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks, who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bet.
What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Char-
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon? [ron!]
A perjurd prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why;
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State;
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always Actions shew the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East.
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the World's great empire for a Punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove,
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn:
A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King, [thing.
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can pene-
trate:

In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the Rose, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A Quaker? fly; a Presbyterian? sour;
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

Ask men's Opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How Trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found:
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides;
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with
Climes,

Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

Search then the Ruling Passion: There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest.
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with what'er could win it from the wise,
Women and Fools must like him, or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him, Master of the Joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt:
His passion still to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An Angel Tongue, which no man can persuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him
Fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Cataline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil;
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour just when they destroy.

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Laneb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely prest
By his own son, that passes by unblest:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas! then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
"dead—

"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The courtier smooth, who forty years had
An humble servant to all human kind, [shin'd
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue
could stir,

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"

"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir?—"My money, Sir, what all?"

"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul,"
The manor, Sir?—"The manor! hold," he cried,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and died.

And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments, as in all the past,
"Oh save my country, Heaven!" shall be your
last.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady,

Of the Characters of Women.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain side.

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man;
And there a naked Leda with a swan.

Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or dress in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;

Whether

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground pre-
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air; [pare;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend!
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose;
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he fees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots their nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres;
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state majestically drunk;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets thro' pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlema'ne.

As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analys'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind,
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
Th' address, the delicacy, stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.

Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wife wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease; [please;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common
thought;

You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's
mate;

No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
Or he, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such
"place!"

Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought!
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage,
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure mis'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from
Hell;

But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield must make her hate:
Superiors! death! and equals! what a curse!
But an inferior not dependant! worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.

But

But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour;
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.

She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair!
Forbid it, Heaven! a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe—is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a
Queen:

The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, Painters gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are
shown,

A woman's seen in private life alone:

Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice, [pride,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
That, nature gives; and where the lesson
taught

Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take,
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:

Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:

In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds pursue;
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A sop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
ring,

Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules:

S

Charms

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys:
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, tho' china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new,
Shakes all together, and produces—You.

Be this a woman's fame; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits, as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

To Allen, Lord Bathurst.

P. WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of heaven:
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind
(And surely, Heaven and I are of a mind),
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its fire the sun,
Then careful heaven supplied two sorts of men;
To squander these, and those to hide agen.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has
We find our tenets just the same at last. [pass'd,
Both fairly owning, riches in effect
No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold be-
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows. [stows;

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires;
But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend:

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid: [tray'd.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's be-
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloke,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And, jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!

Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things;
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;

A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;

A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd villany!

Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?

What could they more than knights and 'squires
confound,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?

A statesman's slumbers how this speech would

"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil; [spoil!

"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:

"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street;

Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? [hogs,

His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.

To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair courfers, vases, and alluring dames.

Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?

Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?

O filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!

Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say? Why take it, gold and all.

P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,

clothes, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?

Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?

Or heal, old Narses, the obscener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?

They might (were Harpax not too wise too spend)
Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;

Or

Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that;
Die, and endow a college, or a cat!
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their
part? [heart.

Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
'The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffered thus, mere charity should own.
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'ison when it sold so dear,

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.

Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Austrian mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears she Britain's shate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:

"At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood
"(So long by watchful ministers withstood),

"Shall deluge all; and av'rice, creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;

"Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
"Peerefs and butler share alike the box,

"And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
"And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.

"See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms.
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's

"arms!" [brain,
"Twas no court badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy

Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see

Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,

To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:

But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,

"The ruling passion conquers reason still."

Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: "'Tis heaven each passion
"fends,

"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extreme in nature equal good produce;

"Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?

That pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,

Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,

And gives th' eternal wheelstoknowtheirrounds,
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the poor:
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;

The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst;

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)

His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,

With soups unbought and fallads blest his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more

Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence;

And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,

Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,

No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,

And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,

Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,

Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,

And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need;

But what to follow is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,

More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, with floods of wine,

Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,

His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,

And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,

The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands:

Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,

And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a
pope.

And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?

In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health!
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between the extremes to move,
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well weigh'd be bounty
And ease or emulate the care of Heaven; [given,
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies;
But well dispers'd is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
cheats.

Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whose table wit or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh fortune gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain,
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cin makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name!
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;
Should ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gordon's self might
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. [own,
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king,
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!

No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame—this lord of useless thousands ends.

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like
"me."

As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John!
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What even denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
'Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!'

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd!
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.

But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; [skies,
There

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's;
Constant at church and 'change; his gains were
sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks;
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away;
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought:
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go
"twice,

"And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
'Till all the dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs;
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

'Tis strange; the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Nor for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham, drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone;
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? No more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.

What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."

Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools; [take,
Who random drawings from your sheets shall
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state;
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole c'k'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front:
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, tho' no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scal
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale.

Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:

The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.

Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display, [light;
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus
Or fate delighted in the thick'ning shade, [stray'd,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner villa loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day, [away!
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.

Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!

Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.

His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;

Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes. [thighs,

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:

The rich buffet well colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.

Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb;
A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state;
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.

So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the king.

In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill!

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence, [Boyle.
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future builings, future navies, grow:

Let

Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
Bid harbours open, public ways extend;
Bid temples, worthier of the god, ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land;
These honours, peace to happy Britain brings:
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

§ 18. *Epistle to Mr. Addison, occasioned by his
Dialogues on Medals.* POPE.

SEE the wild waste of all devouring years!

How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr
toil'd:

Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruin sav'd from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore
to shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
And small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name;
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:

And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine,
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garments bloom a-new.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars inroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shewn,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
"Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd."

§ 19. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue
to the Satires.* POPE.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John, fatigu'd
I said,

Tye up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can
hide? [glide;

They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge,
No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of
Happy! to catch me just at dinner time. [rhyme,
Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause;
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope;
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope. [long,

Friend to my Life! (which did not you pro-
The world had wanted many an idle song)

What *Drop* or *Nosstrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
 And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face:
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, 'keep your piece nine years.'

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term*
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends; [ends.
 'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
 'I am all submission; what you'd have it make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and Ten Pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: 'you know his Grace:
 'I want a Patron; ask him for a Place.'
 Pitholeon libell'd me—'but here's a letter [ter.
 'Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no bet-
 'Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine;
 'He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine.'

Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,
 'A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.'
 If I dislike it, 'Furies, death and rage!'
 If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.' [ends,
 There (thank my stars!) my whole commission
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
 Fir'd that the house reject him, 'Sdeath, I'll
 'print it, [Lintot.]

'And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too
 'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.' [much:
 All my demurs but double his attacks;
 At last he whispers, 'Do; and we go snacks.'
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king),
 His very Minister who spied them first
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case, [burst.
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous
 things,

I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
 Keep close to Ears, and those let Asses prick,
 'Tis Nothing—P. Nothing, if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: [lie?
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:

Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seems a Wit?
 Still Sappho—A. Hold, for God's sake—you'll
 offend,

No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.
 But foes like these—P. One Fatt'rer's worse than
 Of all mad-creatures, if the learn'd are right,
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe.'

There are who to my person pay their court,
 I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
 Such *Ovid*'s nose; and, 'Sir! you have an Eye'—
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my Betters met in me.
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 'Just so immortal *Maro* held his head;
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipp'd me in ink, my parent's, or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
 I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd [Wife,
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life;
 To second, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
 And teach the Being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natured *Garth*, inflam'd with early praise,
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head;
 And *St. John*'s self (great *Dryden*'s friends be-
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more. [fore)
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their Author when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and
 books,

Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.
 Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?
 Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.

Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right;
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*:
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespeare's* name.
Pretty! in *Amber* to observe the forms
Of hairs or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines
a year;

He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar and
And swear, not Addison himself was safe. [chafe!
Peace to all such! but were there one whose
fires

True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What, tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write:
I kept, like *Asian* monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
Nomore than thou, great *George*! a birthday song.
I ne'er with wits or wittings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor, like a puppy, dangled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side:
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Buso* left the whole *Castalian* state.

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Buso*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd;
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder!) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose
May ev'ry *Bavins* have his *Buso* still! [quill!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense:
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May Dunc by Dunc be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great for those they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
My Verse and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn.

O let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do):
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please.
Above a patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? [doubt
"I found him close with *Swift*"—'Indeed? no
(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
No, such a Genius never can lie still;

And

And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir *Will* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my *style*?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress;
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That sop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit *selfishly* approve,
And shew the *sense* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you Friend,
Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the *dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie—
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble.—*A.* What! that thing of
ilk?

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*;
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flattery ev'n to Kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same:
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread;
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past;
For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome even the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibald's* door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for
Moor.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on *Wellsed's* lie:
To please a Mistress, one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moor*!
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung.—*A.* What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own;

And better got than *Bestia's* from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art:
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy
than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age;
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make langour smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to blest those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

§ 20. *Satires and Epistles of Horace imitated.* POPE.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. Fortescue.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are to whom my Satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think:
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night;
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious, take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine—*probatum est*.
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;
You'll gain at least a *knighthood*, or the *bays*.

P. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough,
and fierce, [the verse,
With Arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and
thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to *history* he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,

Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam.
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;

F—loves the senate, Hockley hole his brother,
Like in all else as one egg to another.

I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul flood forth, nor kept a thought
within:

In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our *army*! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so fore.
Who'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be Page:
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate,
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug:
So drink with Waters, or with Chartres eat;
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day;
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write,
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budget, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas,

F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be
In flow'r of age you perish for a song! [long;
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers now to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the
pen,

Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *flur*;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'ers and bigots even in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave [laws.
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.
To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain, [vines;
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel; [tell;
This, all who know me know; who love me,
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What faith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes!
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed!
But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed?

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

SATIRE II.

To Mr. Bethel.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the
To live on little with a cheerful heart, — [art,

(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine),
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat),
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
Oh blast it, south winds, till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail!
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest.
Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
Let me extol a Cat on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart;
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay;
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass;
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now

Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:

(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
First Health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,

A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)

Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a Clergy or a City feast!

What life in all that ample body, say?

What heavenly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines

To seem but mortal, even in sound Divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse!

Not but we may exceed some holy time,

Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,

And more, the sickness of long life, Old Age;

For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,

If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains?

Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose,

Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.

Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;

More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could
come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

Why had not I in those good times my birth,

Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,

That sweetest music to an honest ear

(For, 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong;

The world's good word is better than a song),

Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pye

Are no rewards for want and infamy?

When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,

Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;

To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,

Think how posterity will treat thy name;

And buy a rope, that future times may tell

Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need

"To have a taste, is insolence indeed:

"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,

"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."

Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray,

And shine that superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?

Make Quays, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,

As M—o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her
mind,

Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And who stands safest? tell me, is it he

That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity;

Or, blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his
thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought:

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate, the man.

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd;

In forest planted by a father's hand,

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On brocoli and mutton round the year;

But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play),

That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.

'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards;

But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.

To Hounslow heath I point, and Bansted-down;

Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my
own:

From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall;

And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,

And figs from standard and espalier join;

The devil is in you, if you cannot dine: [place];

Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have

And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:

Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost!

My life's amusements have been just the same

Before and after standing armies came.

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone:

I'll hire another's; is not that my own, [gate

And yours, my friends? thro' whose free op'ning

None comes too early, none departs too late;

For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

"Pray Heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on:

"I wish to God this house had been your own.

"Pity! to build, without a son or wife;

"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,

Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?

What's *property*? dear Swift! you see it alter

From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;

Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;

Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;

Or in pure equity (the case not clear)

The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:

At best, it falls to some ungracious son, [own."

Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,

Become the portion of a booby lord;

And Hemley, once proud Buckingham's delight,

Slides to a scriv'ner, or a city knight.

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,

Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

The First Epistle of the First Book of Horace.

EPISTLE I.

To Lord Bolingbroke.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!

Why

Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
 Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
 Public too long, ah let me hide my age!
 See, modest Cibber now has left the stage;
 Our Gen'als, now, retir'd to their estates,
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates;
 In Life's cool ev'ning, satiate of applause,
 Nor fond of bleeding even in Brunswick's cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear, [hear]
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can
 "Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take
 "And never gallop Pegasus to death; [breath,
 "Left stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
 "You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's
 "horse."

Farewel then, Verse, and Love, and ev'ry toy,
 The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
 What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is All:
 To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
 What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.
 But ask not to what Doctors I apply;
 Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
 As drives the storm, at any door I knock;
 And house with Montaigne now, or now with
 Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate, [Locke.
 Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
 Free as young Lyttelton her cause pursue,
 Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
 Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
 Back to my native moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him, who works for debt, the day,
 Long as the night to her whose Love's away,
 Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
 When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
 So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the functions of my soul;
 That keep me from myself, and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day:
 That task, which as we follow, or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
 And, which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
 Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
 I'll do what Mead and Cheshelden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
 Not to go back, is somewhat to advance;
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
 With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
 Know, there are words and spells which can con-
 Between the Fits, this Fever of the soul; [trol,
 Know, there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh
 applied,

Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
 Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
 Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
 A Switz, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch bear;
 All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
 And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
 But to the world no bugbear is so great
 As want of figure, and a small estate.
 To either India see the Merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
 And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
 Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
 There, London's voice: "Get money, money still!
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
 This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
 From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
 From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
 "Pray then, what wants he?" Four score thousand
 pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard, thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D*!l, their Honours and so forth.
 Yet ev'ry child another song will sing:
 "Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
 True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin;
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
 Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
 Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
 The modern language of corrupted peers,
 Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poitiers?
 Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
 "With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
 "Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
 "If not, by any means get Wealth and Place:"
 For what? to have a box where Eunuchs sing,
 And foremost in the circle eye a King—

Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro'; }
 And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }
 If such a doctrine in St. James's air
 Should chance to make the well-drest rabble stare;
 If honest S*z take scandal at a Spark
 That less admires the Palace than the Park,
 'Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
 "I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave;
 "Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 "Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
 Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave;
 Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least
 The people are a many-headed beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold;
 Their country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;

The

The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich
"hill?"

Up starts a palace, lo! th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that devil within
Which guides all those who know not what
they mean,

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;
'Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
'For snug's the word: my dear! we'll live in
town.'

At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown;
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news.
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard
Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord.

You laugh, half beau, half sloven, if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary.
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune blest; [prest;
Rich even when plunder'd, honour'd while op-
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; free, tho' in the Tow'r:
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing;
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god?

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. Murray.

"NOT to admire, is all the art I know
"To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flow'rs of
speech;

So take it in the very words of Creech).

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro' and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold: [hold,
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity, or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing.
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus, good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a faint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise.

And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words;
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And desp'rate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd whene'er they please.

Would

Would ye be blest? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains:
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way;
Who virtue and a church alike disowns;
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and
stones?

Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:

Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that 's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage, just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more;
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste;
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
Venus shall give him form, and Antis youth.
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or, if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.

Now in such exigences not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting; never, never rest.

But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consists the joy,
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word:
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
"That makes three members, this can choose a
"may'r."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat,
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day;
Go, drive the deer, and drag the finny prey,
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Ruffel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd "happy dog" the beggar at his door;
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.

Or shall we every decency confound,
Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,

From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first;
Or, better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I. BOOK II.

To Augustus.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the muse from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Opprest we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
As heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd,
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's kirk o'er the Green:
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our fires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well:
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If

If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute, and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?

"Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
"I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and
Or damn to all eternity at once, [found?
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By courtesy of England, he may do." [bare,
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe;
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier. [bill

Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry playhouse
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art!
But still I love the language of his heart.

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
"What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
"In all debates where critics bear a part,
"Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
"Of Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit,
"How Beaumont's judgment check'd what
"Fletcher writ;

"How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow;
"But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
"These, only these, support the crowded stage,
"From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say, our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now no heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.

Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like flashing Bentley, with his desp'rate hook;
Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er),

One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams thro' many
a page,

Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd not as bad, but news
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires;
And, to debase the sons, exalts the fires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient
Or what remain'd so worthy to be read [now?
By learned critics of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
"All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'ex-
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell; [cel;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ Romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm;
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvas stole

The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.

Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;

T

To

To theatres and to rehearsals throng;
And all our grace at table is a song!
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie;
Not — 's self e'er tells more fibs than I:
When, sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more.
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to shew our wit.

He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Even Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.)

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state;
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter,
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me shew, a poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue,
What's long, or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse from courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison's remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd:
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper muse?

Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.

The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
With feasts and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left the sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rang'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some, more
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. [nice,
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;

Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join }
The varying verse, the full resounding line, }
The long majestic march, and energy divine. }
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Shew'd us that France had something to admire:
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But, in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our poets' work is done;
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.

O you!

O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewel the stage! if, just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the Pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black Joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords
(Taste, that eternal wanderer! which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)!
The play stands still! damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure the people, are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd
Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
“But has he spoken?” Not a syllable.

“What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's longwig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.”

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favour of the Great:
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their
How shall we fill a library with wit, [spring?
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My Liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:

The season when to come and when to go,
To sing or cease to sing, we never know;
And, if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the King;
And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land;
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once, for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great Sir! (so many virtues shewn)
Ah think what Poet best may make them known!
Or choose at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd

Quarles;

Which made old Ben and surly Denis swear,
“No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear.”
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of King or conq'ring Chief
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you
fought!

Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the
sword!

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in
sleep;

Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne.
But Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,
But most of all the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write;
That, when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
“Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise.”
Well may he blush who gives it or receives;
And, when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

EPISTLE II. BOOK II.

DEAR colonel, Cobham's and your country's
 You love a verse, take such as I can send, [friend!
 A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
 Bows and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois:
 "Observe his shape how clean, his locks how
 "curl'd!
 "My only son, I'd have him see the world:
 "His French is pure; his voice too—you shall
 "hear,
 "Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pounds a year.
 "Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
 "Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please:
 "A perfect genius at an opera song—
 "To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
 "Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
 "His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
 "But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
 "Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
 "Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 "And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
 "The fault he has I fairly shall reveal;
 " (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal."
 If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
 'Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
 Who sent the thief, that stole the cash, away,
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.
 Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you, when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent?
 Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
 In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a castle wall,
 Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
 "Prodigious well!" his great commander cried;
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
 "Go on, my friend (he cried) see yonder walls!
 "Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 "More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 "D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot?
 "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
 Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
 Besides my father taught me, from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad:
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove),
 But knottier points we knew not half so well
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;

And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
 Denied all posts of profit or of trust;
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papist fail'd,
 While mighty William's thund'ring arm pre-
 For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd, [vail'd.
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
 And me the Muses help to undergo it;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
 But (thanks to Homer)! since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
 If I would scribble rather than repose.

Years following years steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;
 In one our frolics, one amusements end,
 In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
 This subtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses now stand still?

But, after all, what would you have me do,
 When out of twenty I can please not two;
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg.
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartincuf detests.

But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
 In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and
 friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:
 A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
 There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.

"Oh! but a Wit can study in the streets,
 "And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite so well however as one ought;
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.

Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass;
 And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Even to their own S-r-v-ance in a car?

Go, lofty Poet! and in such a crowd
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas! to grottos and to groves we run;
 To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son:

Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? [before?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd

The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives seven years complete,
 See! strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
 So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air!

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
Shall I in London act this idle part?

Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?

The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls, [Rolls
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.

'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your elo-
quence;" [bot's sense.]

"Yours, Cowper's manners;" and "Yours, Tal-

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit;
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave to see
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we

"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do, [please.

"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,

"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."

Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace

'This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite

To court applause, by printing what I write:

But, let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough

To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain bad Rhymers all mankind reject, [spect:

They treat themselves with most profound re-

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue;

Each, prais'd within, is happy all day long:

But how severely with themselves proceed

The men who write such Verse as we can read!

Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare

That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care.

How'er unwillingly it quits its place,

Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:

Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,

In downright charity revive the dead;

Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,

Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;

Command old words that long have slept, to awake,

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;

Or bid the new be English, ages hence,

(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,

Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,

Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue: }

Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,

But shew no mercy to an empty line:

Then polish all with so much life and ease,

You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:

"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;

"As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,

Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool:

Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease;

It gives men happiness or leaves them ease.

There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)

A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;

Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:

In all but this, a man of sober life,

Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;

Not quite a madman tho' a pasty fell,

And much too wise to walk into a well.

Him the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,

They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short,

they cur'd:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare—

My friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care.

That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,

Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:

Wisdom, curse on it! will come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull:

I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,

I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind;

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my country door,

My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;

Thoughts which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,

Meet and rejoin me in the pensive Grot;

There all alone, and compliments apart,

I ask these sober questions of my heart:

If, when the more you drink, the more you
crave,

You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,

The more you want, why not with equal ease

Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?

The heart resolves this matter in a trice:

"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,

You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil;

When servile Chaplains cry that birth and place

Endue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,

Look if that breast, most dirty D—! be fair;

Say, can you find out one such lodger there?

Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,

You go to Church to hear these flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,

A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,

The wisest man might blush, I must agree,

If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in Law, and Use can give

A Property, that's yours on which you live.

Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford

Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord;

All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,

His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:

He bought at thousands what with better wit

You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;

Now, or long since, what difference will be found?

You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men

Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,

Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat:

Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.

Yet these are Wights who fondly call their own

Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town

The Laws of God, as well as of the land,

Abhor a Perpetuity should stand:

Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wouldst thou
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave. [have?
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswold hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let rising granaries and temples here,
Their mingled farms and pyramids appear;
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak;
Inclose whole downs in walls—'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases, sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heaven there
are,

Who if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll
Two of a face as soon as of a mind. [find

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one [fun;
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's
mines:

Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
Bows, and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driven by strong Benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will:
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; his great End the same,

Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd if sordid want be far away.

What is't to me (a passenger, God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger;
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth:
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad—the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?

With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th'unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no fountains, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age [fill:
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage.
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

§ 21. *Epilogues to the Satires. In two Dialogues.*
POPE.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in
print;

And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ;
And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.

Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace, long before ye,
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
"Tory;"

Aud taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice*:
Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,
Blunt could *do business*, H-ggins *knew the town*;
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*,
In rev'rend Bishops note some *small neglects*;
And own the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
Who cropp'd our ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of *screen*.
But, 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill exchang'd for Pow'r,
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come—at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is—I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes, with *Scripture* still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;

A Joke

A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*,
Who never chang'd his principle, or wig;
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
"His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why answer, Lyttleton; and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury;
But well may put some statesman in a fury.

Laugh then at any but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends; and, if your friends are
fore,

So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu, distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense,
The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense*;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
So Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a-God's name, ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave D—re.
Silent and soft as saints remov'd to heaven,
All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King! [port,
There, where no passion, pride, or shame trans-
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court,
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's dis-
grace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:

But, past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heaven forbid that I should blast
their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns died, could scarce be
vext,

Consider'ing what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in Slaves, and av'rice in Kings;
And at a Peer or Peerefs shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of *Vice* be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will? [skill?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things!)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd demand's a nation's care;
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on *gin*.

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff in doctrine—yea in life;
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a whore:
Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more;
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance; behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That *not to be corrupted is the shame*.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!

See all our nobles begging to be slaves !
 See all our fools aspiring to be knaves !
 The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore :
 All, all look up, with reverential awe,
 At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law ;
 While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry :
 " Nothing is sacred now but villany."

Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
 Shew there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my friend ! to morrow, 'faith, it
 And for that very cause I print to day. [may ;
 How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
 In rev'rence to the sins of *Thirty-nine* !

Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain ;
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash ;
 Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
 Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir ! not damn the sharper, but the
 Come on then, satire ! general, unconfin'd [dice ?
 Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
 Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all !
 Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall !
 Ye rev'rend Atheists—F. Scandal ! name them ;
 who ?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
 Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
 I never nam'd ; the town's enquiring yet.

F. The pois'ning dame, you mean.—P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you !
 The bribing statesman.—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector.—F. There you stoop
 too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with
 what ;

Tell me which knave is lawful game, which not ?
 Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
 Like royal harts, be never more run down ?
 Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
 As beasts of nature may we hunt the 'squires ?
 Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
 To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean ?

F. A Dean, Sir ? no ; his fortune is not made ;
 You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
 Much less the 'prentice who to morrow may.
 Down, down proud satire ! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
 Arraign no mightier thief than wretched *Wild* ;
 Or, if a court or country's made a job,
 Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice !)
 The matter's weighty, pray consider twice :
 Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
 The poor and friendless villain, than the great ?
 Alas ! the small discredit of a bribe
 Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.

Then better sure it Charity becomes
 To tax Directors, who, thank God, have plums ;
 Still better Ministers ; or, if the thing
 May pinch even there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop ! stop !

P. Must satire, then, not rise nor fall ?

Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike ? why the man was hang'd ten years
 ago ;

Who now that obsolete example fears ?

Even Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What always Peter ? Peter thinks you mad ;
 You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad :
 Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k !

P. Do I wrong the man ?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
 When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
 And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name ?
 Pleas'd let me own, in *Essex's* peaceful grove
 (Where *Kent* and nature vie for *Pelham's* love),
 The scene, the master, op'ning to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew !

Even in a Bishop I can spy desert ;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a heart :
 Manners with candour are to *Benson* given ;
 To *Berkley* ev'ry virtue under Heaven.

But does the Court a worthy man remove ?
 That instant, I declare, he has my love :
 I shun his zenith, court his mild decline ;
 Thus *Somers* once and *Halifax* were mine.
 Oft, in the clear still mirror of retreat,
 I studied *Shrewsbury*, the wise and great ;
Carleton's calm sense and *Stanhope's* noble flame
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same.
 How pleasing *Atterbury's* softer hour !
 How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r ?
 How can I *Pultney*, *Chesterfield* forget,
 While Roman spirit charms, and attic wit ?
Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the senate and the field :
 Or *Wyndham*, just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions, and his own :
 Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with
 their train ;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
 Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.

Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays ;
 I follow *Virtue* ; where she shines, I praise ;
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
 Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not
 grave)

Have still a secret bias to a knave :
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended ?

P. Not so fierce ;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.

But

But random praise—the task can ne'er be done :
 Each mother asks it for her booby son :
 Each widow asks it for *the best of men* ;
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
 Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground :
 The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
 Dare they to hope a poet for their friend—
 What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain;
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain?

No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;
 No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line;
 O let my country's friends illumine mine!
 —What are you thinking? F. 'Faith, the
 thought's no sin;

I think your friends are out, and would be in.
 P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow.

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
 Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lie.

Cobham's a coward, Polwart is a slave;
 And Lyttleton a dark, designing knave;
 St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
 But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull;
 Has never made a friend in private life,
 And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I
 Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name? [blame?
 Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
 O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy *Turine*?

What, shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
 When Paxton gives him double pots and pay;
 Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
 To break my windows if I treat a friend;
 Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt;
 But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the
 Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules [dirt?
 Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
 Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
 His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
 To see a footman kick'd that took his pay :
 But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
 Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
 The prudent gen'ral turn'd it to a jest, [rest:
 And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the
 Which not at present having time to do— [you?
 F. Hold, sir, for God's sake, where's th' affront to
 Against your worship when had S—k writ?
 Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
 Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend
 (*In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend*)

To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
 What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
 The Priest whose flattery bedropp'd the Crown,
 How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
 And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
 Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom
 it came;

Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
 Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
 Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
 As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
 If one thro' nature's bounty, or his lord's,
 Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind:
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
 The last full fairly gives it to the *House*.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does flatt'ry mine:

And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
 But hear me farther—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot
 write;

And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
 Must never Patriot then declaim at gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemmer quite escape the rod,
 Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of good to bad.
 When truth or virtue an affront endures,
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be
 Mine, as a foe profess to false pretence, [yours.
 Who think a Coxcomb's honour like his sense;
 Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
 And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave;

So impudent, I own myself no knave;
 So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
 Men not afraid of God afraid of me:
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.
 O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence;
 Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
 To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide;
 Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
 To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
 To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his stall.
 Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
 All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings,
 All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last address.

When

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue's*
shrine,

Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of *Eternity*.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mornington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unfulfilled mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine);
Let *Envy* howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let *Flattery* sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And, for that cause which made your fathers
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line. [shine,

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

§ 22. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. POPE.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August; and, in short,
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'ral black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in ev'ry place?
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!

"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.

My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotfman does his plums.
"Pray, take them, sir; enough's a feast:
"Eat some, and pocket up the rest."
What, rob your boys, those pretty rogues?
"No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.

Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or shou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say; you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my Constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety.
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weazel once made shift to sink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink;
But, having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so;
"Lean as you came, sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cried (enough for me),
My bread, and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life:
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well;
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor—
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story:
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

SATIRE VI.

The first part imitated in the year 1714 by Dr. Swift; the latter part added afterwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well,

Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;
 ' But here a grievance seems to lie,
 ' All this is mine but till I die;
 ' I can't but think 't would sound more clever
 " To me, and to my heirs for ever."
 ' If I ne'er got or lost a groat
 ' By any trick or any fault;
 ' And if I pray by reason's rules,
 ' And not like forty other fools,
 ' As thus: " Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
 " To grant me this and t' other acre;
 " Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
 " Direct my plough to find a treasure;"
 ' But only what my station fits,
 ' And to be kept in my right wits:
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 ' Just what you gave me, competence:
 ' And let me in these shades compose
 ' Something in verse as true as prose;
 ' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 ' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent;
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found;
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good, Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day;
 And find his Honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
 How should I thrust myself between?
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,
 " I thought the Dean had been too proud
 " To jostle here among a crowd."

Another, in a surly fit,
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 " But rudely press before a Duke."
 I own I am pleas'd with this rebuke,
 And take it kindly meant to shew
 What I desire the world should know,

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case,
 That begs my int'rest for a place:
 A hundred other men's affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears.

" To-morrow my appeal comes on;
 " Without your help the cause is gone—"
 The Duke expects my Lord and you,
 About some great affairs, at two—
 " Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
 " To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
 " Consider, 'tis my first request,"
 Be satisfied, I'll do my best:
 Then presently he falls to tease,
 " You may for certain, if you please;
 " I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
 " And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
 'Tis (let me see) three years and more
 (October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend,
 And chose me for a humble friend;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that;
 As, 'What's o'clock?', and 'How's the wind?'
 ' Whose chariot's that we left behind?'
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country signs;
 Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day
 ' From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
 Such tattle often entertains
 My Lord and me as far as Stains;
 As once a week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to Town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well:
 " How think you of our friend the Dean?
 " I wonder what some people mean;
 " My Lord and he are grown so great,
 " Always together *tête-à-tête*;
 " What, they admire him for his jokes—
 " See but the fortune of some folks!"
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at Court:
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
 " You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
 " Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
 " Or do the prints and papers lie?"
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 " Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
 " 'Tis now no secret"—I protest
 'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
 " When are the troops to have their pay?"
 And, tho' I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
 They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.

Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
 My choicest hours of life are lost;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my country seat!
 There, leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the court and town.
 Oh charming noons, and nights divine!
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,

My friends above, my folks below,
 Chatting and laughing all a-row,
 The beans and bacon set before 'em,
 The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And even the very dogs at ease!
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the houses:
 But something much more our concern,
 And quite a scandal not to learn:
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of merit, or a miser?
 Whether we ought to choose our friends
 For their own worth, or our own ends?
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what, the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A tale extremely *à propos*;
 Name a town life, and in a trice
 He had a story of two mice.
 Once on a time, so runs the fable,
 A country mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
 Just as a farmer might a lord.
 A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul:
 Knew what was handsome, and would do 't,
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
 He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
 But shew'd his breeding and his wit:
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried: "I vow you're mighty neat."
 "But, Lord! my friend, the savage scene!"
 "For God's sake, come and live with men:"
 "Consider, mice like men must die,
 "Both small and great, both you and I:
 "Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 "This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:
 'Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place where, if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might shew it;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors:
 But let it, in a word, be said,
 The moon was up, and men a bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red:
 The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,
 "*Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*"
 "That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing;
 "Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain?
 He stuffs and swills; and stuffs again.
 "I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
 "To eat so much—but all's so good!
 "I have a thousand thanks to give—
 "My Lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
 "A rat! a rat! clap to the door!"—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor!
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods, to save them in a trice!
 (It was by Providence, they think,
 For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
 "An't please your Honour," quoth the peasant,
 "This same dessert is not so pleasant:
 "Give me again my hollow tree,
 "A crust of bread and liberty!"

ODE I. BOOK IV.

To Venus.

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne,
 Ah found no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
 Mother too fierce of dear desires!
 Turn, turn, to willing hearts your wanton fires,
 To *number five* direct your doves, [loves;
 There spread round Murray all your blooming
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent, part;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 Then shall thy form the marble grace
 (Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face:
 His house embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither the silver sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves and young desires:
 There ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
 There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire!
 The still-believing, still renew'd desire;
 Adieu, the heart-expanding bowl!
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!

But

But why? ah tell me, ah, too dear!
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
 Thee, drest in fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow thro' th' extended dream;
 Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah cruel! from my arms;
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 Or softly glide by the Canal;
 Now shewn by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
 Which sounds the silver Thames along,
 Taught on the wings of truth to fly,
 Above the reach of vulgar song.
 Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
 In Spenser native muses play;
 Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
 Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.
 Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd;
 These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
 And those new heavens and systems fram'd.
 Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
 They had no poet, and they died;
 In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
 They had no poet, and are dead.

§ 23. *A Panegyric to my Lord Protector, of the present Greatness, and joint Interest, of his Highness and this Nation.* WALLER.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
 You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
 Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe;
 Make us unite, and make us conquer too:
 Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
 Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign;
 And own no liberty, but where they may
 Without controul upon their fellows prey:
 Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face
 To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
 So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
 Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress'd.
 Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
 Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
 The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
 And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.
 The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
 With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
 Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
 Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.
 Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
 To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
 In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
 The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
 By the rude ocean from the continent,
 Or thus created; it was sure design'd
 To be the sacred refuge of mankind.
 Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
 Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
 And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
 But for the world's Protector shall be known.
 Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
 Through ev'ry land that near the ocean lies;
 Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
 To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
 Might hope to lift her head above the rest;
 What may be thought impossible to do
 By us, embraced by the Sea and You?
 Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
 Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
 And ev'ry coast may trouble or relieve;
 But none can visit us without your leave.
 Angels and we have this prerogative,
 That none can at our happy seats arrive;
 While we descend at pleasure to invade
 The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.
 Our little world, the image of the great,
 Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
 Of her own growth hath all that nature craves;
 And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.
 As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
 But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
 So what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
 Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.
 The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
 Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
 Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
 And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
 Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims:
 Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
 We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.
 Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
 Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
 Rome, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flown,
 Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
 France-conqu'ring Henry, flourish'd; and now
 You;

For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
 Till Alexander came to urge their fate.
 When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
 He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
 Another yet; a world reserv'd for you
 To make more great than that he did subdue.
 He safely might old troops to battle lead,
 Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede;
 Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
 More spoils than honour to the victor yield.
 A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
 The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
 Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
 Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind :
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your Grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one :
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state ;
While by your valour, and your bounteous
Nations divided by the sea are join'd. [mind,

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent :
She from her fellow provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news ;
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar :
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease ;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace :
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone :
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear ;
But man alone can whom he conquers spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both :
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread ;
The only cure which could from heaven come
down,

Was so much pow'r and piety in one !

One, whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine :
The meanest, in your nature mild and good ;
The noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these ;
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live ;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you ;

Chang'd like the world's great scene! when with-
out noise

The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story ;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found ; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage :
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars ;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them
lord,

What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was
To rule victorious armies, but by you ?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose :
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast ;
So England now does, with like toil oppress'd,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses with such notes as these
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace !
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight ;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won :
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did
choke

Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.
Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse :

Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing ;
But there, my Lord ! we'll bays and olive bring
To crown your head ; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside ;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

§ 24. *Cooper's Hill.* DENHAM.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.

Nor

Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse* whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height:
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;
Secure whilst thee the best of poets sing,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And, like a mist, beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the
Seem at this distance but a darker cloud; [crowd,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, tho' several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Wind for the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
To invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic tow'rs doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that numerous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Wind for; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute,
(Though this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove),
(Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whoso'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son †,
(The lilies which his father wore he won),
And thy Bellona ‡, who the comfort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king §,
And brought that son which did the second bring §.
Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move,
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success),
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act, her will;
That from those kings, who then thy captives
In after-times should spring a royal pair, [were,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood which thou and thy great grandfire
And all that since these sister nations bled, [shed,
Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel and prophecy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!).
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was 't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [more:
Were these their crimes? They were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name,
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming, good:
Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name.
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And

* Mr. Waller.

† Edward III. and the Black Prince.

‡ Queen Philippa.

§ § The kings of France and Scotland.

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
 Then did religion in a lazy cell,
 In empty airy contemplations dwell;
 And, like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours.
 Is there no temperate region can be known
 Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
 Could we not wake from that legarthic dream,
 But to be restless in a worse extreme?
 And for that lethargy was there no cure,
 But to be cast into a calenture?
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance;
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,
 Than led by a false guide to err by day?
 Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
 What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
 But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
 This desolation, but a Christian king;
 When nothing but the name of zeal appears
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
 What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
 When such th' effects of our devotions are?
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
 Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
 My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
 Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old fire, to his embraces runs;
 Hastening to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring:
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers who their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, or mock the plowman's toil:
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free and common, as the sea or wind;
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
 Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;

Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars*, and bathe the gods.
 Here nature, whether more intent to please
 Us for herself, with strange varieties
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight:
 Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move;
 For so our children, thus our friends we love),
 Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
 Such was the discord which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
 Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight:
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;
 Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest endears.
 This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
 Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
 All but a quick poetic sight escape.
 There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
 And thither all the horned host resorts
 To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
 Nature's great master-piece; to shew how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
 Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
 Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
 Attended to the chace by all the flow'r
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
 Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye nor heaven's should invade
 His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
 Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
 Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
 Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
 Confirms, that more than all his fears is true.

Betray'd

* The Forest.

Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
 He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
 His winged heels, and then his armed head;
 With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
 Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
 Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
 Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
 His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
 Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
 Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
 To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn;
 With shame remembers, while himself was one
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
 Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
 The scene of his past triumphs and his loves;
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
 Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
 And, like a bold knight errant, did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
 And taught the woods to echo to the stream
 His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
 Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
 Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
 But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage than his fear before;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends nor force,
 Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
 Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
 An element more merciless than they.
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood!
 So towards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
 Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
 So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds,
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assails, now those;
 Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
 By common hands; but if he can descry
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls:

So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chace,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair Liberty pursued *, and meant a prey
 To lawless pow'r, here turn'd and stood at bay.
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last,
 Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king and subject bear:
 Happy, when both to the same centre move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
 Till kings by giving give themselves away,
 And ev'n that pow'r that should deny betray.
 "Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles;
 "Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts,
 but spoils."
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their subjects by oppression bold;
 And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes: and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
 The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
 Their greedy hopes; and this he can endure.
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new or narrow course,
 No longer then within his banks he dwells;
 First to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars, [shores,
 And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his

§ 25. On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death, and Burial amongst the ancient Poets. DENHAM.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
 To us discovers day from far;
 His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
 Which our dark nation long involv'd;
 But, he descending to the shades,
 Darkness again the age invades.
 Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
 Whose purple blush the day foreshews;
 The other three with his own fires
 Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
 By Shakespear's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines
 Our stage's lustre Rome outshines;
 These poets near our princes sleep,
 And in one grave our mansion keep.
 They liv'd to see so many days,
 Till time had blasted all their bays;
 But curst be the fatal hour
 That pluck'd the fairest sweetest flower

U

That

That in the muse's garden grew,
 And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
 Time, which made their fame out-live,
 To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
 Old mother Wit and Nature gave
 Shakespear and Fletcher all they have;
 In Spenser, and in Jonson, art
 Of slower nature got the start;
 But both in him so equal are,
 None knows which bears the happiest share.
 To him no author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own;
 He melted not the ancient gold,
 Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
 To plunder all the Roman stores
 Of poets and of orators:
 Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
 He did not steal, but emulate!
 And when he would like them appear,
 Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
 He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
 Like Jason, brought the golden fleece;
 To him that language (though to none
 Of th' others) as his own was known.
 On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
 The Theban swan extends his wings:
 When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies,
 To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
 Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
 When on that gale his wings are stretch'd:
 His fancy and his judgment such,
 Each to the other seem'd too much;
 His severe judgment (giving law)
 His modest fancy kept in awe:
 As rigid husbands jealous are,
 When they believe their wives too fair.
 His English streams so pure did flow,
 As all that saw and tasted know.
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,
 Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
 That, were immortal Virgil here,
 Him for his judge he would not fear;
 Of that great portraiture, so true
 A copy pencil never drew.
 My muse her song had ended here,
 But both their Genii straight appear,
 Joy and amazement her did strike,
 Two twins she never saw so like.
 'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
 One soul might through more bodies pass:
 Seeing such transmigration there,
 She thought it not a fable here.
 Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
 Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
 And shew the world this parallel:
 Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
 Still turning over nature's books:
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine;
 They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
 Rustic philosophy rehearse.

When heroes, gods, or godlike kings
 They praise, on their exalted wings
 To the celestial orbs they climb,
 And with th' harmonious spheres keep time:
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
 Each drew fair characters, yet none
 Of these they feign'd excels their own.
 Both by two generous princes lov'd,
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busy throng retire.
 Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
 Car'd not to propagate their kind:
 Yet though both fell before their hour,
 Time on their offspring hath no pow'r;
 Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

§ 26. *An Essay on Translated Verse.*

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

HAPPY that author whose correct essay*
 Repairs so well our old Horatian way:
 And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
 On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
 And with strict discipline instructed right,
 Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
 But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
 Conspire to censure and expose our age;
 Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
 To the few virtues that we have, be just.
 For who have long'd or who have labour'd more
 To search the treasures of the Roman store,
 Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
 The noblest fruits, transplanted in our isle,
 With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
 Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
 And nature seconds all his soft desires:
 Theocritus does now to us belong;
 And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
 Who has not heard how Italy was blest
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
 Or Gallus' song so tender and so true,
 As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view! [hearse,
 When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis
 Who does not weep that reads the moving verse?
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
 Sicilian Muses through these happy plains
 Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo
 reigns!

When France had breath'd auster intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
 There (cultivated by a royal hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and bless'd the
 land;
 The choicest books that Rome or Greece have
 Her excellent translators made her own;
 And Europe still considerably gains
 Both by their good example and their pains.
 From hence our generous emulation came;
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.

But

* John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

But now we shew the world a nobler way,
And in translated verse do more than they;
Serene and clear harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be express'd in prose:
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill:
I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their
cares;

The fault is more their language's than theirs;
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages
shine.

I speak my private but impartial sense,
With freedom, and I hope without offence;
For I'll recant when France can shew me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is a nobler part;
But good translation is no easy art.
For though materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipon makes,
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes),
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound,
Sung lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he:
Exploded, when, with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd, and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.
Each poet with a diff'rent talent writes;
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend;
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your
No longer his interpreter, but he. [souls agree.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.

Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense. [stews,
What moderate sop would rake the Park or
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may
Variety of such is to be found: [choose?

Take then a subject proper to expound;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the list'ning world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill,
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded Gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, and auspicious flame, [came;
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing
But few, oh few, souls pre-ordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envied
No rebel Titan's sacrilegious crime, [height,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb;
The grisly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!

Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;

For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
 How many ages since has Virgil writ?
 How few are they who understand him yet!
 Approach his altars with religious fear,
 No vulgar deity inhabits there:
 Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
 Than poets should before their Mantuan god:
 Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame;
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse; [the Muse!
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire
 What I have instant'd only in the best,
 Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
 Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
 There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar;
 Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
 Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
 Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
 The multitude is always in the wrong.
 When things appear unnatural or hard,
 Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
 Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
 And future ages to your labour owe?
 Such secrets are not easily found out;
 But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
 Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast
 And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.
 Truth still is one; truth is divinely bright;
 No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
 While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
 You may confound, but never can translate.
 Your style will this through all disguises shew,
 For none explain more clearly than they know.
 He only proves he understands a text,
 Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
 They who too faithfully on names insist,
 Rather create than dissipate the mist;
 And grow unjust by being over-nice
 (For superstitious virtue turns to vice).
 Let Crassus' * ghost and Labienus tell
 How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell:
 Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
 That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.
 Words in one language elegantly us'd,
 Will hardly in another be excus'd.
 And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
 May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
 The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
 Shews a translator both discreet and bold.
 Excursions are inexpiably bad;
 And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
 Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
 With painful care, but seeming easiness;
 For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest
 dress.
 Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
 Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait;
 Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
 As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
 Your author always will the best advise,
 Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.

Affected noise is the most wretched thing
 That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
 Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
 On even syllables (and still the last),
 Though gross innumerable faults abound,
 In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
 But this is meant of even verse alone,
 As being most harmonious and most known:
 For if you will unequal numbers try,
 There accents on odd syllables must lie.
 Whatever sister of the learned Nine
 Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
 Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
 She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
 But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
 And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
 You lose the fruit of all your former care
 For the sad prospect of a just despair.
 A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
 Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
 As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
 The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
 Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
 Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
 And largely what she wants in words supplies,
 With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
 But what a thoughtless animal is man!
 How very active in his own trepan!
 For greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
 Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
 From saving women, falls to killing men.
 Another such had left the nation thin,
 In spite of all the children he brought in.
 His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
 And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
 His name struck every where as great a damp
 As Archimedes' through the Roman camp.
 With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
 But now repentance came too late for grace;
 And meagre famine star'd him in the face:
 Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
 But found no husband left to own a child.
 The friends that got the brats were poison'd too;
 In this sad case what could our vermin do?
 Worried with debts, and past all hope of bail,
 Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail:
 And there with basket-aims scarce kept alive,
 Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.
 I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy pamper'd heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse.
 'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a muse;
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose:
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.

No poet any passion can excite, [write.
But what they feel transport them when they
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard the impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And panting, Lo! the god, the god, she cries;
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling
thro' the ground.

But, tho' we must obey when Heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There, cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force, urg'd his impetuous
way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it—
Absurd expressions, crude abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives, to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days
Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was study's art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight,
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience when, with saucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers tried.
Reverse of nature; shall such copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen;
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules?

The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense;
The sound is still a comment to the sense.
A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.

This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from Heaven, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the flight maintain'd,
And what two generals lost, a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poesy together rise.

True poets are the guardians of the state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the vestal, but the muse's fire;
Heaven joins the blessings: no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults rhyme is perhaps the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws;
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invader's way.

I grant that, from some mossy idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rights restore,
And be what Rome or Athens were before?

* Have you forgot how Raphael's numerous prose
'Led our exalted souls thro' heavenly camps,
'And mark'd the ground where proud apostate
' thrones

'Defied Jehovah! here, 'twixt host and host,
'(A narrow, but a dreadful interval)

'Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
'Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
'Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.

'There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
'Dispers'd ethereal forms, and down they fell
'By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd;
'Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
'Which (with their ponderous load, rocks,
' waters, woods),

'From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops,
'They bore like shields before them through the
' air, [foes.

'Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their
'All was confusion, heaven's foundation shook,
'Threat'ning no less than universal wreck;

'For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
'And over-press'd whole legions weak with sin.
'Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,

'Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
'And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious
'(Effulgence of paternal deity!) [Son

'Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
'Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
'And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.'

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And sing loud peans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,

U 3

And

And in the Roman majesty appear, [near.
Which none know better, and none come so

§ 27. *Absalom and Achitophel.* DRYDEN.

IN pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd!
When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before.
But since, like slaves, his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny, was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway,
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er,
And Ammon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd;
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please,
Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise:
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but Savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;

Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a gen'ral shout proclaim'd him king:
Those very Jews, who at their very best
Their humour more than loyalty express'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf of state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor int'rest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side:
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government;
Impoverish'd, and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.

This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise. [lies;
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
Such favourable deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.

By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds,
So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts even the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So sev'ral factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought
wise,

Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great; and thrown from
Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence. [thence
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high:
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He fought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a Son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this, the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!

Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge:
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more
clean,

Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access,
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand:
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.

Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes:
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet, he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.

For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.

Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.

Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these:

Auspicious prince! at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land;
Whose dawning day, in ev'ry distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's
dream!

Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, blest:
Swift unespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy
name.

How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools that feed on praise;

Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
 Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
 Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate;
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
 For human good depends on human will,
 Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
 And from the first impression takes the bent:
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
 Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,
 And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
 But shun th' example of declining age:
 Behold him setting in his western skies,
 The shadows length'ning as the vapours rise.
 He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
 The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
 Covering the beach, and blackening all the
 strand;
 But, like the prince of angels, from his height
 Comestumbling downward with diminish'd light;
 Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn;
 Our only blessing since his curs'd return:
 Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
 Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
 What strength can he to your designs oppose,
 Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
 If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
 A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
 Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;
 Foment the war, but not support the king:
 Nor would the royal party e'er unite
 With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
 Or, if they should, their int'rest soon would break,
 And with such odious aid make David weak.
 All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
 Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts
 From David's rule; and 'tis their general cry,
 Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
 If you, as champion of the public good,
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause
 Might such a gen'ral gain by such a cause?
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r
 Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
 And nobler is a limited command,
 Given by the love of all your native land,
 Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
 What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
 When flattery soothes, and when ambition blinds?
 Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
 Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
 In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
 Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
 Too full of angel's metal in his frame,

Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
 Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with
 praise.
 Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
 For royal blood within him struggled still,
 He thus replied:—And what pretence have I
 To take up arms for public liberty?
 My father governs with unquestion'd right;
 The faith's defender, and mankind's delight:
 Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
 And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
 What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
 Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
 Inclined to mercy, and averse from blood.
 If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
 His crime is God's beloved attribute.
 What could he gain his people to betray,
 Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
 Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
 His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train:
 If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
 The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
 Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
 Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
 Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
 Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
 Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands:
 The people might assert their liberty;
 But what was right in them were crime in me.
 His favour leaves me nothing to require,
 Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
 What more can I expect while David lives?
 All but his kingly diadem he gives:
 And that—but here he paus'd; then, sighing,
 said—
 Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
 For when my father from his toils shall rest,
 And late augment the number of the blest,
 His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
 Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
 His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
 Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
 Of ev'ry royal virtue stands possess;
 Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
 His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
 His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
 His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find;
 For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
 Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
 Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
 Yet, oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
 Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind!
 To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
 And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
 I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
 And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
 Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,
 Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.

Him

Him staggering so when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her
ground,

He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shewn,
Such virtue's only giv'n to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.

'Tis true, he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to
If not when kings are negligent or weak? [break,
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
And ev'ry shekel which he can receive
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.

To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
To pass your doubtful title into law:
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If alt'ring that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.

The Jews well know their pow'r: ere Saul they
choose,

God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'en Heaven submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your gen'rous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him king?
It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son,
What means he then to alienate the crown?

The name of Godly he may blush to bear
Is 't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp on which he thumps his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who least complains:
And like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
Heshoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.

Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time;
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes.
And, who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may controul.
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.

If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws.

He said: and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride.
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bless'd all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites;
Whose diff'ring parties he could wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design,
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.

By

By these the springs of property were bent,
 And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
 The next for int'rest fought t' embroil the state,
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
 And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
 Pretending public good to serve their own.
 Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
 Who cost too much, and did too little good.
 These were for laying honest David by,
 On principles of pure good husbandry.
 With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
 That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
 Who follow next, a double danger bring,
 Not only hating David, but the king.
 The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old
 In godly faction, and in treason bold;
 Cow'ring and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
 But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
 Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
 And scorn'd by Jebusites to be undone.
 Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
 From th' ark, which in the judge's days they bore.
 Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry
 Pursued their old belov'd theocracy:
 Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
 And justified their spoils by inspiration:
 For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
 If once dominion they could found in grace?
 These led the pack, though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
 A num'rous host of dreaming saints succeed,
 Of the true old enthusiastic breed;
 'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,
 Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
 But far more numerous was the herd of such
 Who think too little, and who talk too much;
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
 And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
 The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
 Born to be sav'd, ev'n in their own despite,
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
 Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
 A man so various that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
 Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman! who could ev'ry hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
 Railing and praising were his usual themes:
 And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes:
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That ev'ry man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert,
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.

He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 't were tedious to rehearse,
 Of lords, below the dignity of verse.

Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the
 best:

Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.
 And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
 The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb,
 Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
 Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
 Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse;
 Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king,
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath but for gain:
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the government.
 Thus heaping wealth by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
 The city to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold;
 During his office treason was no crime;
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time;
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them;
 And, if they curs'd the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company;
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suff'ring saint from human laws.
 For laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from pow'r,
 Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
 His business, was, by writing to persuade
 That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
 And, that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
 The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd;
 His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot;
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
 For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.

With

With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.
 To speak the rest who better are forgot,
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
 Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
 From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
 Prodigious actions may as well be done
 By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
 This arch-attestor for the public good,
 By that one deed, ennobles all his blood.
 Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
 Ours was a Levite; and as times went then,
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud;
 Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud;
 His long chin prov'd his wit; his faint-like grace
 A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
 His memory, miraculously great,
 Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat:
 Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
 For human wit could never such devise.
 Some future truths are mingled in his book;
 But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke;
 Some things like visionary flights appear;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
 And gave him his rabinnical degree,
 Unknown to foreign university.
 His judgment yet his memory did excel;
 Which pierc'd his wondrous evidence so well,
 And suited to the temper of the times,
 Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
 Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
 And rashly judge his writ apochryphal;
 Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:
 He takes his life who takes away his trade.
 Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an appendix of my plot.
 His zeal to Heaven made him his prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities.
 But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
 What others in his evidence did join,
 The best that could be had for love or coin,
 In Corah's own predicament will fall:
 For Witness is a common name to all.
 Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry sort,
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:
 Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fir'd with near possession of a crown,
 Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
 On each side bowing popularly low:
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their names.
 Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
 Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.
 I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;
 Though far unable to prevent your fate:
 Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
 Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
 My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;
 And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
 Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give my right away:
 But why should he his own and yours betray?
 He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his
 eyes),
 'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies:
 No court-informer can these arms accuse;
 These arms may sons against their fathers use:
 And 'tis my wish the next successor's reign
 May make no other Israelite complain.
 Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
 But common int'rest always will prevail:
 And pity never ceases to be shown
 To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
 The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
 With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
 Who now begins his progress to ordain
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
 From east to west his glories he displays,
 And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
 Fame runs before him as the morning star,
 And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
 Each house receives him as a guardian god,
 And consecrates the place of his abode.
 But hospitable treats did most commend
 Wise Isiachar, his wealthy western friend.
 This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
 And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;
 Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
 To sound the depths, and fathom where it went.
 The people's hearts, distinguish friends from foes,
 And try their strength before they came to blows.
 Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
 Of specious love and duty to their prince.
 Religion, and redress of grievances,
 Two names that always cheat and always please,
 Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
 Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
 Thus in a pageant show a plot is made;
 And peace itself is war in masquerade.

Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
 Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
 Did ever men forsake their present ease;
 In midst of health imagine a disease;
 Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee;
 Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
 What shall we think? Can people give away,
 Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
 Then they are left defenceless to the sword
 Of each unbounded arbitrary lord:
 And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
 If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
 Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
 And kings are only officers in trust,
 Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
 When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
 If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
 By their own deed their own posterity,
 How then could Adam bind his future race?
 How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
 Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
 Then kings are slaves to those whom they com-
 mand,
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
 Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd
 Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
 For who can be secure of private right,
 If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
 Nor is the people's judgment always true:
 The most may err as grossly as the few;
 And faultless kings run down by common cry,
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
 What standard is there in a fickle rout,
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
 Nor only crowds, but sanhedrims may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
 But government itself, at length must fall
 To nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet, grant our lords the people kings can
 make,
 What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
 For whatsoever their sufferings were before,
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.
 All other errors but disturb a state;
 But innovation is the blow of fate.
 If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
 To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
 Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
 For all beyond it, is to touch the ark.
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
 Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue;
 At once divine and human laws controul,
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
 The tamp'ring world is subject to this curse,
 To physic their disease into a worse.
 Now what relief can righteous David bring?
 How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
 Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
 Who dare be such must be the people's foes.

Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
 Some let me name, and naming is to praise.
 In this short file Barzillai first appears;
 Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
 Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
 In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
 Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
 But sinking underneath his master's fate:
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
 For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
 The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
 Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart;
 Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
 The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
 Now more than half a father's name is lost.
 His eldest hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
 By me (so Heaven will have it) always mourn'd
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's
 B' unequal fates, and providence's crime: [prime
 Yet not before the goal of honour won,
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
 Swift was the race, but short the time to run. }
 Oh narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
 Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd:
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
 Oh ancient honour! oh unconquer'd hand,
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
 But Israel was unworthy of his name:
 Short is the date of all immod'rate fame.
 It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
 Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and
 starry pole:
 From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou
 bring,
 To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
 No pinions can pursue immortal height:
 Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
 Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
 If thou canst find on earth another he:
 Another he would be too hard to find;
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
 Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning pow'r and
 place,
 His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
 With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
 The prophet's sons, by such example led,
 To learning and to loyalty were bred:
 For colleges on bounteous kings depend;
 And never rebel was to arts a friend.
 To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
 Who best can plead, and best can judge, a cause.

Next

Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
 Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
 Himself a Muse: in sanhedrims debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
 Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
 That from his disobedient son were torn.
 Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
 Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
 To move assemblies, who but only tried
 The worse awhile, then chose the better side:
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress;
 In public storms of manly steadfastness:
 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
 And join'd experience to his native truth.
 His frugal care supplied the wanting throne;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow;
 But hard the task to manage well the low:
 For sovr'n reign pow'r is too depress'd or high,
 When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without title great:
 The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
 Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
 So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rather charioteers the feat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
 They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
 While he withdrawn at their mad labours smiles,
 And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
 Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
 And tempt th' united fury of the land.
 With grief they view'd such pow'rful engines
 bent

To batter down the lawful government:
 A num'rous faction, with pretended frights,
 In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
 The true successor from the court remov'd;
 The plot by hireling witnesses improv'd.
 These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
 They shew'd the king the danger of the wound:
 That no concessions from the throne would please,
 But lenitives fomented the disease:
 That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
 Was made the lure to draw the people down:
 That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
 Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state;
 The council violent, the rabble worse:
 That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
 And long revolving in his careful breast
 Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
 Thus from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
 The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
 His train their Maker in their master hear:

Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
 My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
 So willing to forgive th' offending age;
 So much the father did the king assuage.
 But now so far my clemency they slight,
 Th' offenders question my forgiving right:
 That one was made for many, they contend;
 But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
 They call my tenderness of blood my fear;
 Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
 Yet, since they will divert my native course,
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
 Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring
 Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
 Kings are the public pillars of the state,
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
 If my young Samson will pretend a call
 To shake the column, let him share the fall:
 But, oh! that yet he would repent and live!
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
 With how few tears a pardon might be won
 From nature, pleading for a darling son!
 Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
 Rais'd up to all the height his fame could bear:
 Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
 He would have given his soul another turn:
 Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern
 sense

Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
 The people's brave, the politician's tool;
 Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
 Whence comes it that religion and the laws
 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
 His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
 Was never thought endued with so much grace.
 Good heavens! how faction can a patriot paint!
 My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
 Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
 Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
 A king's at least a part of government;
 And mine as requisite as their consent:
 Without my leave a future king to choose,
 Infers a right the present to depose.
 True, they petition me to approve their choice:
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
 My pious subjects for my safety pray;
 Which to secure, they take my pow'r away.
 From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,
 But save me most from my petitioners!
 Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left, but with a jealous eye
 To guard the small remains of royalty?
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
 And the same law teach rebels to obey:
 Votes shall no more establish'd power controul,
 Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
 No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
 Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they prove;
 For Gods and godlike kings their care express,
 Still to defend their servants in distress.
 Oh, that my pow'r to saving were confin'd!
 Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my mind,
 To make examples of another kind?

Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
 Oh curst effects of necessary law!
 How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
 Beware the fury of a patient man.
 Law they require, let law then shew her face;
 They could not be content to look on grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
 To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
 By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed;
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
 Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
 And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
 Which was their principle of life before.
 Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
 Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
 Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
 In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
 Then let them take an unresisted course:
 Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
 But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
 And rise upon them with redoubled might:
 For lawful pow'r is still superior found;
 When long driven back, at length it stands the
 ground.

He said: th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
 Henceforth a series of new time began,
 The mighty years in long procession ran:
 Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
 And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

P A R T II.

"—Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
 Captus amore leget—"

In the year 1680, Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of king Charles II. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a Second Part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it: and that part beginning with

"Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,"
and ending with

"To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee,"
containing near two hundred verses, was entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed complete.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men, like beasts, each other's prey were
 made;
 Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade;
 Since realms were form'd, none surer so curst as
 those
 That madly their own happiness oppose;
 There Heaven itself, and godlike kings in vain
 Show'r down the manna of a gentle reign;

While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
 And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
 Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
 While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne,
 For now their sovereign's orders to condemn
 Was held the charter of Jerusalem;
 His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuse,
 A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
 As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
 And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!

Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
 Thus suited to the madness of the times;
 And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
 Of flatt'ring charms no longer stands in need;
 While, fond of change, tho' ne'er so dearly bought,
 Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
 His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
 And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
 Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
 He mounts, and spreads his streamers in the air.
 The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
 But what can our besotted Israel plead?
 Sway'd by a monarch whose serene command
 Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land,
 Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
 Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
 Yet as all folly would lay claim to sense,
 And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
 With arguments they'd make their treason good,
 And righteous David's self with slanders load:
 That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
 And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
 Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed;
 Nay we have seen their sacrifices bleed!
 Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
 While in the bounds of sense they did contain;
 But soon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
 And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
 For probable discoveries to dispense,
 Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
 Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
 Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
 No less than wonders now they will impose,
 And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
 Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
 Michal that ne'er was cruel even in thought,
 The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
 Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life!
 His life, the theme of her eternal pray'r,
 'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
 Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
 The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
 Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
 Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high:
 She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
 Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below:
 Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
 Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
 Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height
 Are threaten'd with her lord's approaching fate,
 The piety of Michal then remain
 In Heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
 Less desolation did the pest pursue
 That from Dan's limits to Beer-sheba flew,

Less

Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
 And less Jerusalem's avenging fire;
 With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
 Than since our evidencing days began!
 On ev'ry cheek a pale confusion sat,
 Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
 Trust was no more; art, science, useless made;
 All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
 Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
 If not for safety, needful yet for state.
 Well might the deem each peer and prince his slave,
 And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
 Even vice in him was virtue—what sad fate
 But for his honesty had seiz'd our state!
 And with what tyranny had we been curst,
 Had Corah never prov'd a villain first!
 'T have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in
 Had been, alas! to our deponent's loss: [gross,
 The travell'd Levite had th' experience got,
 To husband well, and make the best of 's plot;
 And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
 With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
 Not quite of future pow'r himself bereft,
 But limbo large for unbelievers left.
 And now his writ such reverence had got,
 'T was worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
 Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
 Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.
 Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
 But more for interest sake believe and swear:
 Even to that height with some the phrensy grew,
 They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
 Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
 Not urg'd by fear, nor thro' misguided sense—
 Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence—
 But for the good old cause that did excite
 Th' original rebel's wiles—revenge and spite.
 These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
 Upon the bright successor of the crown,
 Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursued,
 As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
 Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
 The cheated crown applaud and share their guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie
 Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
 The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
 Though still the charm the giddy rabble held.
 Even Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
 Of empire, and ambition's flatt'ring dreams,
 Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
 To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd:
 And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
 Thus to Achitophel his doubts express'd:

Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
 Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
 Not so when virtue did my arms require,
 And to my father's wars I flew entire.
 My regal pow'r how will my foes resent,
 When I myself have scarce my own consent!
 Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
 Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
 How slight to force a throne that legions guard
 The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!

And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
 What will it when the tragic scene is wrought,
 Dire war must first be conjur'd from below,
 The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow;
 And when the civil furies are on wing,
 That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
 Who knows what impious chance may reach
 the king?

Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
 Than have my crown the price of David's life!
 Or, if the tempest of the war he stand,
 In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
 His soul's anointed temple may invade,
 Or, press'd by clam'rous crowds, myself be made
 His murderer—rebellious crowds, whose guilt
 Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
 Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
 Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
 Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
 A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
 The same pretence of public good will hold,
 And new Achitophels be found as bold
 To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.

He said: the statesman with a smile replies,
 A smile that did his rising spleen disguise:
 My thoughts presum'd our labours at an end,
 And are we still with conscience to contend,
 Whose want in kings as needful is allow'd
 As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd?
 Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
 And only can be safe by pressing on.
 The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes;
 Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts.
 And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,
 Whose patience is th' effect of stinted pow'r,
 But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour;
 And, if remote the peril he can bring,
 Your present danger's greater from the king.
 Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
 Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
 Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
 To doom you little less than banishment,
 What rage must your presumption since inspire!
 Against his orders you return from Tyre.
 Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
 And open court of popularity,
 The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
 The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill!
 They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!
 Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
 Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
 The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
 But 'tis because you leave it unpursued.
 A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies;
 Whom reach, lay hold on death that miss the prize.
 Did you for this expose yourself to show,
 And to the crowd bow popularly low?
 For this your glorious progress next ordain,
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
 With fame before you like the morning star,
 And shouts of joy saluting from afar?
 Oh, from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,
 Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!

And

And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
Your single int'rest with the nation weigh'd;
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid!
Even when at helm a course so dang'rous mov'd
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.

I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies;
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim;
Who private int'rest never yet pursued,
But still pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate,
Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?
From hence on ev'ry humorous wind that
veer'd.

With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
What from a sway did David e'er pursue,
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
And who suspends fix'd laws, may abrogate;
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
Even property, whose champion now you stand,
And seem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But secret kept till your own banks secur'd.
Recount with this the triple cov'nant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counsels' fatal progress staid,
But sent our levied pow'rs to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror
made,

Even yet of such a season can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme,
For pow'r unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:
Whom with state-craft, to int'rest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.

To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let int'rest be the star by which you steer;
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose int'rest most in your advancement lies:
A tie so firm as always will avail,
When friendship, nature, and religion, fail.
On ours the safety of the crowd depends;
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends;
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence;
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;

For if succession once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king:
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's spow'rs so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince t' oppose his arms,
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops once up are tools for our design.
At least such subtle cov'nants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade.
Associations of mysterious sense,
Against, but seeming for, the king's defence—
E'en on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law:
By which a conquest if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our
stake.

He said; and for the dire success depends
On various sects, by common guilt made friends;
Whose heads, tho' ne'er so diff'ring in their creed,
I' th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,
Pursued by meagre troops of bankrupt heirs.
Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as usurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of spite;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the city he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to
shame

And scandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles and the stews:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i' th' preacher's or the bawd's arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone!
Protesting that he dares not sleep in 's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

"Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
Such stipends those vile hirelings best best,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit,
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas that keeps the rebels' pensive purse;

Judas

Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee,
 Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree;
 Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
 His college for a nursery of sects;
 Young prophets with an early care secures,
 And with the dung of his own arts manures?
 What have the men of Hebron here to do?
 What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?
 Here Phaleg the lay-Hebronite is come,
 'Cause like the rest he could not live at home;
 Who from his own possessions could not drain
 An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
 Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
 Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property:
 An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
 That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.
 Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
 The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
 Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
 Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
 A waiting man to travelling nobles chose,
 He his own laws would saucily impose;
 Till bastinadoed back again he went,
 To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
 Chastis'd he ought to have retreated home;
 But he reads politics to Absalom.
 For never Hebronite, tho' kick'd and scorn'd,
 To his own country willingly return'd.
 But, leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
 And to talk treason for his daily bread.
 Let Hebron, nay let hell, produce a man
 So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan;
 A Jew of humble parentage was he,
 By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
 His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd;
 But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd,
 To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
 And pick up single shekels from the grave.
 Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
 He could not live by God, so chang'd h's master:
 Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool;
 They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
 Still violent, whatever cause he took,
 But most against the party he forsook.
 For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
 So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains,
 To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
 But, as the devil owes all his imps a shame,
 He chose th' apostate for his proper theme;
 With little pains he made the picture true,
 And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
 A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
 In every age a murmuring generation;
 To trace them from their infancy of sinning,
 And shew them factious from their first beginning
 To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
 Much to the credit of the chosen flock:
 A strong authority, which must convince,
 That saints own no allegiance to their prince.
 As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
 To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
 But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
 The son that shew'd his father's nakedness:

Such thanks the present church thy pen will give
 Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
 Must ancient failings be examples made?
 Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
 As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
 Methinks th' apostate was the better man;
 And thy hot father, waving my respect,
 Not of a mother-church, but of a sect:
 And such he needs must be of thy inditing;
 This comes of drinking asses milk, and writing.
 If Balak should be call'd to leave his place,
 As profit is the loudest call of grace,
 His temple, dispossest'd of one, would be
 Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
 And shew rebellion bare, without a gown;
 Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
 Whose rhyme below ev'n David's Psalms translated.
 Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,
 As lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son:
 To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
 Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
 And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
 Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse;
 Who by my Muse to all succeeding times
 Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody;
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd thro' thick and thin,
 Thro' sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And, in one word, heroically mad:
 He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But fagotted his notions as they fell,
 And, if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well;
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature:
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to
 think,

All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot:
 The words for friend and foe alike were made;
 To fetter them in verse, is all his trade.
 For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother;
 And call young Absalom king David's brother.
 Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer since he nothing meant;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason;
 This animal's below committing treason;
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
 That's a preferment for Achitophel.
 The woman that committed buggery
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die;
 But 't was hard fate that to the gallows led
 The dog that never heard the statute read.
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him:
 Instinct he follows, and no farther knows;
 For to write verse with him is to transpose.
 'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
 Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
 Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
 Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse;

Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fire-works give him leave to vent his spite,
Those are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet-show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear:
And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treason-tavern rolling home.

Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og;
For every inch that is not fool, is rogue:

A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before curs'd him;
And, if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;

To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But tho' Heaven made him poor, with reverence
speaking,

He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—"Be thou dull;
Drink, swear, and roar; forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men;
A strong nativity—but for the pen!

Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink:

I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:

Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.

Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:

Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, tho' he's the poet's horse.

A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
For writing treason, and for writing dull:

To die for faction is a common evil;
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.

Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
Thy praises had been satire at the best;

But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:

I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?

But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom!

And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"

Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage

The wise and rich for purse and council brought;
The fools and beggars for their numbers sought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possess'd too small,
And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall:
Whose name the Muse disdain'd, holds i'th' dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;

With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue;
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew:

See where involv'd in common smoke they sit;
Some for our mirth, some for our satire fit:

These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent

Th' appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, no sense, any thing, t' employ the glass;

And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to shew their parts;

Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But, in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot:

The labours of this midnight magistrate
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state.

In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most pow'rful, dangerous weapon, gold;

And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods.

Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpris'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd:

Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:

For our wise rabble ne'er took pains to enquire
What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing fire.

With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;

So poor, that when our choosing tribes were met,
Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt;

For meat the wicked, and, as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;

Thus ev'ry shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's
pride

Soar'd high, his legions threat'ning far and wide.
As when a battering storm engender'd high,

By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling swain;

This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flow'rs new opening,
these,

For lambs yearn'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,

Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall.
Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,

With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now the lion's roar?

Thou only couldst the captive lands restore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,

From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,

Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who

Who for their own defence give no supply,
 But what the crown's prerogatives must buy:
 As if their monarch's rights to violate
 More needful were, than to preserve the state!
 From present dangers they divert their care,
 And all their fears are of the royal heir;
 Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
 Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown'd depose;
 Religion the pretence, but their decree
 To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
 By sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus prest,
 What passions rent the righteous David's breast!
 Who knows not how t' oppose or to comply,
 Unjust to grant, and dang'rous to deny!
 How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
 Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
 Which yet th' extremest virtue did require,
 Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire!
 His absence David does with tears advise
 T' appease their rage: undaunted he complies.
 Thus he who, prodigal of blood and ease,
 A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
 At once contending with the waves and fire,
 And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
 Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
 And, like an exile, quits the promis'd land!
 Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
 And painfully his royal state maintains;
 Who now embracing on th' extremest shore
 Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
 Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
 To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
 Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
 With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
 Not only our attending nobles weep,
 But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
 The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd
 The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
 While this sole fear——
 Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
 Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
 Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
 The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
 Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
 Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
 Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
 Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode!
 Safe on thy breast reclin'd her rest be deep,
 Rock'd like a Nereid by waves asleep;
 While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
 And to Elysian fields convert the main!
 Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
 At thy approach so silent shall admire,
 Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
 And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.
 On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
 Admir'd by ev'ry nation but their own;
 Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
 Their aching conscience gives their tongue the
 lie.
 Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts
 Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
 Whom to his king the best respects commend
 Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend.

All sacred names of most divine esteem,
 And to perfection all sustain'd by him;
 Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
 Swift to discern and to reward desert;
 No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
 But on the noblest subjects still employ'd:
 Whose steady soul ne'er learnt to separate
 Between his monarch's int'rest and the state;
 But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
 Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.
 On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
 Against his worth and native rights engage?
 Religious fears their argument are made,
 Religious fears his sacred rights invade!
 Of future superstition they complain,
 And Jebusitic worship in his reign:
 With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
 With dangers fright which not themselves believe.
 Since nothing can our sacred rights remove,
 Whate'er the faith of the successor prove:
 Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
 At least while their religion is their gain;
 Who know, by old experience, Baal's commands
 Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands;
 They grudge God's tithes, how therefore shall they
 An idol full possession of the field? [yield
 Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
 The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
 Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
 And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
 Or, should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
 Where are the means to compass the design?
 Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
 And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.
 As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
 Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade;
 Nor ever with such measures can comply,
 As shock the common rules of policy;
 None dread like him the growth of Israel's king,
 And he alone sufficient aids can bring;
 Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law;
 That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
 At such profound expence he has not stood,
 Nor dyed for this his hands so deep in blood; [take,
 Would ne'er thro' wrong and right his progress
 Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
 To fix a lawless prince on Juda's throne,
 First to invade our rights, and then his own:
 His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
 And reap the harvests of his crimes and toil.
 We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
 And curse its fatal influence on our land,
 Which our brib'd Jews so num'rously partake,
 That ev'n an host his pensioners would make;
 From these deceivers our divisions spring,
 Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king;
 These, with pretended friendship to the state,
 Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create;
 Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
 To guard their sacred rights and property;
 To ruin thus the chosen flock are sold,
 While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
 Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
 And loath the manna of a gentle reign:

Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod;
 We trust our prince no more than they their God.
 But all in vain our reas'ning prophets preach
 To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach.
 Who can commence new broils in bleeding scars,
 And fresh remembrance of intestine wars;
 When the same household mortal foes did yield,
 And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the field.
 When sons' curst steel the fathers' gore did stain,
 And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain!
 When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand
 Our tribes lay slaughter'd thro' the promis'd land,
 Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
 To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
 Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
 And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue;
 While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
 And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.
 Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage
 Against our absent hero still engage;
 And chiefly urge, such did their phrensy prove,
 The only suit their prince forbids to move;
 Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
 And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
 Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
 With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
 Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
 But found the raging billows still increase.
 The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
 While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
 At last his deep resentment silence broke,
 Th' imperial palace shook while thus he spoke:
 Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
 For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.
 While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
 Our sov'reign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!
 For whose support ev'n subjects' interest calls,
 Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
 That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
 So far his people's freedom does betray.
 Right lives by law, and law subsists by pow'r;
 Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
 Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
 Which Heaven itself in vain has tried with grace!
 When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes uncloze,
 And Israel judge between her friends and foes?
 When shall we see expired deceivers sway,
 And credit what our God and monarchs say?
 Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
 Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
 Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,
 And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
 If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
 Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
 Our senates in due methods they had led,
 To avoid those evils which they seem'd to dread;
 But first ere yet they propp'd the sinking state,
 To impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
 Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they press'd,
 But barb'rously destroy'd the nation's rest!
 O! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
 And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
 When their injustice we are press'd to share,
 The monarch urg'd to exclude the lawful heir;

Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
 And this the privilege of royal blood?
 But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
 His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
 Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
 And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
 Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
 And forth' oppression which they fear make way;
 Succession fix'd by Heaven, the kingdom's bar,
 Which once dissolv'd admits the flood of war:
 Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th' assault begin;
 And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
 Since then their good they will not understand,
 'Tis time to take the monarch's pow'r in hand;
 Authority and force to join with skill,
 And save the lunatics against their will.
 The same rough means that 'suage the crowd, appease

Our senates raging with the crowd's disease.
 Henceforth unbias'd measures let them draw
 From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
 Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
 Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
 Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed;
 Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
 Impartial justice from our throne shall show'r;
 All shall have right, and we our sov'reign pow'r.
 He said: th' attendants heard with awful joy,
 And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
 From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
 A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
 Till his approach, like some arriving God,
 Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
 The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
 And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
 Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
 And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
 The field confess'd his pow'r in arms before,
 And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
 As nobly has his sway in Hebron shewn,
 How fit to inherit godlike David's throne.
 Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
 And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
 His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
 The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
 Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrust
 A virtue proper to the brave and best;
 'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
 To serve the crown, and loyal by descent;
 Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
 Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust;
 Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
 On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
 Of learning yet no portion was denied,
 Friend to the Muses, and the Muses' pride.
 Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
 Of steady soul when public storms were high;
 Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
 Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
 Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings
 mourn'd,
 And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
 While those that sought his absence to betray,
 Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;
 Him

Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
His triumphs, so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunter's clamorous train
Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,
With roar of seas directs his chasers' way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confess'd;
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd
In deep revolving thought he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate;
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,
In which his dext'rous wit had oft been shewn,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own.
But now, with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolutions stands posselt,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray;
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime,
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd except the true.
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, oh see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villains made!
Lost pow'r and conscious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate:
But why shouldst thou, from ev'ry grievance
free,

For sake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow;
Love dress'd thy bow'rs, and laurels fought thy
brow;

Preferment, wealth, and pow'r thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh should our crimes again that curse draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone;
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?

A prince so form'd with earth's and heaven's
applause

To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:
Or, grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering would not for himself prevail;
The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pitied youth, with sceptres in his sight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Must, by that crew that made him guilty bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they chooset'obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd
eyes,

Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel;
Who now an envious festival entails,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
But oh how weakly does sedition build!
For, lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain;
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow:
Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bake, roast, all jostling in the street;
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For the kel without treat or treason paid.

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shews,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, lab'ring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recall;
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Foretells our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught.
Serene his looks, serene his life and thought;
On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!

To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal:
Of dues observant, firm to ev'ry trust,
And to the needy always more than just:
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,

See all his glories copied in his son,
Whose forward fame should ev'ry Muse engage;
Whose youth boasts skill denied to others age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind;
Whose loyalty before its date was prime,
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster Faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.

Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was plac'd;

Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while stars look'd wond'ring down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd? and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
Proceed, illustrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake;
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose;
Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise,
Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wonderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service, and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge;
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature drest,
And blest again to see his flow'r allied
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely fought, while fought by Absalom.
Ah prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more pow'rful virtue, guard thy worth!
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast!
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

E'en envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defied.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who, with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence:
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.
Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have shewn,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
To inflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly;
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.

So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute; Asaph, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast: [tree!
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel:

Thy strain shall be our slumb'ring prophet's dream,
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme,
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last. [tame!

How fierce his satire loos'd! restrain'd, how
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth and brave adventures styl'd!
Just to his virtues, to his error mild,
No page of thine, that fear the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise as true.
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield;
All paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

What praise for such rich strains shall we allow?
What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
While bees in flow'rs rejoyce, and flow'rs in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.

Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains
Our royal heroes's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his suff'rings' bright companion back,
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious chance, the valiant died!
Give not insulting Ascalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!

No

No failor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant died!
Weep Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.

Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour, [asleep;
And treach'rous sands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace!
Oh! had the indulgent pow'rs vouchsaf'd to
Instead of faithless shelves, a list'd field; [yield,
A list'd field of Heaven's and David's foes.
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose;
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely and unconquering thus expir'd:
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dyinge'en o'er that they triumph too; [plaud,
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape ap-
Of whom kind force could scarce the fates defraud;
Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind!
At his own safety now almost repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms,
If all your suff'rings past so nearly press'd,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief, your breast?
Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but toss'd in storms;
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with
love;

But far remov'd in thund'ring camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground:
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and flakes with ice his thirst.
Long must his patience strive with fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage;
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoyed:
Such toils of fate must build a man of fame,
And such to Israel's crown, the godlike David
came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards waste!
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the element serene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
Thronging and busy as Hyblæn swarms,
Or struggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere he touch'd our land.
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your suff'rings rest.

This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all Sedition's syrtes stem.
Howe'er encumbered with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the char;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd,
That faction at the next election fail'd;
When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:

With David then was Israel's peace restor'd;
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

Key to Absalom and Achitophel.

<i>Abdael,</i>	—	{ General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
<i>Abethdin,</i>	—	{ The name given thro' this poem to a Lord Chancellor in general.
<i>Absalom,</i>	—	Duke of Monmouth.
<i>Achitophel,</i>	—	The Earl of Shaftesbury.
<i>Adriel,</i>	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
<i>Agag,</i>	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
<i>Amiel,</i>	—	{ Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.
<i>Amri,</i>	—	{ Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord Chancellor.
<i>Annabel,</i>	—	Duchess of Monmouth.
<i>Arod,</i>	—	Sir William Waller.
<i>Asaph,</i>	—	{ A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the second part of his poem.
<i>Balaam,</i>	—	Earl of Huntingdon.
<i>Balaak,</i>	—	Barnet.
<i>Barzillai,</i>	—	Duke of Ormond.
<i>Bathsheba,</i>	—	Duchess of Portsmouth.
<i>Benaiah,</i>	—	General Sackville.
<i>Ben Jochanan,</i>	—	Rev. Mr. Sam. Johnson.
<i>Bezalel,</i>	—	Duke of Beaufort.
<i>Caleb,</i>	—	Lord Grey.
<i>Corah,</i>	—	Dr. Oates.
<i>David,</i>	—	Charles II.
<i>Doeg,</i>	—	Elkanah Settle.
<i>Egypt,</i>	—	France.
<i>Eliab,</i>	—	{ Sir Hen. Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
<i>Ethnic-Plot,</i>	—	The Popish-Plot.
<i>Gath,</i>	—	{ The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided.
<i>Hebron,</i>	—	Scotland.
<i>Hebrew Priests,</i>	—	The Ch. of Engl. Clergy.
<i>Helon,</i>	—	Earl of Feversham.
<i>Hushai,</i>	—	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
<i>Jebusites,</i>	—	Papists.
<i>Jerusalem,</i>	—	London.
<i>Jews,</i>	—	English.
<i>Jonas,</i>	—	Sir William Jones.
<i>Jordan,</i>	—	Dover.
<i>Jotham,</i>	—	Marquis of Hallifax.
<i>Jothran,</i>	—	Lord Darmouth.
<i>Ishbosheth,</i>	—	Richard Cromwell.
<i>Israel,</i>	—	England.
<i>Issachar,</i>	—	Thomas Thynne, Esq.
<i>Judas,</i>	—	{ Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
<i>Ishban,</i>	—	Sir Robert Clayton.
<i>Mephibosheth,</i>	—	Pordage.
<i>Michal,</i>	—	Queen Catharine.
<i>Nadab,</i>	—	Lord Howard of Escrick.
<i>Og,</i>	—	Shadwell.
<i>Phaleg,</i>	—	Forbes.

<i>Pharaoh,</i>	—	King of France.
<i>Rahabekah,</i>	—	Sir Thomas Player.
<i>Sagan of Jerusalem,</i>	—	Dr. Compton, Bp. of Lon.
<i>Sanhedrim,</i>	—	Parliament
<i>Saul,</i>	—	Oliver Cromwell.
<i>Shimei,</i>	—	Sheriff Bethel.
<i>Sheva,</i>	—	Sir Roger Lestrangle.
<i>Solymean Rout,</i>	—	London Rebels.
<i>Tyre,</i>	—	Holland.
<i>Uzza,</i>	—	Jack Hall.
<i>Zadoc,</i>	—	{ Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
<i>Zaken,</i>	—	{ A Member of the House of Commons.
<i>Zimri,</i>	—	Villers, D. of Buckingham.
<i>Ziloah,</i>	—	Sir John Moor.

§ 28. *Palamon and Arcite; or the Knight's Tale.* DRYDEN.

BOOK I.

IN days of old, there liv'd of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:
A chief who more in feats of arms excell'd
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beautiful dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emelia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way:

But, were it not too long, I would recite
The fear of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;
The spousals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts and tourneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:
But these and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plough;
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborne,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host,
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.

And therefore where I left I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near the Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:

At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry, [high,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.

Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you
are,

And why this fun'ral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?

Name your request, and I will ease your grief.
The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then scarce recover'd spoke: Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory:
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy success:
We wretched women sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;

Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sov'reign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance, which never bears
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate;
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency. [bears,
But reverence thou the pow'r whose name it
Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array,

To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town besieg'd by our confederate host:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of fun'ral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unburied, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed.
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echoed her grief, and grov'ling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his
Besought his pity to their helpless kind! [mind,

The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two.
He sigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood
bore,

And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he de-
And cruel Creon find his just reward. [clar'd; He

He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on. nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an agent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car:
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire;
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
E'en the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur;
The soldiers shout around with gen'rous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour, inly pleas'd to see
His host the flow'r of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd, and all th' ensuing night;
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell;
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town;
How to the ladies he restored again
The bodies of their Lords in battle slain;
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd:
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd.
I spare the widows' tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies;
How Theseus at these fun'rals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.

Thus, when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country waited, and the hamlet's burn'd;
And left the pillagers to rapine bred,
Without controul to strip and spoil the dead.

There, in a heap of slain, among the rest,
Two youthful knights they found, beneath a load
oppress

Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of the strength, a bloody monument,
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, were
the same.

Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grizzly
wound;

Nor well alive, nor wholly dead, they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wand'ring breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart,
These two were sister's sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent;
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as pris'ners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a ling'ring death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd and
more renown'd.

But in tow'r, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinsmen are inclos'd.

Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard
sleep;

Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.

At ev'ry turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose; and ev'ry rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew.
Then party-colour'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing;
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring.
The tow'r, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were
laid,

Built of a large extent and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.

It happen'd Palamon, the pris'ner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And, with his jailor's leave, desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tow'r he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new liv'ry clad of white and green,
Fresh flow'rs in wide parterres, and shady
walks between.

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.

At

At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But ev'n that glimm'ring serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily. [smart,

Scarce had he seen, but seiz'd with sudden
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpowering light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cried aloud.

Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began?
Or who had done th' offence? But if, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of heaven, with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under earth;
Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done;
And better bear, like men, than vainly seek to

Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again, [shun.
Nor of unhappy planets, I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:

A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.

Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.

If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in heaven, or art thou less;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)
O help us captives from our chains to 'scape;
But if our doom be pass'd in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die.

Then be thy wrath pleas'd with our disgrace,
And shew compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant pow'r! While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;

The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
The beauty I beheld has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in ev'ry glance.
O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.

Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes):
Speak 'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vain?
Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.
It suits far worse (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows), with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;
But worst with thee of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.

Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both:
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?

To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design,
As I am bound by vow to further thine:

Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain
Approach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend

Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?

But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence: I told thee first my pain;
For first my love began ere thine was born:
Thou, as my counsel and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.

Thus Palamon; but Arcite with disdain,
In haughty language, thus replied again:
Forsworn thyself; the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.

If love be passion, and that passion nurs'd
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first,
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a pow'r celestial nam'd?

Thine was devotion to the blest above;
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.

Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire:

Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love?

Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;

Laws are but positive; love's pow'r we see
Is nature's sanction, and her first decree.

Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.

Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd;
Love throws the fences down, and makes a gen'ral

waste:
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall; [all.

The sweeping deluge, Love, comes on, and covers
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,

I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.

Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.

Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone;

The fruitless fight continued all the day;
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.

As courtiers therefore juggle for a grant, [want,
And when they break their friendship plead their

So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:

For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or, failing in th' adventure, die.

Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:

Now

Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand,
But when they met they made a surly stand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that ev'ry look might be their last.

It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war; and lov'd so well,
That when one died, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.

But to pursue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the pris'ner freed.

Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he said, in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And, banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to love;
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve!
Heaven is not but where Emily abides;
And where she's absent, all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth was that accurs'd,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first;
Had I not known that Prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompence enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure, thine the victory;
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face mayst feed thine eyes,
In prison—no—but blissful paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;
And who can tell but, since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various pow'r) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand, can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:

Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches, riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain:
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.

Such dear-bought blessings happen ev'ry day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry pace.
Thus all seek happiness, but few can find:
For far the greater part of men are blind.

This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily.

Thus Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplore
His suff'rings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath, he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground;
The hollow tow'r with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropp'd all o'er with agony of sweat.
Alas! he cried, I wretch in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou mayst, since thou hast youth and courage
A sweet behaviour, and a solid mind, [join'd,
Asssemble ours and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine;
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine.

The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain;
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain.
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure;
Or does your justice, pow'r, or prescience fail
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?

What

What worse to wretched virtue could befall,
 If fate, or giddy fortune, govern'd all?
 Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate:
 Them to pursue their pleasures you create;
 We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
 And your commands, not our desires fulfil;
 Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
 Yet after death at least he feels no pain:
 But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,
 Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
 A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
 An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller:
 The man lies murder'd; while the thief and snake,
 One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
 This let divines decide; but well I know,
 Just or unjust, I have my share of woe;
 Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
 And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
 Or Mars and Venus, in a quartil, move
 My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love.

Let Palamon oppress'd in bondage mourn,
 While to his exil'd rival we return.
 By this, the sun, declining from his height,
 The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night:
 The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
 Both to the captive lover and the free;
 For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
 And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
 The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
 Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty.
 'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
 One sees his love, but cannot break his chains;
 One free, and all his motions uncontroul'd,
 Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would
 behold.

Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
 What fortune to the banish'd knight befel.
 When Arcites was to Thebes return'd again,
 The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
 What could be worse, than never more to see
 His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
 He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
 He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
 Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears;
 For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
 His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink;
 Bereft of sleep, he loaths his meat and drink.
 He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
 As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
 That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
 The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
 In solitary groves he makes his moan,
 Walks early out, and ever is alone:
 Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures snares,
 But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
 His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
 He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
 Like the dead murmurs of a distant sound:
 Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
 Unlike the trim of love and gay desire:
 But full of useful mopings, which presage
 The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
 This when he had endur'd a year and more,
 Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,

It happen'd once, that, slumb'ring as he lay,
 He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
 That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
 And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd:
 His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the God,
 And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod:
 Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,
 On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
 Arise, he said, to conqu'ring Athens go;
 There fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
 The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start;
 Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart;
 But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd breath,
 And thither will I go to meet my death,
 Sure to be slain; but death is my desire,
 Since in Emilia's fight I shall expire.
 By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,
 And gazing there, beheld his alter'd look;
 Wond'ring he saw his features and his hue
 So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew.
 A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
 Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
 The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
 But never penetrate through this disguise.
 Thanks to the change which grief and sickness
 In low estate I may securely live, [give,
 And see, unknown, my mistress day by day.
 He said; and cloath'd himself in coarse array,
 A lab'ring hind in shew; then forth he went,
 And to th' Athenian tow'rs his journey bent:
 One 'squire attended in the same disguise,
 Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
 Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
 Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
 Proff'ring for hire his service at the gate,
 To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.

So far befel him, that for little gain
 He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;
 And, watchful all advantages to spy,
 Was still at hand, and in his master's eye;
 And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
 Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong;
 But from deep wells with engines water drew,
 And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
 He pass'd a year at least attending thus
 On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
 But never was there man of his degree
 So much esteem'd, so well-belov'd as he.
 So gentle of condition was he known,
 That thro' the court his courtesy was blown:
 All think him worthy of a greater place,
 And recommend him to the royal grace;
 That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
 His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
 Thus by the gen'ral voice was Arcite prais'd,
 And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd:
 Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
 And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
 Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
 Of his own income, and his annual rent:
 This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
 But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
 Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,
 In arms of honour, and esteem in peace;

To Theseus' person he was ever near ;
And Theseus, for his virtues, held him dear.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captive knight
Haddragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light:
Lost liberty and love at once he bore:
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.

But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the sun,
Were it by chance, or forceful destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant bev'rage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey, mix'd with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.
A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the ling'ring day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;
Who little dream'd how nigh he was to care,
Till treach'rous fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning grey;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laugh'd to see the joyous light;
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dew;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries
If not the first, the fairest of the year: [wear;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on:
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,

As thou shalt guide my wand'ring feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind.
His vows address'd, within the grove he
stray'd,

Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who flying death had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mor-
tal fight;

And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard;
For unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon,
Who list'ning heard him, while he search'd the
And loudly sung his roundelay of love; [grove,
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well;
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.

Thus, Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desp'rate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
Curs'd be the day when first I did appear!
Let it be blotted from the calendar, [year,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the
Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:

Yet ceases not her hate; for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of heaven is all my enemy;
Mars ruin'd Thebes, his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, th' unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
But Love's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart;
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.

Of such a Goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain;
Pleas'd with my suff'rings, if you knew my pain.

At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:

He

He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
 As if cold steel had glided through his heart;
 No longer staid; but, starting from his place,
 Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile face.
 False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
 Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
 Now art thou found foresworn for Emily,
 And dar'st attempt her love for whom I die.
 So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
 Against thy vow, returning to beguile
 Under a borrow'd name; as false to me,
 So false thou art to him who set thee free:
 But rest assur'd that either thou shalt die,
 Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:
 For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
 Am here without my sword or pointed lance,
 Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go;
 For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
 His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
 Now by the Gods who govern heaven above,
 Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,

That word had been thy last, or in this grove
 This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.
 The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
 Fool, not to know that love endures no tie;
 And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury. }
 Know, I will serve the fair in thy despite;
 But since thou art my kinsman and a knight,
 Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
 Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
 And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
 Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both
 unknown,

With arms of proof both for myself and thee;
 Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
 And, that a better ease thou mayst abide,
 Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
 And needful sustenance, that thou mayst be
 A conquest better won, and worthy me.
 His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd
 To keep it better than the first he made.
 Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn;
 For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
 Oh Love! thou sternly dost thy pow'r maintain, }
 And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign;
 Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain. }
 This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
 Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
 Arcite return'd, and, as in honour tied,
 His foe with bedding and with food supplied;
 Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
 Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
 Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,
 As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
 Now at the time, and in th' appointed place,
 The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
 Approach; each other from afar they knew,
 And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
 So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear
 Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear;
 And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
 His course at distance by the bending trees;

And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
 And either he must fall in fight, or I:
 This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
 A gen'rous chilness seizes ev'ry part; [heart. }
 The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the

Thus pale they meet, their eyes with fury burn;
 None greets, for none the greeting will return;
 But in dumb surliness each arm'd with care
 His foe profess, as brother of the war:

Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
 Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance:
 They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
 Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.

Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
 And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in
 And not a foot of ground had either got, [blood;
 As if the world depended on the spot.

Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
 And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
 Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
 With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
 Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they
 wound,

With grunts and groans the forest rings around.
 So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
 Till fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.

The pow'r that ministers to God's decrees,
 And executes on earth what Heaven foresees,
 Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal sway,
 Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her
 Norkings, nor nations, nor united pow'r, [way.
 One moment can retard th' appointed hour.

And some one day some wondrous chance ap-
 pears,

Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
 For sure whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
 Or hope, or fear, depends on pow'rs above:
 They move our appetites to good or ill,
 And by foresight necessitate the will.

In Theseus this appears, whose youthful joy
 Was beasts of chace in forests to destroy;
 This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May, }
 Forsook his easy couch at early day, }

And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
 Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
 And Emily attir'd in lively green,

With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
 To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:

And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
 He serves the goddess of the silver bow.

The way that Theseus took was to the wood
 Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
 The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed
 place

In which the uncoupled hounds began the chase.
 Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
 That shaded by the fern in harbour lay;
 And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the
 wood

For open fields, and cross the crystal flood,
 Approach'd, and looking underneath the sun,
 He saw proud Arcite and fierce Palamon
 In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
 Like lightning flam'd their falchions to and fro,
 And

And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they struck,
 There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak:
 He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
 Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
 Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
 With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
 The minute ended that began the race,
 So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
 And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life,
 Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
 Then with imperious tone pursues his threat—
 What are you? why in arms together met?
 How dares your pride presume against my laws,
 As in a list'd field, to fight your cause?
 Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
 As knightly rites require, nor judge to try?
 Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
 Thus hasty spoke: We both deserve the death,
 And both would die; for look the world around,
 A pair so wretched is not to be found:
 Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
 We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
 Now as thou art a sov'reign judge, decree
 The rightful doom of death to him and me;
 Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.
 Me first, oh kill me first, and cure my woe;
 Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe:
 Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
 He foremost will receive his due reward.
 Arcite of Thebes is he, thy mortal foe,
 On whom thy grace did liberty bestow;
 But first contracted, that if ever found
 By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
 His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
 The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour scorn'd.
 For this is he who, with a borrow'd name
 And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
 Now call'd Philostratus; retain'd by thee,
 A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
 Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
 My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
 And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.
 Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
 Can force me to renounce the honour of my
 race.

Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
 Nor promis'd I thy pris'ner to remain:
 The love of liberty with life is given;
 And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.
 Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
 I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
 Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
 For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
 More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,
 And for her sake and in her fight will die:
 But kill my rival too; for he no less
 Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
 Assur'd that what I lose he never shall possess.
 To this replied the stern Athenian prince,
 And sourly smil'd—In owning your offence,
 You judge yourself; and I but keep record
 In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
 Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
 I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:

By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
 He said; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
 The queen above the rest, by nature good
 (The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood),
 For tender pity wept: when she began,
 Thro' the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
 All dropp'd their tears, ev'n the contended
 maid;

And thus among themselves they softly said:
 What eyes can suffer this unworthy fight!
 Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
 The mastership of heaven in face and mind,
 And lovers far beyond their faithless kind:
 See their wide streaming wounds; they neither
 came

For pride of empire, nor desire of fame.
 Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
 But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's
 cause.

This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous
 Such pity wrought in ev'ry lady's mind, [kind,
 They left their steeds, and, prostrate on the place,
 From the fierce king implor'd the offenders' grace.

He paus'd awhile, stood silent in his mood
 (For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
 But soon his tender mind th' impression felt
 (As softest metals are not slow to melt,
 And pity soonest runs in softest minds):
 Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
 His passion cast a mist before his sense,
 And either made or magnified th' offence.
 Offence? of what? to whom? who judg'd the
 cause?

The pris'ner freed himself by nature's laws:
 Born free, he fought his right: the man he freed
 Was perjur'd; but his love excus'd the deed:
 Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his eyes,
 And saw the women's tears, and heard their
 cries,

Which mov'd compassion more: he shook his
 And, softly sighing, to himself he said: [head,
 Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears
 can draw

To no remorse, who rules by lions' law;
 And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
 Rends all alike, the penitent and proud!
 At this with look serene, he rais'd his head:
 Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled:
 Then thus aloud he spoke: The pow'r of love,
 In earths, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
 Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
 By daily miracles declar'd a God:
 He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;
 And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
 Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
 Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
 What hinder'd either in their native soil
 At ease to reap the harvest of their toil;
 But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
 And brought them in their own despite again,
 To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know
 'Tis in my pow'r, and I their deadly foe;
 The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
 Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains
 With which their master, Love, rewards their
 For seven long years, on duty ev'ry day, [pains;
 To their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
 Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
 And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
 Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
 For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
 This is not all; the fair for whom they strove
 Nor knew before, nor could suspect, their love;
 Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
 Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
 But sure a gen'ral doom on man is past,
 And all are fools and lovers first or last:
 This both by others and myself I know,
 For I have serv'd their sov'reign long ago;
 Oft have been caught within the winding train
 Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
 And learn'd how far the God can human hearts
 constrain.

To this remembrance, and the pray'rs of those
 Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
 I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
 To do me homage as their sov'reign lord;
 And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
 Assist my person, and assert my right.
 This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd,
 Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd:
 If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
 Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
 Then either of you knights may well deserve
 A princess born; and such is she you serve:
 For Emily is sister to the crown,
 And but too well to both her beauty known:
 But should you combat till you both were dead,
 Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
 As therefore both are equal in degree,
 The lot of both be left to destiny.
 Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
 To her, and him who best deserves her love!
 Depart from hence in peace, and free as air
 Search the wide world, and where you please
 repair;

But on the day when this returning sun
 To the same point through ev'ry sign has run,
 Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
 In royal lists, to fight before the king;
 And then the knight whom fate or happy chance
 Shall with his friends to victory advance,
 And grace his arms so far in equal fight
 From out the bars to force his opposite,
 Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
 The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
 The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
 And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
 The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,
 The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;
 And take the patron's place of either knight,
 With eyes impartial to behold the fight:
 And heaven of me so judge as I shall judge aright!
 If both are satisfied with this accord,
 Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.
 Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
 And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:

The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well;
 Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
 To bless the gracious king. The knights with
 leave [ceive;

Departing from the place, his last commands re-
 On Emily with equal ardour look,
 And from her eyes their inspiration took:
 From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
 Each to provide his champions for the day.

It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
 Or too much negligence, or want of art,
 If he forgot the vast magnificence
 Of royal Theseus, and his large expence.
 He first inclos'd for lists a level ground,
 The whole circumference a mile around;
 The form was circular; and all without
 A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
 Within an amphitheatre appear'd,
 Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd:
 That, when a man was plac'd in one degree,
 Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
 The like adorn'd the western opposite.
 A nobler object than this fabric was
 Rome never saw, nor of so vast a space:
 For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
 All arts and artists Theseus could command:
 Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame,
 The master-painters and the carvers came.
 So rose within the compass of the year
 An age's work, a glorious theatre.
 Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above
 A temple, sacred to the queen of love;
 An altar stood below: on either hand [wand.
 A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle
 The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
 And on the north a turret was inclos'd,
 Within the wall of alabaster white,
 And crimson coral for the queen of night,
 Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.

Within these oratories might you see
 Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
 Where ev'ry figure to the life express'd
 The godhead's pow'r to whom it was address'd.
 In Venus' temple, on the sides were seen
 The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
 Pray'rs that e'en spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
 And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.
 Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,
 And scalding tears that wore a channel where they
 fell:

And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
 Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
 That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
 Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
 And sprightly hope, and short-enduring joy;
 And forceries to raise th' infernal pow'rs,
 And sigils fram'd in planetary hours:
 Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
 And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair;
 Suspicions, and fantastical surmise,
 And jealousy suffus'd with jaundice in her eyes,
 Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny drest;
 Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fist.

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance
 The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
 Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
 And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
 All these were painted on the wall, and more;
 With acts and monuments of times before:
 And others added by prophetic doom,
 And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
 For there th' Idalian mount and Citheron,
 The court of Venus was in colours drawn:
 Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,
 And loose array, sat portress Idleness:
 There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone;
 There Sampson was, with wiser Solomon,
 And all the mighty names by Love undone.
 Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
 With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youth to beasts.
 Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
 And prowess, to the pow'r of love submit:
 The spreading snare for all mankind is laid:
 And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
 The Goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
 Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:
 From Ocean as she first began to rise,
 And smooth the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies;
 She trod the brine all bare above the breast,
 And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;
 A lute she held; and on her head was seen
 A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
 Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above,
 And, by his mother, stood an infant Love.
 With wings unfledg'd, his eyes were banded
 His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore, [o'er;
 Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly
 store.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
 With diff'rent figures all the sides were spread;
 This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
 Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
 For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
 And sov'reign mansion, of the warrior god.
 The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
 Where neither beast nor human kind repair;
 The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
 And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
 A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground;
 And prickly stubs instead of trees are found;
 Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and
 old,
 Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
 A rattling tempest through the branches went,
 That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they
 bent.

Heaven froze above severe, the clouds congeal,
 And through the crystal vault appear'd the
 standing hail;

Such was the face without: a mountain stood
 Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood.
 Beneath the low'ring brow, and on a bent,
 The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
 The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
 A straightlong entry to the temple led,
 Blind with high walls, and horror over head:

Thence issued such a blast and hollow roar,
 As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door:
 In through that door a northern light there shone;
 'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
 The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
 Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian
 quarries came,

The labour of a God; and all along
 Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it
 A tun about was ev'ry pillar there: [strong.
 A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.

There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
 And treason lab'ring in the traitor's thought;
 And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder
 brought.

There the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
 Next stood hypocrisy with holy leer,
 Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
 But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
 Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend;
 And, far the blackest there, the traitor friend.
 On t' other side there stood destruction bare;
 Unpunish'd rapine, and a waste of war.
 Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
 And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
 Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
 And bawling infamy, in language base;
 Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled
 the place.

The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
 The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
 With eyes half clos'd and gaping mouth he lay,
 And grim as when he breath'd his fullen soul
 In midst of all the dome misfortune sat, [away.
 And gloomy discontent, and fell debate,
 And madness laughing in his ireful mood;
 And arm'd complaint on theft, and cries of blood.
 There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
 And violent death in thousand shapes display'd:
 The city to the soldier's rage resign'd;
 Successless wars, and poverty behind:
 Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
 And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
 The new-born babe, by nurses overlaid; [made.
 And the cook caught within the raging fire he
 All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
 The gasping charioteer beneath the wheel
 Of his own car; the ruin'd house that falls,
 And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:
 The whole division that to Mars pertains;
 All trades of death that deal in steel for gains
 Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
 Who forges sharpen'd faulchions, or the scythe.
 The scarlet conquest on a tow'r was plac'd,
 With shouts and soldiers' acclamations grac'd;
 A pointed sword hung threat'ning o'er his head,
 Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
 There saw I Mars's ides, the capitol,
 The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
 The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
 And Anthony, who lost the world for love.
 These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
 Their fates were painted ere the men were
 born,

All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the God:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.

Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns
Calisto there stood manifest of shame, [resound:
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the second place:
The sag Acteon in the stream had spied
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, died:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chace, and their mistaken master slew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greek express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast,
Oenides' valour, and his envied prize;
The fatal pow'r of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shewn,
The murd'ress mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions
of their queen.

Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before;
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a waxing moon, that soon would wane,
And, drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of ev'ry God,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists inclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

BOOK III.

THE day approach'd when Fortune should
decide
Th' important enterprise, and give the bride;

For now the rivals round the world had fought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations far and near contend in choice,
And send the flow'r of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envied to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for ev'ry noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endued with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name:
And had the land selected of the best, [the rest.
Half had come hence, and let the world provide
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were sev'ral, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat-armour imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail;
Some wore a breast-plate and a light jupon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison;
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use
Of folded hides, and others shields of pruce;
One hung a pole-ax at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to stun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of steel;
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and
long.

Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around
his chair, [bear:
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus thro' the field Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud
array.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,

On

On a bay courser, goodly to behold, [gold.
 The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barb'rous
 Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace ;
 His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
 Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great ;
 His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set.
 His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
 With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire :
 His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, [sun.
 With graceful negligence, and shone against the
 His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
 Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue :
 Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
 Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin ;
 His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
 Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes ;
 Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
 So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
 His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
 And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
 Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
 Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound.
 A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green ;
 And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd
 Upon his fist he bore, for his delight, [between.
 An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
 His hundred knights attend him to the war,
 All arm'd for battle, save their heads were bare.
 Words and devices blaz'd on ev'ry shield,
 And pleasing was the terror of the field.
 For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
 Like sparkling stars, though diff'rent in degree,
 All forth' increase of arms, and love of chivalry. }
 Before the king tame leopards led the way,
 And troops of lions innocently play.
 So Bacchus thro' the conquer'd Indies rode,
 And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.
 In this array the war of either side
 Through Athens pass'd with military pride
 At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn ;
 Rich tap'try spread the streets, and flow'r sthe posts
 The town was all a jubilee of feasts ; [adorn.
 So Theseus will'd in honour of his guests ;
 Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
 Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
 No harbinger was needful for a night,
 For ev'ry house was proud to lodge a knight.
 I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
 The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sat :
 Who first or last, or how the knights address'd
 Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast :
 Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most sur-
 prise ;
 Soft am'rous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
 The rivals call my Muse another way,
 To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.
 'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night ;
 And Phosphor on the confines of the light,
 Promis'd the sun, ere day began to spring ;
 The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing, }
 And, flick'ring on her nest, made short essays
 to sing ;
 When wakeful Palamon, preventing day, }
 Took to the royal lists his early way, [pray.
 To Venus at her fane, in her own house to

There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
 He thus implor'd with pray'rs her pow'r divine,
 Creator Venus, genial pow'r of love,
 The bliss of men below, and gods above !
 Beneath the sliding sun, thou runn'st thy race,
 Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.
 For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
 Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the
 year.
 Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
 Earth smiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the
 sky, [apply.
 And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes }
 For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
 And roaring hunts his female thro' the wood ;
 For thee the bulls re-bellow thro' the groves,
 And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent
 loves.
 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good or fair : }
 All nature is thy province, life thy care :
 Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair. }
 Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
 Increase of Jove, companion of the sun ;
 If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
 Have pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
 Alas ! I have not words to tell my grief ;
 To vent my sorrow would be some relief ;
 Light suff'rings give us leisure to complain ;
 We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
 O Goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
 Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
 So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
 In love to be thy champion and thy knight ;
 A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
 A foe profess'd to barren chastity.
 Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
 Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield ;
 In my divine Emilia make me blest,
 Let fate, or partial chance, dispose the rest :
 Find thou the manner, and the means prepare ;
 Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
 Mars is the warrior's god ; in him it lies,
 On whom he favours to confer the prize ;
 With smiling aspect you serenely move
 In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
 The fates but only spin the coarser clue,
 The finest of the wool is left for you.
 Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
 And let the sisters cut below your line :
 The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
 Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
 But if you this ambitious pray'r deny
 (A with, I grant, beyond mortality),
 Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
 And, I once dead, let him possess her charms.
 Thus ended he ; then with observance due
 The sacred incense on her altar threw :
 The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires ;
 At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires ;
 At once the gracious Goddess gave the sign,
 Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine :
 Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took ;
 For, since the flames pursued the trailing smoke,
 He knew his boon was granted ; but the day [delay.
 To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long

Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky;
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and od'rous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown,

Nor wanted aught besides in honour of the moon.
Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd steam
They wash the virgin in a living stream;
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal;
But such they were as Pagan use requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest:
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of massless oak adorn'd her head:
When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told);
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request:

O Goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heaven, and earth, and seas, are seen;

Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;

Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,

When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths
As I desire to live a virgin life, [were dealt;
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.

Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial;

And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate, [state,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate;
Where love is duty on the female side;

On theirs mere sensual gust, and fought with surly
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen [pride.
In heaven, earth, hell, and ev'ry where a queen,

Grant this my first desire; let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove

The flame, and turn it on some other love:
Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,

Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh! even that avert! I choose it not,

But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh let me still that spotless name retain!

Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chase my prey!

The flames ascend on either altar clear, [pray'r.
While thus the blameless maid address'd her

When, lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little space; [blaze:
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the
The other victor flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left the extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light

Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night:
At either end it whistled as it flew, [dew;
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.

The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
Nor knew what signified the boding sign,
But found the pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the
wrath divine.

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the
temple bright.

The pow'r, behold! the pow'r in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.

Then gracious thus began: Dismiss thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride:

The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the man, is in the Thund'rer's breast;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.

The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreshews the love allotted to remain:

Farewell! she said, and vanish'd from the place;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
Aghast at this the royal virgin stood,

Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood:
But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd:
Propitious still be present to my aid,

Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid.
Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.

The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of pow'r,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,

T'adore with Pagan rites the pow'r armipotent:
Then prostrate low before his altar lay, [pray:
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to

Strong God of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,

Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd
most: [known,

There most; but ev'ry where thy pow'r is
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung

From out thy chariot, withers even the strong:
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.

Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my pray'r,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:
If to my utmost pow'r with sword and shield

I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:

Then

Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:
Now by her blandishments and pow'ful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd;
O envied ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When ev'ry God that saw thee wish'd thy place!
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade,
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair;
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well, and pays me with
disdain.

For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
Endued by force, I gain the victory;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous
Pity thy subject's pains and equal smart. [heart,
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among, [hung;
High on the burnish'd roof my banner shall be
Rank'd with my champion's buckler, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt off'rings morn and evening shall be thine,
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guileless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee;
So may my arms with victory be blest:

I ask no more: let fate dispose the rest. [close
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blast;
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they
bright,

Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clath'd his arms,
And with a fullen sound and feeble cry [victory.
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of

For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the God;
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.

These vows thus granted rais'd a strife above
Betwixt the God of War and Queen of Love.
She granting first had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife;
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the diff'rence to compose:
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught,
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun:
By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the God:
Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife;
Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I press th' ethereal plains;
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a wat'ry sign;
And, in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from
despair.

The throttling quinsy 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands and furnish the pretence;
And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates, and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy pois'ning; I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me king's palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I slew Sampson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandfire's art,
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though diff'rent your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men should war.
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his
right;

Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May:
Which ev'ry soul inspir'd with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladdened was the heart of
man;

And Venus had the world as when it first began.

At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given the streets with clamours ring.
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
Even from the Heaven was heard a shouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.

The Gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the gen'rous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd.

Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Batt'ring the pavement with their couriers' feet:

The greedy fight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,

And crested morions, with their plummy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their 'squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.

One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the shining buckler did advance.

The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.

The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for
shields provide.

The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in
their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;

The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.

The throng is in the midst: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;

In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:

Factionous, and favouring this or t' other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:

Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:

So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.

But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;

His double-biting axe and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.

All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind;
And, safe themselves, at others cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;

And passing thro' th' obsequious guards, he sat
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;

There for the two contending knights he sent:
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent.

He smil'd on both, and with superior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.

The people press on ev'ry side, to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.

Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.

Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and
lift'ning crowd.

Our sov'reign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;

And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree;

The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.

He wills not death should terminate their strife;
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life:

But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That flings afar, and poniards hand to hand,

Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With shorten'd sword to stab in closer war;

But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.

The tourney is allow'd but one career
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear:

But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;

Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,

At either barrier plac'd; nor, captives made,
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.

The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.

Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and
young

Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament

With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,

So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the gen'ral cry. The trumpets sound,

And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops thro' Athens take their way,

The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;

A rain of flow'rs is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,

And horses hoofs, for earth, on filken tapestry
tread:

The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank: and close his either side.

Next after them there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.

The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree.

Thus thro' the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arrive ere prime of day.

There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling east and west, before their many
ride. [high,

Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on
And after him the queen and Emily:

Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd.

Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:

The guards, and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.

Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;

When

When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of war,
Proud Arcite ent'ring arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron God.

At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising-sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around.
Two troops so match'd were never to be found:
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun the care, [war.
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd,
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cried,
The fortune of the field be fairly tried.

At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds, the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangour rings the field, resounds the
vaulted sky.

Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Couriers with couriers jostling men with men:
As lab'ring in eclipse, awhile they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly fight.
Two troops in fair array one moment shew'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strew'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie grov'ling on the ground.
The points of spears are struck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhors'd on foot renew the fight;
The glitt'ring faulchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound:
Out spins the streaming blood, and dyes the
ground.

The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid ar-
mour bend.

This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And flound'ring throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound;
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t' other side.

By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath awhile, and to new fight advance.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their faulchions bite, that ev'ry stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they
gave and took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food. }
Each claims possession, neither will obey, }
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to
distance drive.

At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things
tend

By course of time to their appointed end,
So when the sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of the unwary knight.

Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the
blow,

And turn'd him to his unexpected foe:
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him
down,

And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd at length, they force him to the
ground

Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bade cease the war: pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily,
The sound of trumpets to the voice replied, }
And round the royal lists the heralds cried, }
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.

The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conqu'ring Mars insults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the pow'rs who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists distils her tears;

Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love is
Till, Saturn said, Fair daughter, now be still, [lost.
The blust'ring fool has satisfied his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize; th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free.

Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth resound;
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations to the crowd.
Then spurring at full speed, ran headlong on
Where Theseus sat on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where, next the queen, was plac'd his Emily;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent.
(For woman, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow fortune where she leads the way.)
Just then from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little space;
For all the blood was gather'd in his face. [ground,
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound:
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruise'd and mortified his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Meantime the king, though inwardly he
mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd),
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladdened all the warrior-train,
Though most were sorely wounded none were
slain.

The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with
charms;

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sov'reign
draughts of sage.

The king in person visits all around;
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for failing is no shame,
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.

The vent'rous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.
If crowns and palms the conqu'ring side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpower'd with arms deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, tho' foil'd, he does the best he can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.

Thus Theseus smil'd on ail with equal grace,
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.

At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd.

Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the
leeches cares;

Swoln is his breast, his inward pains increase;
All means are us'd, and all without success.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:

The mould of nature's fabric is destroy'd;
Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell:
All out of frame is ev'ry secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Those breathing organs thus within oppress'd,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomits upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is
void.

For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous
bride,

Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.

With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun:
No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which from this mortal body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend.

How I have lov'd, excuse my falt'ring tongue,
My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die,
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my pow'r,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious fortune give,
Than just to die when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now with'ring in the grave!

Never,

Never, O never more to see the sun!
 Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
 This fate is common; but I lose my breath,
 Near bliss, and yet not blest'd before my death.
 Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
 'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
 This hand I cannot but in death resign;
 Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
 I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd,
 Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last:
 Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
 I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
 But love the sense of right and wrong confounds
 Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds:
 And much I doubt, should Heaven my life pro-

long,
 I should return to justify my wrong.
 For, while my former flames remain within,
 Repentance is but want of pow'r to sin.
 With mortal hatred I pursued his life,
 Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife:
 Nor I; but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
 Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
 And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
 For still our kindred souls had one desire.
 He had a moment's right in point of time;
 Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
 Fate made it mine, and justified his right;
 Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight
 For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
 Truth, honour, all that is compris'd in good;
 So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
 So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
 He loves you too with such an holy fire
 As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
 Our vow'd affections both have often tried,
 Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
 Then, by my love's inviolable band,
 By my long suff'ring, and my short command,
 If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
 Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

This was his last; for death came on amain,
 And exercis'd below his iron reign;
 Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
 Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze.
 Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
 Though less and less of Emily he saw;
 So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
 Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his
 soul away.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
 Who search the secrets of the future state:
 Divines can say but what themselves believe;
 Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
 For were all plain, then all sides must agree,
 And faith itself be lost in certainty.
 To live uprightly then is sure the best;
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
 The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
 Who better live than we, though less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
 Silent he wept, agham'd to shew his tears:
 Emilia shriek'd but once, and then oppress'd
 With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:

Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
 Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
 'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
 Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
 When just approaching to the nuptial state;
 But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
 That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
 The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
 That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
 Matrons and maids, both sexes, ev'ry state,
 With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
 Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
 For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
 Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair;
 The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they
 tear.

Why wouldst thou go, with one consent they cry,
 When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily?

Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the
 grief

Of others, wanted now the same relief.
 Old Egeus only could revive his son,
 Who various changes of the world had known;
 And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
 Still alt'ring, never in a steady state;
 Good after ill, and after pain delight;
 Alternate like the scenes of day and night:
 Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
 And none can boast sincere felicity,
 With equal mind what happens let us bear,
 Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond
 our care.

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
 The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
 Even kings but play; and when their part is done,
 Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
 With words like these the crowd was satisfied:
 And so they would have been had Theseus died.
 But he, their king, was lab'ring in his mind
 A fitting place for fun'ral pomps to find,
 Which were in honour of the dead design'd:
 And, after long debate, at last he found
 (As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
 That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
 Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
 That where he fed his amorous desires
 With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires.
 There other flames might waste his earthly part,
 And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his
 heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
 Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
 With founding axes to the grove they go,
 Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
 Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
 On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
 Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
 The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
 White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
 A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, spread.
 A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
 The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
 Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
 Menac'd his count'nance; even in death severe.
 Then

Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries and howlings, fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on ev'ry face.

Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the fun'ral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed that bore him living to the fight
Wastrapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with th' achievement of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
And thro' the master-street the corpse convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And even the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with
ruddy wine.

Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd th' illustrious train,
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire, the fun'ral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of Pagan honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion
strew'd.

The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain ash, the mother of the spear:
The mourner-yew and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the Gods for conqu'ring
chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd shall rest untold by me,
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree:
Nor how the dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest
bar'd:

Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly
fright,

Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and fere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held.

And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalmed, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smould'ring flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
And some their shields, and some their lances
threw,

And gave their warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and, hungry, lick
the food.

Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound;
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain;
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd
again:

Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring shields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills
the fields.

The warlike wakes continu'd all the night,
And fun'ral games were play'd at new returning
light.

Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.

I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be
freed;

Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.

The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd
on high,

Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.

And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd the event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace:
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in
his face.

At length he sigh'd; and, having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd:

The cause and spring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And Love, the common link, the new creation
crown'd.

The chain still holds, for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:

The

The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last:
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass th' appointed destiny.

So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.
Then, since those forms begin, and have their
end,

On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;
Who gives us life and animating soul:
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent th' ethereal fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass;
And the same matter makes another mass.
This law th' Omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,
That ev'ry kind should by succession live:
That individuals die his will ordains;
The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he itays,
Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and tow'rs their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsoaken of their springs, and leave their chan-
nels dry.

So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
Grudges their life from whence his own began:
Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus; but thousands more in flow'r of age:
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish and we spring?
Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame,
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose:

So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flow'r. [run,
Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend should
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely what the Gods decreed?
With grief as just a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.

Ought he to thank his kinsmen or his wife,
Could tears recal him into wretched life?
Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd:
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.

Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race:
And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last.
Pity is Heaven's and yours; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind.
He said; she blush'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
Then, turning to the Theban, thus he said;
Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And, speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, tho' he lost the fight;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet labo-
rious night.

Eros and Anteros on either side,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
bride;

And long-attending Hymen from above
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.

So may the Queen of Love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

§ 29. *Religio Laici.* DRYDEN.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
 Is reason to the soul: and as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Nor light us here; so reason's glimm'ring ray
 Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
 So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
 Some few, whose lampstone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
 And found that one first principle must be:
 But what, or who, that universal He;
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
 Or various atoms, interfering dance,
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
 Or this great all was from eternity;
 Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see,
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind:
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
 This every little accident destroy'd:
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;
 But found their line too short, the well too deep;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul:
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.
 The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
 Cries *εὐφρα*, the mighty secret's found:
 God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
 Else God were partial, and to some denied
 The means his justice should for all provide.
 This gen'ral worship is to praise and pray;
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet, since th' effects of Providence, we find,
 Are variously dispens'd to human kind;
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
 A brand that sov'reign justice cannot bear;
 Our reason prompts us to a future state,
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate;
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more. [soar;
 Vain wretched creature! how art thou misled,
 To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
 Hence all thy nat'ral worship takes the source;
 'Tis revelation, what thou think'st discourse.
 Else how comest thou to see these truths so clear,
 Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found;
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
 Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
 Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
 Those giant wits in happier ages born,
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
 Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
 Of nat'ral worship built on prayer and praise
 To one sole God.
 Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe;
 But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
 The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
 And cruelty and blood were penitence.
 If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
 Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
 And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath be-
 By off'ring his own creatures for a spoil! [guile,
 Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
 And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
 Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
 Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
 And like a king, remote and weak, must take
 What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
 But if there be a pow'r too just and strong
 To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
 Had not eternal wisdom found the way,
 And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
 See God descending in thy human frame;
 Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name;
 All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
 And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
 For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' of-
 Of man is made against Omnipotence, [fence
 Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
 And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
 See then the Deist lost; remorse for vice,
 Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
 What farther means can reason now direct,
 Or what relief from human wit expect?
 That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
 Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
 If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
 Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good,
 Let all records of will reveal'd be shewn;
 With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
 And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof

Proof needs not here: for whether we compare
That impious idle superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, off'rings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With christian faith and virtues; we shall find
None answer'ing the great ends of human kind,
But this one rule of life, that shews us best
How God may be pleas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more antient than the law;
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for ev'ry age;
First in the soul, and after in the page.
Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd
in arts,

In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true;
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human sense;
And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line;
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
Or since indulg'd has made mankind their friend,
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our int'rests, curbing sense and sin:
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives thro' pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.

To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?

But stay: the Deist here will urge anew,
No supernat'ral worship can be true;
Because a gen'ral law is that alone
Which must to all, and ev'ry where, be known:
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said, the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth;
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were em-
brac'd,

Till sin spread once again the shades of night;
What's that to these, who never saw the light?

Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of Providence:

But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find, ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way;
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his
name.

And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?

Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express'd:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd,
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.

Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind;
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and as his christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has tried;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, e'en these crude thoughts
were bred,

By reading that which better thou had read.
Thy matchless author's work; which thou my
friend,

By well translating better dost commend;
Those youthful hours which of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost;
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country-curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
Save pains in various readings and translations;
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quo-
tations.

A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd,
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd:

Where

Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copyer's and translator's trade;
How Jewish, Popish, int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion's sake he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If scripture, tho' deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd
more,

In fuller terms of heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease,
What safety from such brush-wood-helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entail'd:
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.

O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since th' original scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments; cast in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide so sure
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canons with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new:
Strange confidence still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.

More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the scriptures, tho' not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.

Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm, were ignorance and pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure?
Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sev'ral way;
For what one sect interprets, all sects may:

We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design?
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here;
When gen'ral, old, disint'rested, and clear;
That antient fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age:
Confirms its force by 'biding ev'ry test;
For best authorities next rules are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain, such they were, so known:
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale;
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and after for itself believ'd.

The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the
sense.

But first they would assume with wondrous art
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The book's a common largess to mankind;
Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain
In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:

When what small knowledge was in them did dwell;

And he a god who could but read and spell;
Then mother church did mightily prevail;
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail;
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn and save.
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor layman took salvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad: [had.
God's word they had not; but the priest's they
Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so
That by long use they grew infallible. [well,
At last a knowing age began t' enquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire: [late,
And making narrower search they found, tho'
That what they thought the priest's was their
estate:

Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then ev'ry man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
Consulted soberly his private good,
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, and far be flatt'ry hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd:
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd;
The spirit gave the doctoral degree;
And ev'ry member of a company
Was of his trade and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
None measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by pray'r:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought;
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion
warm,

About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
The fly blown-text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to use it ill.

The danger's much the same; on sev'ral shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains, but waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;
Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain.
But since men will believe more than they need,
And ev'ry man will make himself a creed,

In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of heaven than all the church before;
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The scripture and the fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn;
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear;
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes
will serve.

§ 30. *Mac Flecknoe.* DRYDEN.

ALL human things are subject to decay, [obey,
And when Fate summons, monarchs must
This Flecknoe found, who like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In prose and verse was own'd without dispute,
Thro' all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And bless'd with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And pond'ring which, of all his sons, was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit;
Cried, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Sh——, alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Sh——, alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude of that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way.
With

With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epfom blankets tofs'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion fail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar:
Echoes from Piffing-Alley Sh—— call,
And Sh—— they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not e'en the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here stopt the good old fire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd to inform the sight.
There stood of yore and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tow'r once: but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets
keep,

And undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head, [bred:
Where queen's are form'd, and future heroes
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximus the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simpkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne:
For ancient Decker prophesied, long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense:
To whom true dulness should some Psyche's owe,
But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Sh——'s coronation thro' the town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun-hill, and distant Watling-street;
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pyes, and reliicks of the bum.

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay;
But loads of Sh—— almost choak'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeoman stood prepar'd,
And H——n was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd,
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows, thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his fire a mortal foe to Rome;
To Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he, till death, true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
young,

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung;
His temples last with poppies were o'erspread,
That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The fire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood.
'Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him
To far Barbadoes on the western main; [reign
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen,
He paus'd, and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continued he: 'My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach; learn thou, from me,
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage;
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And, in their folly, shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien S——y interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epfom prose.

And

And, when false flow'rs of Rhetoric thou wouldst
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull: [cull,
 But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
 Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
 Sir Formal, tho' unsought, attends thy quill,
 And does thy Northern Dedications fill.
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
 By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
 Let father Frecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
 And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part;
 What share have we in nature or in art?
 Where did his wit on Learning fix a brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
 Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
 Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kiss my arse;
 Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
 Whendid his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
 As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine?
 But so transfus'd, as oil and water flow;
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
 New humours to invent for each new play:
 This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
 By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
 And, in in all changes, that way bends thy will.
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
 But sure thou 'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
 Thy tragic muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.
 With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
 In thy felonious heart though venom lies
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen lambics, but mild Anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
 Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
 There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
 Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.
 He said; but his last words were scarcely
 heard;
 For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming bard,
 Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

§ 31. *An Essay upon Satire.*

DRYDEN and BUCKINGHAM.

How dull and how insensible a beast
 Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
 Philosophers and poets vainly strove
 In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move: [these,
 But those were pedants, when compar'd with
 Who know not only to instruct but please.

Poets alone found the delightful way,
 Mysterious morals gently to convey
 In charming numbers; so that, as men grew
 Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
 Satire has always shone among the rest,
 And is the boldest way, if not the best,
 To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
 To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
 In satire too the wise took diff'rent ways,
 To each deserving its peculiar praise.
 Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
 Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into
 shame.

But of these two, the last succeeded best,
 As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
 Yet if we may presume to blame our guides,
 And censure those who censure all besides,
 In other things they justly are preferr'd;
 In this alone methinks the ancients err'd:
 Against the grossest follies they declaim;
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game,
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
 Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
 Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
 Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
 But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
 That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
 To wash off that, would be a noble toil;
 Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;
 Above all censure too, each little wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
 Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
 Of such correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a satire all would seek a share,
 And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
 Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
 To see their antiquated wit laid by;
 Like her, who mis'd her name in a lampoon
 And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:
 Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;
 Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight:
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
 Much less half wits: that's more against our rules;
 For they are fops, the other are but fools.
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
 The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado;
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,
 Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last.
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd;
 With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a
 pother,

They are as common that way as the other:
 Yet faunt'ring Charles, between his beastly
 brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected humour, or a painted face.

In loyal libels we have often told him
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him;
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep:
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
 Earnestly and Aylesbury, with all that race
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
 At council sat as foils on Dorset's score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseousmen;
 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
 'Tis time to quit their company, and choose
 Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First let's behold the merriest man alive
 Against his careless genius vainly strive;
 Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
 'Gainst a set time; and then forget the day:
 Yet he will laugh at his best friends; and be
 Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
 But when he aims at reason or at rule,
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.
 Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit,
 Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
 So eat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
 Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,
 And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
 Reaching above our nature does no good;
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
 As, by our little Machiavel, we find
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
 His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor companion takes.
 What gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see him drag his feeble legs about,
 Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
 Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill.
 'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
 To use a body so, tho' 'tis one's own:
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
 That whilst the creepish vig'roust thoughts can soar:
 Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
 Is but a busy grov'ling here below.
 So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
 Whilst on the ground th'entranced wretches lie:
 So modern fops have fancied they could fly.
 As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune flights;
 Striving against his quiet all he can,
 For the fine notion of a busy man.
 And what is that, at best, but one whose mind
 Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
 For Ireland he would go; 'faith, let him reign;
 For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
 Carry in trunks, and all my drudg'ry do,
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.

But is there any other beast that lives,
 Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?
 Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,
 Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones
 To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
 While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
 Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
 Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
 Though satire nicely writ no humour stings
 But those who merit praise in other things:
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,
 And break our rules for folly Tropos sake,
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
 Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
 For railing smoothly, and for reas'ning wrong.
 As boys on holiday slets loose to play,
 Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
 Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress;
 So have I mighty satisfaction found,
 To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
 To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it, [it:
 By some who scarce have words enough to shew
 For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
 The finer, may sometimes the wittiest speaker:
 But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
 Should be acquir'd by such little sense;
 For words and wit did anciently agree;
 And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
 At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
 Knave on the woollack, fop at council-table.
 These are the grievances of such fools as would
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some otherkind of wits must be made known,
 Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
 Excess of luxury they think can please,
 And laziness call loving of their ease;
 To live dissolv'd in pleasure still they feign,
 Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
 So much of surfeits, head-achs, claps, are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between;
 Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
 And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
 Each pleasure has its price; and when we pay
 Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
 Married; but wiser puss ne'er thought of that;
 And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
 Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time;
 Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
 A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
 Swell'd by contact of such a fullsome toad,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
 Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his liberty!
 Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
 Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
 Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
 Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
 Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
 For, after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
 With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
 Deluded

Deluded parents dried their weeping eyes,
To see him catch a tarter for his prize;
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change;
And cuckholds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free:
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.

And little Sid, for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought, but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all. [fall,
The flesh he lyes upon is rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin:
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 'tis a miracle, we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose;
Which from all stink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume, and essence from a f—t:
Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For, while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffer shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit:
To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes ev'ry creature
A very Killigrew, without good nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd!
For there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still;
Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose:
A life so infamous is better quitting.
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit;
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinderwoman's trade;

Who, for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise;
Ev'n he who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
We pull down others but to raise our own:
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
I (who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my master, who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seem'd stupendous and above reward)
Now labour with unequal force did climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall;
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

§ 32. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* DRYDEN.

Poeta loquitur.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires
my wit.

If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense;
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought,
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arrang'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too
plain:

And teaching more in one explaining page
Then all the double-meanings of the stage.

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic Muse;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind;
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And, brushing-o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To lib'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Softened the fierce, and made the coward bold;

The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts
the mind.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And ev'ry grace, and all the loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth:
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest:
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir.
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward shew;
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace:
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error; as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd, [join'd.
But made for two, and by mistake in one were

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood;
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove.
And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A 'quire among the swains, and pleas'd with
banishment.

His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not
much to pray.

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept thro' the matted gra's a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with
sport,

To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddesses well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,

Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose:
The fanning wind, and purling streams, con-
tinue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and, leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring
sense

First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Thro' the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native light:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around
So reason in this brutal soul began, [the year.
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame; and shame, with love at
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life; [strife,
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown;
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t' other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire:
As flies allur'd by light approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then separates what he sees:
On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows:
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air,
From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heav-
ing breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his
thought,

And lovenew-born the first good manners taught,
And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.

And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn
of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slav'ring curden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping, with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.

Then she: What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country
Because descended of a noble race, [known,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face).

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.

But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew, [lust:
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu,

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.

So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair;
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.

Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his fire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind:

He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd and learn'd so
That in short time his equals he surpass'd; [fast,
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;

In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease;
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by
love?

Love made an active progress thro' his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The maker's image on the human breast.

Thus was the man amended by desire:
And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand:

Excus'd the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his fire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and choose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd, and bishop'd by the
fair.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus, the father of the fair he lov'd:

But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse:

Her fire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound:
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:

Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:

The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the blest above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my
design.

Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.

The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,

Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stop'd her flight; then, standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:

Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the vessels side by side; [bride,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the

But

But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the
press he pass'd.

Fierce was the fight; but, hast'ning to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew.
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd;
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet,
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I
fought

For love alone, nor other booty sought:
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And, like a king, by conquest gains his cause;
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain;
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain;
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd the accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Tho' pleas'd dissembling, and a woman still.
And (for she wept) he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.

Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was, distress'd.
Who now exults but Cimon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor, sunk the sun,
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forked lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots a main,
Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.

Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been
blest;

More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies, but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent;
But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger as her fears increase;
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade and violate another's right:
The pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she died,
Who rather not resisted than complied.

Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense
She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence,
Sex to the last: meantime, with sails declin'd,
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind:
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The lands before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view:
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the
ground.

The frightened sailors tried their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land:
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown;
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know, but each with change
of cheer;

The vanquish'd side exults, the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast ex-
pence,

In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:

Stout

Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring band;
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn' when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the
day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they
knew

Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
But, crowding on, the last the first impel;
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun;
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast;
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd;
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he lost.

The fire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate;
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet prefer'd, or like Ormisda lov'd:
So stood th' affair; some little hope remain'd,
That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean time young Pasimond his marriage
press'd;

Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and studied quick relief;
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his
hand,

By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extreme he knew not how to move;
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.

Both sides he weigh'd; but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:

Unprais'd by me, tho' Heaven sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserv'd success;
The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.

But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent
To find the means that might secure th' event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought;
Th' example pleas'd; the cause and crime the same;
An injur'd lover, and a ravish'd dame.

How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd,
To manage loathsome life when love was the
reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the pris'ner sent;
In secret sent, the public view to shun;
Then, with a sober smile, he thus begun:
The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried:
These fruitful seeds within your mind they
sow'd;

'Twas yourst' improve the talent they bestow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

Thus far they tried you, and by proof they
found

The grain entrusted in a grateful ground;
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone;
And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own,
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd;
Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.

Your rival Pasimond pursues your life;
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd;
Two brothers are our foes; Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine;
To-morrow must their common vows be tied;
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed;

Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight;
 And let the losers talk in vain of right:
 We with the fair will sail before the wind;
 If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
 Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
 Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
 But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain
 (For liberty without thy love were vain)
 Then second my design to seize the prey,
 Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the
 way.

Said Cymon, overjoy'd, Do thou propose
 The means to fight, and only shew the foes:
 For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
 Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lyfimachus replied:
 Let heaven be neuter, and the sword decide;
 'The spoufals are prepar'd, already play
 The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
 By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are
 dress'd;

All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
 All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
 Unbidden though I am, I will be there;
 And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.

Now hear the rest; when day resigns the light,
 And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
 Be ready at my call; my chosen few
 With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
 Then, ent'ring unexpected, will we seize
 Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease,
 By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight;
 And, hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
 The seas are ours, for I command the fort;
 A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port.
 If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleas'd: the prisoner to his hold retir'd;
 His troop with equal emulation fir'd, [quir'd.
 All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work re-
 The fun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
 The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
 The double bridegroom at the door attends
 Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends;
 They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
 The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant
 smoke.

This done, they feast, and at the close of night
 By kindled torches vary their delight;
 These lead the lively dance, and those the
 brimming bowls invite.

Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
 With souls resolv'd the ravishers were joined:
 Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
 To favour the retreat, and guard the shore;
 The second at the palace-gate is plac'd,
 And up the lofty stairs ascend the last;
 A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
 But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
 And find the feast renew'd, the table spread;
 Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
 Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.

When, like the harpies rushing through the hall,
 The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
 Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
 Each ravisher prepares to seize his own;
 The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
 Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
 Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
 Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain;
 The rape is made, the ravishers remain;
 Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
 To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore:
 The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
 With forward faces not confessing fear;
 Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend;
 Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond; their passage to prevent,
 Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent;
 The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the han-
 dle bent.

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
 His rival's head with one descending blow;
 And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
 He turn'd the point; the sword, inur'd to blood,
 Bos'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a
 purple flood.

With vow'd revenge, the gath'ring crowd pursues,
 The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
 The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
 Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
 Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
 The victors to their vessel bear the prize; [cries.
 And hear behind loud groans and lamentable
 The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
 Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
 While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the
 key.

What should the people do when left alone?
 The governor and government are gone:
 The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
 Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
 Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more;
 Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;
 They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
 But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
 In vain with darts a distant war they try,
 Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
 Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
 And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
 The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
 Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
 With gen'rous wines their spirits they restore;
 There Cymon with his Rhodian friends resides,
 Both court and wed at once the willing brides.
 A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
 Stiff to defend their hospitable laws;
 Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
 Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
 The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
 But a short exile must for show proceed;
 The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
 And happy each at home enjoys his love.

§. 33. *Theodore and Honoria.*

A Translation from Boccace. DRYDEN.

OF all the cities in Romanian lands, [stands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with gen'rous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature blest,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree; Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none)
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could
move; [strove

The work went backward: and the more he
T'advance his suit, the farther from her love.

Wearied, at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His gen'rous mind disdain'd so mean a fate!
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his
breast.

Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his
care;

He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds ling'ring death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expence, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:

To Chaffis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbour-
ing grove

Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends; but not th' ex-
pence

Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, tho' more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.

It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone, he walk'd to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find:
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.

The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

While list'ning to the murmur'ing leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whisper'ing sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tingled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, tho' unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood
With briers and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish
wood;

From thence the noise, which now approaching
near,

With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade,
Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts re-
veal'd,

Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing thro' the brakes, and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embu'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side;
Mercy, O mercy Heaven! she ran, and cry'd;
When

When Heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their hold
again,

Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her again.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chace;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, tho' unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.

Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey. [afar,

The knight came thund'ring on, but, from
Thus, in imperious tone, forbade the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:

I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
Had reach'd the dame, and, fast'ning on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd;
Stood Theodore surpriz'd in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied.

The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:

Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name:
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.

What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell

On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.

Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid:
And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her
pride:

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were
cast,

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring pain!
Renew'd to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;

No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her
breast,

Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry
hounds a feast.

Nor lies she long, but, as the fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and, fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight re-
lates,

And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels thro' her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet, to kill.

And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:

As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and ev'ry several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!

As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the
ground

Upstart fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and
blood,

Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace;
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood then noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's
law:

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?

His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from heaven he homeward took his
way,

Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.

They came, and, usual salutations paid,
 With words premeditated, thus he said :
 What you have often counsell'd, to remove
 My vain pursuit of unregarded love ;
 By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
 Tho' late yet is at last become my care :
 My heart shall be my own ; my vast expence
 Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence ;
 This only I require ; invite for me
 Honoria, with her father's family,
 Her friends and mine ; the cause I shall display,
 On Friday next ; for that's the appointed day.
 Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was
 light,

The father, mother, daughter, they invite ;
 Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast ;
 But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
 The day was come, the guests invited came,
 And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame :
 A feast prepar'd with riotous expence,
 Much cost, more care, and most magnificence,
 The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
 Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love.
 The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
 With flowers below, and tissue overhead :
 The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
 To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
 The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
 That just when the dessert and fruits were plac'd,
 The fiend's alarm began ; the hollow sound
 Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
 Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
 ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise
 Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries ;
 And first the dame came rushing thro' the wood,
 And next the famish'd hounds that sought their
 food, [in blood.]
 And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws
 Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
 Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs
 to speed.

She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
 (A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
 The scene of death, and place design'd for pu-
 nishment.
 Loud was the noise, aghast was ev'ry guest,
 The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast ;
 The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd ;
 The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
 She rent the heav'n with loud laments, implor-
 ing aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
 Their faulchions brandish'd at the grisly sight ;
 High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight,
 Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
 And wither'd all their strength before he spoke :
 Back, on your lives ; let be, said he, my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destin'd way :
 Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
 Against th' eternal doom Providence :
 Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd :
 Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.

At this the former tale again he told,
 With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold :
 Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
 Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
 But bore each other back : some knew the face,
 And all had heard the much lamented case
 Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
 Seiz'd the due victim and with fury lanc'd
 Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
 Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
 The reeking entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
 The pale assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd,
 The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
 The fright was gen'ral ; but the female band
 (A helpless train) in more confusion stand :
 With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful justice done ;
 For conscience rung the alarm, and made the
 case their own.

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
 A plump of fowl behold their foe on high ;
 They close their trembling troop ; and all attend
 On whom the fowling eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
 And thought to her alone the vision sent.
 Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
 Heav'n's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
 And the same fate to the same sin assign'd :
 Already sees herself the monster's prey,
 And feels her heart and entrails torn away.

'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear ;
 Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer :
 The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
 The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground ;
 When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer death ;
 Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
 But follow'd, as before, the flying maid :
 Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
 And mounting light as air his sable steed he
 spurr'd :

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd the light,
 And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
 But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
 And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
 Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
 But sternly look'd as hatching in his breast
 Some deep designs ; which when Honoria view'd,
 The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd ;
 She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
 And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal
 steed :

The more dismay'd, for when the guests with-
 drew,
 Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
 Regardless pass'd her o'er ; nor grac'd with
 kind adieu.

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
 The downfall of her empire she divin'd ;
 And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.

Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At ev'ry little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horsemans-ghost camethund'ring
for his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the fun'ral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double
pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap,
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching spright be-
hind.

Darkling, and desperate, with stagg'ring pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace:
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came.

Her soul forethought the fiend would change his
game,

And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er
the plain.

This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.

Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Propf to disdain, and not to be remov'd:

Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:

Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love
profess'd? [dress'd.]

So had another been, where he his vows ad-
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,

That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,

Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell

What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,

Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,

She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.

'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all, [fall.]

That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest:

Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,

She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:

With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe:

The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;

Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,

Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care

The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,

(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,

Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;

Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;

More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd

For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

§ 34. *The Rosciad.* CHURCHILL.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.

The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;

The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;

For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.

Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,

In pompous strain fight o'er th'extinguish'd war,
And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;

We form our judgment in another way;
And they will best succeed, who best can pay:

Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit force of bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;

Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:

They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.

Wine! they could bribe you with the world as
soon,

And of roast beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give; could Clive do

more, [four?]

Though for each million he had brought home
Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,

And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat

For those who laughter love, instead of meat;
Foot, at Old House, for even Foote will be,

In self-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,

And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,

As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,

Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress

A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
Whilst to fix feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial;—Who?

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:

For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's
womb,

Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men depise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pest, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth;—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice strok'd his
band— [aim,

"At Friendship's call (thus oft with trait'rous
Men void of faith usurp faith's sacred name)

"At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
Who thus by me develops his intent.

But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,
That spirit which in storms of Rhet'ric tolt,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.

"Thanks to my friends—But to vile fortunes
born,

No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?

Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to
gain

Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
For clients' wretched feet the legal snare:

Dead to those arts, which polish and refine,
Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,

Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
To law and lawyers then I bade adieu,
And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd.
Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,
And let success for once attend desert."

With sleek appearance, and with aubling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea,—
"Let favour speak for others, worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist?
Knows any one so well—sure no one knows,—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd
away,

Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

* With that low cunning, which in fools sup-
And amply too, the place of being wise, plies,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance
charms,

And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen;
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impanel'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread,
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much

* This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the playhouse riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.

Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, tho' of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage
dame,

Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain common sense appear'd, by nature there
Appointed, with plain truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate fires
Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half
froze,

Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whose heart ne'er
With fancy-kindled heat;—a servile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
With solemn consequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.

Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd. [forth,

When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood
Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

"But more than just to other countries grown,
Must we turn base apostates to our own?
Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not please the ear as well?
What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states, let strangers blindly be prefer'd;
In state of letters, merit should be heard,
Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.
May not (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
May not some great extensive Genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;

And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms
Make England great in letters as in arms?
There may—there hath—and Shakespeare's muse
aspires

Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his
height.

Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
When abler judges we may find at home?
Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
Have we not Shakespeare?—Is not Jonson ours?
For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
wrote.

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her
And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakespeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause.

Mean time the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—Lloyd.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
And tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth;
Confuted falsehood, and disabled pride,
Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of trial should be put off here.

Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose turn'd the pliant laws.
Each Judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster * just.

In the first seat, in robes of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakespeare—in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which, to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd thro' nature at a single view;
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul;
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing nature's bounds, was something
more.

Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd,
Correctly

* Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.

But, hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd
give way,
And the procession comes in just array
Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
Invoke the muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind dullness, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off genius till another time.

First, order came,—with solemn step, and slow,
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry.
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.

Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle,
flute;
Next snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute;
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools go two by two.
Next came the treasurer of either house;
One with full purse, t' other with not a sou.
Behind, a groupe of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains:
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Statesman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies—A hero should not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;

Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he fought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.

From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.

Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass, [brass.
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in

Lo Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part.

When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear!

When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,

I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,

Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,

There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.

But when, to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,

When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,

The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's

clothes.
Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,

Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,

And seems to wonder what 's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,

Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,

Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,

He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,

And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but, on reflection's birth,

We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,

And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd

Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.
But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,

Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge

To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest judgment her decree suspends,

And, for a time, nor censures nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot,

Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,

Nor fail of favour where he shews desert.
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,

Such worthy praises, Kiteley scarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,

Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts and
scrapes;

Now

Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
His strokes of humour, and his bursts, of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, Distort.

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
E'en I, whom nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinson this, O'Brien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last, by nature form'd to please, who shows,
In Jonson's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd
When a dull copier simple grace neglects, [before.
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endu'd,
Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player:
Lift to that voice—did ever discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right-hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,
To sooth his weeping mother, turns and bows
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t' other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, because our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye?
Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we
It was the fashion twenty years ago: [know—
Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)

If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage,
All courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once
more,

And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er bethou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself, the first and last,—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet
marching slow,

A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest;
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
" 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To aim satiric truth against a player?
Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind."

What! shall opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

Austin would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour please?
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could shew
A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play!

Let

Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.

French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our
own.

At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues,
praise.

Next came the legion, which our *Summer Bayes*,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed
With Wits who cannot write, and scarce can read,
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;

Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.

So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the sons of nonsense hail him sire,
Auditor, author, manager, and squire,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there—
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him player.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move!

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground,
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.

Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,

When o'er the stage he folly's standard bore,
Whilst common-sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest'd!
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.

Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame; but most mistake the way.

Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a jesuit might have made,

With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull.

Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,

His name had stood in city's annals fair,
And prudent dullness mark'd him for a mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?

Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?

Or might not reason e'en to thee have shewn
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown;

Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred dullness and her first-born due;

Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.

Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,

Whilst Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which you
will,

Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule secure from critics and from sense,

Nor once shall genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the muse knows not, nor desires to know,

Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:

Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.

Asham'd among such troops to shew the head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
To separate frown from smile, and smile from

frown;

Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part;

Ros (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;

Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he;

Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses nature's bounds,

Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,

At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,

Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,

No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,

* A gentleman still living, who published, at this juncture, a Poem entitled "The Retort."

Harang'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel;
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Maeklin's name;
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho', levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where City swains in lap of dullness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy folly through the year.

But think not, though these dastard-chiefs
are fled,

That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar,
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to novelty, his only arms [charms;
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and
On one side folly sits, by some call'd fan,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom reason loaths, and nature never saw;
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire:
Gorgons and hydras, and chimæras dire.
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain own's no salique law:
Just to their worth, we female rites admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his
Original in spirit and in ease, [rod.
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humour's base, more merit or more praise,

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in jig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new.
Chear'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace ar-
ray'd,

She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.

Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here.

Defects like these which modest terrors cause,
From impudence itself extort applause.
Candour and reason still take virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in so good an heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit 's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe:
Let him reverse kind nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage.

The boasted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes while Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What 's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face
Where union rare, expression's lively force,
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings void of art
Rouse the quick passions, and enflame the heart;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age;

When

When heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd on the stalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action, she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on phrensy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And strongly imagin'd griefs her mind distract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too!
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—new horrors
rise,

And reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart,
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence;
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attenuated with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous Thane,
I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new
strung.

In comedy—"Nay, there," cries critic, "hold,
Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.
Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just;
But then, her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?

If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should find,
Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legions of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.

Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame; [height,
There the weak brain, made giddy with the
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.

Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man,
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming
skill,

The right-hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not
know.

With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!

When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmers dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains can
In elocution, action, character? (err

What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else could speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.— [art,
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.

Quin, from afar lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Whome'er those masters knew, knew how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were
Who having lost all relish for the stage, [young;
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place?
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along. [strong
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech! is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;

With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel them-
selves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the same scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garricks's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not for a moment sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with
weight.

Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinctions nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:

The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife. [such

His action's always strong, but sometimes
That candour must declare he acts too much,
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame, [down.
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?

But

But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.

Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out,—“He's of stature somewhat low,—

“Your hero always should be tall, you know.—

“True natural greatness all consists in height.”
Produce your voucher, critic.—“Serjeant Kite.”

Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—

“Avaunt, unnatural start, affected pause.”

For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.

The best things carried to excess are wrong:

The start may be too frequent, pause too long:

But only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,

Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face;

We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.

But when, from nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force;

When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd;

To me they seem from quickest feelings caught:
Each start is nature; and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;

What but a critic could condemn the player,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?

Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;

Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic web with curious pain;

The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;

Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas'd;

Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd through-

out,

And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,

Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,

Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the several parties came,

With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each
claim,

And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed:

“If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;

If thorough knowledge of the human heart;

If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;

If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;

If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie

Within the magic circle of the eye;

If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,

And which no face so well as his can shew;

Deserve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;

Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.”

§ 35. *The Pleasures of Imagination.* AKENSIDE.

BOOK I.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly
frame

Of nature touches the consenting hearts

Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores

Which beauteous imitation thence derives

To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;

My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers

Of musical delight! and while I sing

Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.

Thou, smiling queen of ev'ry tuneful breast,

Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks

Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull

Fresh flowers and dew to sprinkle on the turf

Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with thee

Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings

Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,

Which, by the glances of her magic eye,

She blends and shifts at will, through countless

forms,

Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,

Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,

Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend

And join this festive train? for with thee comes

The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,

Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,

Her sister Liberty will not be far.

Be present, all ye Genii, who conduct

The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard.

New to your springs and shades: who touch his

ear

With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye

The bloom of nature, and before him turn

The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

Oft have the laws of each poetic strain

The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung

Lay this prime subject, though importing most

A poet's name: for fruitless is the attempt,

By dull obedience and by creeping toil

Obscure to conquer the severe ascent

Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath

Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand

Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle wings

Impatient of the painful steep, to soar

High as the summit, there to breathe at large

Æthereal air: with bards and sages old,

Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes

To this neglected labour court my song;

Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task

To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From heaven my strains begin: from heaven
descends

The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the
globe,

Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the Almighty One: then, deep-retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling
globe,

And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights

The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind;
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays: till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain;
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of heaven? Else where-
fore burns

In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With

With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright way
Through mountains, plains, through empires
black with shade

And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the
heavens;

Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern
blast,

Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold;
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man: how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choak the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares

The obedient heart far otherwise incline,
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active
power

To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally by night,
The village-matron round the blazing hearth
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhimes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and
wave

The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs; till eager for the event
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her chatins inspire: the freely flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty,
thee

The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore: thou, better sun!
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven!
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, through nature's vast ex-
panse,

Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly,
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,

The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where, gliding through his daughter's honour'd
shades,

The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient pan: while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial
dews,

And Spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel-form
For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy grateful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks: disclosing, at it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as
love,

With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier I'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each coerulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superstition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys; my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for we know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where Health
And active Use are strangers? Is her charm

Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle Faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still more illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of Desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere.
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd.—Thus was beauty sent from
heav'n;

The lovely ministrers of Truth and Good
In this dark world: for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undecentful Good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undecentful Good,
And Truth eternal. Though the poisonous
charms

Of baleful Superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deserts, thorns and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
To walk with spectres through the midnight
shade,

And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel
Those monkish horrors: then in light divine
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, through bloom-
ing walks,

Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,

Lcd

Led by their winged genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of Bigot rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting: whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurements; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.
Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape,
Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurements; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath,
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial power, to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the spring resume;
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:

By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone (bear witness, earth and
heaven!)

The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantin spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and took his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hebe or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where Nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean: trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of beings, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the
hour
That saw the heavens created; then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter
wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
Her

Her features in the mirror. For of all
 The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
 To Truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
 The sacred laws of action and of will,
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
 And temperance from folly. But beyond
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
 Assenting reason, the benignant fire,
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good;
 Has added bright Imagination's rays;
 Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth
 Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
 The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
 And dress'd by Fancy in ten thousand hues,
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
 The ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
 Of harmony and wonder: while among
 The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And through the rolls of memory appeals
 To ancient honour, or in act serene,
 Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
 Of public power, from dark Ambition's reach,
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
 Well pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
 Of nature and of science; nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
 O! let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
 That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,
 I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
 Of Strife and low Ambition, to attend
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
 Descend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
 Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
 Through fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
 Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
 In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
 Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
 Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
 My native clime: while far above the flight
 Of Fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of ancient wisdom; while I join

Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal
 praise
 Of Nature, while to my compatriot youth
 I point the high example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

§ 35. *Day: a Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM,

"——carpe diem." HOR.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant Cock,
 Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
 Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.
 Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.
 Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the Lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
 From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
 See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.
 Now the pine-tree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale:
 Kidlings, now, begin to crop
 Daisies, in the dewy dale.
 From the balmy sweets, unemploy'd,
 (Restless till her task be done)
 Now the busy Bee's employ'd
 Sipping dew before the sun.
 Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.
 Colin, for the promis'd corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.
 Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
 Now the noon-tide radiance glows;
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.
 By the brook the shepherd dines;
 From the fierce meridian heat
 Shelter'd by the branching pines,
 Pendent o'er his grassy seat.
 Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall;
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still;
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village widows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.
Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home!

As the Lark, with vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the Trout, in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the Cuckow bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

§ 37. *The Contemplatist: a Night Piece.*

CUNNINGHAM.

“Nox erat———”

“Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.”

THE Queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many marshal'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm
The cool creation wears!
And what Day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A Phoenix next on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall Youth and Vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side advance,
We'll search the Milky Way.

Let us descend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And Science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours.—How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of Man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That, lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts (where the few frequent)
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, Content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky;
Save where a starry space between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error, thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
They lock the Shepherd's fold!
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
Whom pleasure once misguides:
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where Innocence presides—

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the path of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the Day!

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour, thus, of rushing fate
I've learnt to render vain:

For, whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!—The consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to Peace!
The port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental sight
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace—(The little chaos past!)
The gracious moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

The Nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And hope (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes—When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigour to the mind.

§ 38. *The Visions of Fancy.* LANGHORNE.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have you borne those Hope-enliven'd
hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once bestrew'd my vernal path with flowers?
In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the flow wave thro' the flowery
plain,
To these fond arms you led the tyrant, Love,
With Fear and Hope and Folly in his train.
My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
And o'er my sleep the lulling music play'd.
"Rest, gentle youth! while on the quivering
breeze
Slides to thine ear this softly breathing strain;
Sounds

Sounds that move smoother than the steps of ease,
And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

In this fair vale eternal spring shall smile,
And Time unenvious crown each roseate hour;
Eternal joy shall every care beguile,
Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

This silver stream, that down its crystal way
Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
Shall, still the same, in sunny mazes play,
And with its murmurs melodise thy song.

Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn;
Those living meads immortal flowers unfold;
In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
And every evening close in clouds of gold.

Thetender Loves that watch thy slumbering rest,
And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles
strew,
Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breast,
With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
And feed the flame of ever-young Desire.

Come, gentle Loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
The smiling bower with cluster'd roses spread;
Come, gentle airs! with incense-dropping wing
The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.

Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
And powers unseen the happy moments hail!

Ecstatic hours! so every distant day
Like this serene on downy wings shall move;
Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
The faithful joys of Fancy and of Love."

ELEGY II.

And were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?
Children of Fancy! yes, your song was vain;
On each soft air though rapt Attention hung,
And silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus impart
Of all that Youth and Love and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blasts the blooming flowers of Fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophetess of Fortune, false and vain,
To scenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires,
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, Syren, go—thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore;
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell:

There unregarded in the peaceful shade,
With calm Repose and Silence let me dwell.

Come, happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions shall subside;
When Peace shall clasp me to her plummy breast,
And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O blest Insensibility, be nigh,
And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids
close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless in the arms of Peace,
If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttelton though all the muses praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though Malice, with insidious guise
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, though Envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd! when hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants:

When dark design invades the cheerful hour,
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to other's failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to Folly's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en Wisdom's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
Myself the subject of my censure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, Philosophy, still let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain;
Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And smil'd through all her animated reign

When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd:

"O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
Than beings of inferior nature prove!
To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

"High-

"High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
In orient light this native landscape smiles;
For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of care,
Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

"Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
But fragrance, health and melody succeed.

"O let me still with simple nature live,
My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
And calmly waste my inoffensive day!

"No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
A cool-stream murmur, and a green tree wave.

"So may the sweet Euterpe not disdain
At Eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
The muse of pity wake her soothing strain,
And tune to sympathy the trembling string.

"Thus glide the pensive moments o'er the vale
While floating shades of dusky night descend:
Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

"To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
To attic wit and elegance of mind;
To all the native beauties of the soul,
The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd!

"Then to explore whatever antient sage
Studious from nature's early volume drew,
To trace sweet Fiction through her golden age,
And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science,
blew!

"Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
Hesperian fancy, or *Aonian* ease;
Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
Some strain that Love and Phœbus taught to please.

"When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's
head,

Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous ray:
Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.

"Nor seldom, loit'ring as I muse along,
Mark from what flower the breeze its sweet-
ness bore;

Or listen to the labour-soothing song
Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

"Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
The green height gain'd, and museful rapture lie,
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
Or look on nature with a lover's eye.

"Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
Led by fair Fancy round the varied year:
So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

"Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
So Joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
So hope shall smooth the dreary paths of age."

ELEGY IV.

OH! yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay!

Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread
By flattering Hope, the flower that blew so fair;
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vanish'd from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to *Loretto's* shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh fountains on Eden's happy plain,
And *Sharon's* roses all his passage strew:

So Fancy dreams; but Fancy's dreams are vain.
Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient light,
Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their
reign,

The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling
bright, [wain:

The blythe hours dancing round *Hyperion's*

In radiant colours Youth's free hand portrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence Fancy conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
And wandering far from her *Platonic* shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
The fairy race that fill'd her festive train:
Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
And Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

§ 39. *A Letter from Italy to the Right Honour-
able Charles Lord Halifax. In the year 1701.*

ADDISON.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods !
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray;
The king of floods ! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And, proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry),

Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;
Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme !
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd ;
Till, by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd ;
Its rising billows through the world resound ;
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine !
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice fer-
ments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents ;
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats ;
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride ;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb ;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies ;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,

Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd
Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid ;
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy
channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shewn,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.

In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand ;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors, in Parian marble frown ;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
sued,
Still shew the charms that their proud hearts
subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And shew th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where, from the mingled strength of shade and
light,

A new creation rises to my sight ;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasures tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.

Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art.
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains ?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain ;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines ;
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the laden vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train ;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores ;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine ;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil ;
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies ;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :

'Tis

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret dread,
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide,
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's or like yours, should praise.

§ 40. *The Campaign.* ADDISON.

To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. 1705.

"----- Rheni pacator et Istri

"Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit

"Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,

"Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."

CLAUD. *de Laud. Stilic.*

"Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa, suo

"labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum.

"Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis homi-

"nibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria

"trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum im-

"perium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint."

LIV. *Hist. lib.* 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts pro-
claim,

Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause:
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Illiad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;

Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appenines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks
immur'd,

Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course thro' the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd, and anxious for her sov'reign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heaven, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies;
Considering still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they
share;

Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By show'rs of blessings Heaven approves their
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost, [choice;
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky;
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjurd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on the banks, her heroes ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great death was near.

Our Godlike leader, ere the stream he pass'd,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast.
Forming the wondrous year within his thought,
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long labourious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese;
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.

Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein.

Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous view, the guilt of war;
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruins climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn; [rays
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.

Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;

Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shewn:

To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares entrust the cause of human kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms;
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:

Doubling their speed, they march with fresh de-
light,

Eager for glory, and require the fight.

So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,

The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,

Fix'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last: [past;

Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;

Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,

Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders

sleep. [fight,
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:

Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!

Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array
The close compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste:
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Thro' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage,
The battle, kindled into ten-fold rage,
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in their bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before
(Oh fatal love of fame! oh glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)

After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:

While Marlboro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war;
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;

Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain;

The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.

So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling

But if the rushing wave a passage finds, [tides;
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,

The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight
(Refuse of swords and gleanings of a fight)

In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in ev'ry shadow fear,

Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields

(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:

With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,

The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance, [France;
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By profer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat,
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heaven design'd to shew
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds controul:
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
O'erlook'd the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;

Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But oh, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise. [prov'd,
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dornier, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heap of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away, [vey.
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps con-
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild
Beholds the various havoc of the fight; [affright,
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,

Or

Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops re-
pell'd,

Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground;
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!

The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!

Greatly distress'd thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day. [fell

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.

Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;

Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;

Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,

Their raging King dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memmingen's high domes, and Aug-
sburg's walls,

The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,

The rescued states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulm th' approach of her deliverer waits,

And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:

If to the foe his dreadful course he bends
O'er the wide continent his march extends;

If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;

If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.

What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?

Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?

Where the swollen Rhine rushing with all its
Divides the hostile nations in its course, [force

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straighten'd as the river flows,

On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;

Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage and twice has chang'd its side;

As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.

Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;

And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:

Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;

No toils are painful that can danger shew,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land;

But, soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies,

Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal

plain:

In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;

They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,

Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,

Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:

What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!

How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,

Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;

Thus the great father of Almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom

That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth, by Marlborough's presence
charm'd,

Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,

Discharges all his thunder on its walls;
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,

And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,

To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,

Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:

Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack,

Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shews how Landau might have fall'n before.

Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,

Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;

His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,

The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,

Ranges thro' nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without th' wonted aid of sea and wind.

By her the unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:

But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in fictions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze:
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they
boast; [most.
And those who paint them truest, praise them

§ 41. *An Allegory on Man.* PARNELL.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too);
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred

In Jove's eternal fable head,
Contriv'd a shape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake,
Wond'ring to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do,
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely shew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake),
He saw old mother Earth arise;
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore;
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd,
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd, her weighty head.

Her honours made—Great Jove, she cried,
This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay, rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cried honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by
(There's none that paint him such as I:
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old when Time was young);
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old fire, Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was pied;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his train adorn:
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then, leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But, since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove; and, for consent,
Thund'ring, he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way;
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The souls flies sooner back to me.

§ 42. *The Book-Worm.* PARNELL.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey!
Produc'd

Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives :
Through all the fields of wit he flies ;
Dreadful his wit with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below.
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat : -
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along ;
He mounts the gilded edge before ;
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er ;
He turns, he doubles, there he pass'd ;
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse !
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage ;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies ;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies ;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd ;
They rent Belinda's lock's away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.

Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here :
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You've reach'd the plays that Dennis writ ;
You've reach'd me Philips' rustic strain ;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come, bind the victim—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets ! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise ;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party rage ;
But, if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound ;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year :
Ye gods ! what sonnets on a wench !
What lean translations out of French !
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S — prints before the months go round.

But hold—before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays !
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine
(That only way you please the Nine ;)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Dursley do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in ;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down :

" This trophy from the Python won,
" This robe in which the deed was done,
" These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
" Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
" Here ignorance and hunger found
" Large realms of wit to ravage round ;
" Here ignorance, and hunger fell,
" Two foes in one I sent to hell
" Ye poets, who my labours see,
" Come share the triumph all with me !
" Ye critics ! born to vex the Muse,
" To mourn the grand ally you lose."

§ 43. *An Imitation of some French Verses.*

PARNELL.

RELENTLESS Time ! destroying power,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour
To work some new decay ;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives ; the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh :
My spring, my years of pleasure, fleet,
And all their beauties die,

In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain—
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain,

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancied joys inspire ;
My errors cherish'd hope to smile
On newly-born desire.

But now experience shews the bliss,
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met fortune fair array'd ;
 In all her pomp she shone,
 And might perhaps have well essay'd
 To make her gifts my own ;
 But when I saw the blessings show'r
 On some unworthy mind,
 I left the chace, and own'd the pow'r
 Was justly painted blind.
 I pass'd the glories which adorn
 The splendid courts of kings ;
 And, while the persons mov'd my scorn,
 I rose to scorn the things.
 My manhood felt a vig'rous fire,
 By love increas'd the more ;
 But years with coming years conspire
 To break the chains I wore.
 In weakness safe, the sex I see
 With idle lustre shine ;
 For what are all their joys to me,
 Which cannot now be mine !
 But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
 My troubles laid to rest ;
 And truths which would disturb my peace
 Are painful truths at best.
 Vainly the time I have to roll
 In sad reflection flies !
 Ye fondling passions of my soul !
 Ye sweet deceits ! arise.
 I wisely change the scene within
 To things that us'd to please ;
 In pain, philosophy is spleen ;
 In health, 'tis only ease.

§ 44. *Ad Amicos* *. R. WEST.

YES, happy youths, on Camus' sedgey side,
 You feel each joy that friendship can divide ;
 Each realm of science and of art explore,
 And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
 Studios alone to learn whate'er may tend
 To raise the genius, or the heart to mend ;
 Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
 And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
 Where social oft, and oft alone, ye choose
 To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
 Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
 These lines give back the image of my heart)—
 At me the pow'r, that comes or soon or late,
 Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate ;
 From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
 Like some sad exile in a desert land :
 Around no friends their lenient care to join,
 In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with
 mine.
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days ;
 To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
 Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heaven ! what sin, ere life begins to
 bloom,
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
 Drag the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife ?
 Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
 Or madly violate my Maker's name ?
 Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
 Or know a thought but all the world might know ?
 As yet, just started from the lists of time,
 My growing years have scarcely told their prime ;
 Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
 Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year ;
 Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
 Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray ?
 Stern pow'r of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
 The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
 Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart ;
 Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
 Shake in my head, and falter in my pace ;
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
 And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye !
 Born in this moment, in the next we die ;
 Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
 Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise ;
 Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own ;
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
 And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing ;
 'Tis like the stream beside whose wat'ry bed
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head ;
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
 Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies ;
 The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
 And undermine the hollow bank below :
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
 Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey :
 Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
 And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine ? Does life deserve my sigh ?
 Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
 For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
 I neither envy nor regard their fate. [spread
 For me, whene'er all-conqu'ring Death shall
 His wings around my unrepining head,
 I care not: tho' this face be seen no more,
 The world will pass as cheerful as before ;
 Bright as before the day-star will appear,
 The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear ;
 Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
 Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air ;
 Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
 Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
 Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
 Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.

Lov'd

* Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little Piece, from whence his transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment, much beyond Mr. West's years.

Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
 Their praise would crown me, as their precepts
 mend: [dear;
 To them may these fond lines my name en-
 Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

§ 45. *Hymn to Contentment.* PARNELL.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
 Sweet delight of human kind!
 Heavenly born, and bred on high,
 To crown the fav'rites of the sky
 With more of happiness below
 Than victors in a triumph know!
 Whither, oh whither art thou fled,
 To lay thy meek contented head?
 What happy region dost thou please
 To make the seat of calms and ease?
 Ambition searches all its sphere
 Of pomp and state, to meet thee there:
 Increasing avarice would find
 Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd:
 The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
 Through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
 To gain thy love; and then perceives
 Thou wert not in the rocks and waves;
 The silent heart which grief assails,
 Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
 Sees daisies open, rivers run,
 And seeks (as I have vainly done)
 Amusing thought; but learns to know
 That solitude 's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found
 In trailing purple o'er the ground;
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky,
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All Nature in its forms below;
 The rest it seeks, in seeking dies;
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise,
 Lovely, lasting peace, appear;
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.
 'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd:
 It seem'd as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of his grace,
 When thus he spoke:—Go rule thy will,
 Bid thy wild passions all be still;
 Know God, and bring thy heart to know
 The joys which from religion flow;
 Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.
 Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat,
 Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy:
 Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
 In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and blest with God alone;

Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight;
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear, and court my song;
 I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
 And thee, Great Source of Nature, sing,
 The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world and give the day;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night;
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain:
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me:
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.
 Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.

§ 46. *An Address to Winter.* COWPER.

OH Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with fleet like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age; thy forehead rapt in clouds;
 A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urg'd by storms along its slippery way;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
 A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
 Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him impatient of his stay
 Down to the rosy west: But kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering at short notice in one group
 The family dispers'd, and fixing thought
 Not less dispers'd by day-light and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
 No powder'd pert proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
 Till the street rings. No stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
 Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
 A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
 With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page, by one

Made

Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest:
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes
out;

And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rights
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moon-light, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast, a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion phrensy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh, evenings! I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I, and Mine, and those we love, enjoy.

§ 47. *Liberty renders England preferable to
other Nations, notwithstanding Taxes, &c.*

COWPER.

'TIS Liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eye-sight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free!
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politers France receives.

From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee: For the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

§ 48. *Description of a Poet.* COWPER.

I KNOW the mind that feels indeed the fire
The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
What'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame;
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne
Fire indignation, and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
The storm of music shakes th' astonish'd crowd.
So when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen enquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The Poet's heart, he looks to distant storms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs,
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human
pow'rs,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of Prophet and of Poet was the same;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And ev'ry hallow'd Druid was a bard.

§ 49. *Love Elegies.* By——

ELEGY I.

'TIS night, dead night; and o'er the plain
Darkness extends her ebon ray,
While wide along the gloomy scene
Deep silence holds her solemn sway.
Throughout the earth no cheerful beam
The melancholic eye surveys,
Save where the worm's fantastic gleam
The nighted traveller betrays.

The.

The savage race (so heaven decrees)
 No longer through the forest rove;
 All nature rests, and not a breeze
 Disturbs the stillness of the grove.
 All nature rests; in Sleep's soft arms
 The village swain forgets his care:
 Sleep, that the sting of sorrow charms,
 And heals all sadness but Despair.
 Despair alone her pow'r denies;
 And, when the sun withdraws his rays,
 To the wild beach distracted flies,
 Or cheerless through the desert strays;
 Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
 While fearful echoes burst around,
 On some cold stone he leans his head,
 Or throws his body on the ground.
 To some such drear and solemn scene,
 Some friendly pow'r direct my way,
 Where pale misfortune's haggard train,
 Sad luxury! delight to stray.
 Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
 Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
 Resign'd I'll wait my final doom,
 And bid the busy world adieu.
 The world has now no joy for me,
 Nor can life now one pleasure boast;
 Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
 My wish, my hope, my all, is lost;
 Since she, so form'd to please and bless,
 So wise, so innocent, so fair,
 Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,
 And brighten'd all the gloom of care—
 Since she is lost. Ye pow'rs divine,
 What have I done, or thought or said?
 O say, what horrid act of mine
 Has drawn this vengeance on my head!
 Why should Heaven favour Lycon's claim?
 Why are my heart's best wishes cross'd?
 What fairer deeds adorn his name?
 What nobler merit can he boast?
 What higher worth in him was found
 My true heart's service to outweigh?
 A senseless fop! a dull compound
 Of scarcely animated clay.
 He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,
 And charm'd her by repeating o'er
 Unmeaning raptures in her praise,
 That twenty fools had told before:
 But I, alas! who thought all art
 My passion's force would meanly prove,
 Could only boast an honest heart,
 And claim'd no merit but my love.
 Have I not sat—ye conscious hours,
 Be witness—while my Stella sung
 From morn to eve, with all my pow'rs
 Rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue!
 Ye conscious hours that saw me stand
 Entranc'd in wonder and surprise,
 In silent rapture press her hand,
 With passion bursting from my eyes—

Have I not lov'd? O earth and heaven!
 Where now is all my youthful boast;
 The dear exchange I hop'd was given
 For slighted fame and fortune lost?
 Where now the joys that once were mine?
 Where all my hopes of future bliss?
 Must I those joys, those hopes, resign?
 Is all her friendship come to this?
 Must then each woman faithless prove,
 And each fond lover be undone?
 Are vows no more? Almighty love,
 The sad remembrance let me shun!
 It will not be: my honest heart
 The dear sad image still retains;
 And, spite of reason, spite of art,
 The dreadful memory remains.
 Ye Pow'rs divine, whose wondrous skill
 Deep in the womb of time can see,
 Behold, I bend me to your will,
 Nor dare arraign your high decree.
 Let her be blest with health, with ease,
 With all your bounty has in store;
 Let sorrow cloud my future days:
 Be Stella blest; I ask no more.
 But, lo! where high in yonder east
 The star of morning mounts apace!
 Hence! let me fly th' unwelcome guest,
 And bid the Muse's labour cease.

ELEGY II.

WHEN, young, life's journey I began,
 The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
 I saw along th' extended plan
 Joy after joy successive rise;
 And Fame her golden trumpet blew;
 And Pow'r display'd her gorgeous charms;
 And Wealth engag'd my wandering view;
 And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms;
 To each by turns my vows I paid,
 As Folly led me to admire;
 While Fancy magnified each shade,
 And Hope increas'd each fond desire.
 But soon I found 'twas all a dream;
 And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
 Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
 And thousands daily are undone:
 And Fame, I found, was empty air;
 And Wealth and Terror for her guest;
 And Pleasure's path was strewn with Care;
 And Pow'r was vanity at best.
 Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er;
 And, in a far sequester'd shade,
 To Contemplation's sober pow'r
 My youth's next services I paid.
 There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene;
 And oft, indulgent to my pray'r,
 With mirthful eye and frolic mien,
 The Muse would deign to visit there.

There

There would she oft delighted rove
 The flow'r enamell'd-vale along;
 Or wander with me through the grove,
 And listen to the woodlark's song:
 Or 'mid the forest's awful gloom,
 Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
 Recall past ages from the tomb,
 And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,
 One wish alone my soul could frame,
 And Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,
 A friend, and Thyrsis was his name,
 For manly constancy and truth,
 And worth, unconscious of a stain,
 He bloom'd the flow'r of Britain's youth;
 The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew;
 No cares did then my peace destroy;
 Time brought new blessings as he flew,
 And ev'ry hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,
 Soon did the sad reverse appear;
 Love came, like an untimely frost,
 To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's angel form
 (Fool that I was! I blest the smart)
 And while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
 The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was, at least in Damon's eyes,
 Made up of loveliness and grace;
 Her heart a stranger to disguise,
 Her mind as perfect as her face.

To hear her speak, to see her move
 (Unhappy I, alas! the while),
 Her voice was joy, her look was love,
 And Heaven was open'd in her smile!

She heard me breathe my amorous pray'rs,
 She listen'd to the tender strain,
 She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,
 And seem'd at length to share my pain.

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth!
 (How soon, alas! can hope persuade)
 Thought all she said no more than truth;
 And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,
 With her I sat the live-long day,
 And said and look'd such tender things
 As none beside could look or say!

How soon can Fortune shift the scene,
 And all our earthly bliss destroy!
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
 My soul's chief blessing and my pride,
 In one sad moment all were lost,
 And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died!

Oh! who, that heard her vows erewhile,
 Could dream those vows were insincere!
 Or who could think, that saw her smile,
 That fraud could find admittance there!
 Yet she was false—my heart will break!
 Her fraud, her perjuries were such—
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—
 I have not power to say how much!

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
 Oh shun her paths, the trait'ers shun!
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate;
 Who hears or sees her is undone.

And when Death's hand shall close my eye,
 (For soon, I know the day will come)
 O cheer my spirit with a sigh,
 And grave these lines upon my tomb:

THE EPITAPH.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,
 In manhood's prime, is Damon laid;
 Joyless he liv'd, and died unknown,
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain,
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;
 He saw young Daphne on the plain;
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone!

His heart then sunk beneath the storm
 (Sad meed of unexampled truth!)
 And sorrow, like an envious worm,
 Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid—
 O greet his ashes with a tear!
 May heaven with blessings crown his shade,
 And grant that peace he wanted here!

§ 50. *An Essay on Poetry**. BUCKINGHAM.

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,
 Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
 No writing lifts exalted man so high
 As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
 No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
 And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
 But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
 To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
 'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
 Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
 Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
 True wit is everlasting, like the sun; [tir'd,
 Which, though sometimes behind a cloud re-
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.

Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
 Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
 And all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the structure of the whole,
 Without a genius too, for that's the soul:
 A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
 As that of nature moves the world about;

A flame

* The Essay on Satire, which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Even something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shewn,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.

Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?

When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
return,

Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me
away,

From pleasures of the night and business of the
day?

Even now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.

As all is dullness when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:

And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,

But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen:

Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the

heart.

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry, rehearse;

But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters and examples too!

Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.

'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,

Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.

Yet modern laws are made for latter faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts;

What need has Satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?

Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.

But hold—the fool shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that are the subject here:

Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so will ev'n this endure.

First then of Songs which now so much abound;
Without his song no fop is to be found;

A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.

Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;

For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,

The least of which defects is plainly shewn
In one small ring, and brings the value down;

So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?

Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;

Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,

As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.

Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author * made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.

Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;

But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel only choke the fire.

On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave exacts the choice;

The praise of beauty, valour, wit, contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:

In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That Phoenix she deserves to be belov'd;

But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.

This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.

But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.

Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit:

But should this Muse harmonious numbers
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd; [yield,

If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid

So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;

Such trifles may perhaps of late have pass'd,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;

'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,

No † Panegyric, nor a ‡ Cooper's Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,

That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one poss'd.

The poet here must be indeed inspir'd [sefs'd.
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.

Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;

But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.

Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.

These laws may sound a little too severe;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here;

Which, though extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shews.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,

Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.

'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before:

Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.

Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough;

This

* The Earl of Rochester.—It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious.

† Waller's.

‡ Denham's.

This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.

Some think, if sharp-enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.

Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown:
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.

The Laureat * here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Flecknoe † with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus ‡ has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile;
A more important task attends thy toil.

As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar;
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;

But yet, incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last:

So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.

And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On, then, my Muse; advent'rously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.

The unites of action, time and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First, then Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario confesses all §.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero miserable witty?

But oh! the Dialogues, where jest and mock
Are held up like a rest at shuttle-cock;
Or else like bells eternally they chime;
They sigh in simile and dye in Rhyme.

What things are these who would be poets
thought,

By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind.
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul.

All this united yet but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'ful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since but by a few.

Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakespear and Fletcher are the wonders now;
Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er;
Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand sev'ral ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.

Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster—which the world n'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to
place,

As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning shew.

Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour:
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction—this would favour get;
But Falstaff || stands inimitable yet.

Another

* Mr. Dryden. † A famous satirical Poem of his.

§ In Philaster, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

‡ A poem called the Hind and Panther.

|| The matchless character of Shakespear.

Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That e'en his fools speak sense, as if possess'd,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better, by example, to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves:
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He straight grows jealous, tho' we know not
why;

Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now,
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who straight appears; but who can fate with-
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand, [stand?
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous things are
these!

And then they rail at those they cannot please:
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely shew,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought
forth!

Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-leg'd beast,
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human kind!

Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts, attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still
Like Indians view'd this wondrous piece of
skill;

As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.

But what, alas! avails it poor mankind
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shewn, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak Reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and ev'n Milton fail.

§ 51. *The Chace.* SOMERVILLE.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel, and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chace. Description of a perfect hound. Of fixing and sorting of hounds; the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chace I sing, hounds, and their various
breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great Prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their
lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold instructive song,
While grateful citizens, with pompous show,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy

Thy way with flow'rs, and as the Royal Youth
 Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
 While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
 Of their exotic minstrels and thrill pipes,
 The price of manhood, hail thee with a song;
 And airs soft warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
 Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings;
 Image of war without its guilt: The Mule
 Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
 Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
 Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
 Light bounding o'er the wave from shore to shore.
 Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth;
 And if, in future times, some envious prince,
 Careless of right, and guileful, should invade
 Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
 To wrest the balance from thy equal hand,
 Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd
 (A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils),
 Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
 Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,
 And clear thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee,
 The nobler chace of glory shall pursue
 Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of
 death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
 By just degrees to reach perfection's height:
 So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time
 Improve the piece, or wise Experience give
 The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
 That mighty hunter! first made war on beasts,
 And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
 New and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
 No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
 With clubs and stones, rude implements of war!
 He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
 Untrain'd: of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
 Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
 And scour the plains below: the trembling herd
 Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout
 Unheard before; surpris'd, alas! to find [lord,
 Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their
 But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
 Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
 Wide wasting, and grim Slaughter, red with blood;
 Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill;
 Their rage licentious knows no bound: at last,
 Encumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
 Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
 Part on their altars smokes, a sacrifice [hand
 To that all-gracious Pow'r whose bounteous
 Supports his wide creation; what remains
 On living coals they broil, inelegant
 Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
 Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
 And strong necessity, thus first began
 The chace of beasts; tho' bloody was the deed,
 Yet without guilt: for the green herb alone
 Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race,
 Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
 Was granted him for food*. So just is Heaven,
 To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after times
 Some few improvements made, but short as yet
 Of due perfection. In this isle remote
 Our painted ancestors were slow to learn:
 To arms devote, in the politer arts
 Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts
 Victorious William to more decent rules
 Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
 The proper dialect, with horn and voice
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-know cry
 His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
 From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
 In bloody social leagues the multitude
 Dispers'd, to size, to fort their various tribes;
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd isle,
 And Heaven's peculiar care! to thee 'tis given
 To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
 That bore the great Pelides thro' the press
 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks,
 Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
 Cheerful his course, and ere his beams decline,
 Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.

In thee alone, fair land of Liberty!
 Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
 As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
 Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
 In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;
 The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,
 Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
 In this delightful exercise to raise
 His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths! by smiling Fortune blest
 With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
 Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers' care;
 Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
 T' enjoy these pleasures, for the weak too strong,
 Too costly for the poor: to rein the steed
 Swift stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
 Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
 But breathing death. What tho' the gripe severe
 Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow Disease
 Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unstrung,
 Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
 Fix'd as a mountain-ash, that braves the bolts
 Of angry Jove, tho' blasted, yet unfallen;
 Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
 Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
 In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
 The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
 Upon some little eminence erect,
 And fronting to the ruddy lawn; its courts
 On either hand wide op'ning to receive [shines,
 The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he
 And gilds the mountain tops: for much the pack
 Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
 And

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

And bask in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day: for not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of Light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muses' aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.
Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome;
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want. For use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense on which the sportsman's hope
And all its future triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains;
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brull th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care.
In a large square th' adjacent field inclose;
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Thy downward structure and inverted grove.
Here, when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel; and the drooping pack,
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribes: soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides; with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave; this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torment the troubled flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Courting around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage: for oft, in sport

Begun, combat ensues; growling they snarl,
Then, on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each others throats; with teeth and claws in gore
Besinear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground
Panting, half dead, the conquer'd champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd,
Loud-clam'ring, seizeth the helpless, worried wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcase on th' ensanguin'd plain.
O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen!
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great Physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful soil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate,
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his speed
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimp'ring speaks his joy.

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean murd'rous, coursing crew, intent
On blood and spoil. O, blast their hopes, just
And all their painful drudgeries repay [Heav'n!
With disappointment and severe remorse;
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play. By Nature led,
A thousand shifts she tries: t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance
blithe,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering; his wide op'ning nose
Upwards he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy:
His glossy skin, or yellow pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamell'd pride
Rival the speckled pard; his rush grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch:
On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands:
His round cat-foot, straight hams, and wide-
spread thighs,

And his low dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill
Or far extended plain; in ev'ry part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice:
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
Observe,

Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: but if too small,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shiv'ring creep,
Bennmb'd and faint, beneath the sheltering thorn:
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far gleaming dart the same united blaze;
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid if mighty George approve:
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or stately stag that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round
head

[voice
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging
Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
And shake the forests: the bold talbot kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows,
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race, well train'd and
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil [skill'd
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport;
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent art
Th' arch felon * was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the footy cloud and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth: for soon he paid
His forfeit life; a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides and avenging Heaven!
Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way:
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice

That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till conscious of the recent strains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffing nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues, till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The catiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense! [quire

Should some more curious sportsman here en-
Whence this sagacity, this wondrous pow'r
Of tracing step by step or man or brute?
What guide invilible points out their way
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ferous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently-purling-brook,
There by the incumbent atmosphere compress'd,
The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires,
Leaves a long streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds pursue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks
repay,

And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forebode a blust'ring stormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow;
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry-parching east, menace the trees,
With tender blossoms teeming; kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease! listless, they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice,
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumb'ring tribe with heavy eyes,
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop
their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts

Of

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Of ranker weeds each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit:
But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand; each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with the illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty, [Heaven
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless saunt'ring youth, proud of the
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt, [skut
And rusty gouples jingling by his side!
Be thou of other mould; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the changes of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase. Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive sage
To observe that instinct which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore,
And oft transcends. Heaven-taught, the roe-
buck swift

Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies:
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; strain'd to excess, each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew, fails: they pant, they
foam: [hills

Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode. With step revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her close recess.
As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift

Their moving camp; now on some cooler hill,
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
And then below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treache-
rous wiles

Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted blade wary and close they sit.
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When summer
funs

Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full grown they lead their helpless young;
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert: yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd,
In the long grass they sculk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves: thus changing still
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.

But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor wastes in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties shows; the fields are thorn:
Inwardly smiling the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase: his barns are stor'd;
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd.
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd;
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloo loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
O bear me, some kind pow'r invisible!

To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers stretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old;
Oh were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains where the strain'd eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Saron's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces thro' the clouds: or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold! where the well-breath'd beagle
climbs,

With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess,
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread [hail!
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,

And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
 Farewel, Cleora! here, deep sunk in down,
 Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
 Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
 Thy early meal; or thy officious maids,
 The toilette plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
 Th' important work. Me other joys invite;
 The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
 Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay;
 My courser hears their voice: see there! with ears
 And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground:
 Fierce rapture kindles in his redd'ning eyes,
 And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys,
 Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
 Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
 If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
 The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
 But give a loose to all their frolic play;
 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
 A thousand wanton gaieties express
 Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
 Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
 The rising sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
 When April show'rs descend. Delightful scene!
 Where all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;
 And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman! lead on: behind the clust'ring pack
 Submits attend, hear with respect thy whip
 Loud clanging, and thy harsher voice obey.
 Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves,
 But let thy brisk assistant on his back
 Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
 Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
 And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
 With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes,
 Where flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank
 Affords the wand'ring hare a rich repast, [mead
 Throw off thy ready pack. See where they spread,
 And range around, and dash the glitt'ring dew!
 If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
 Avow the recent trail, the jostling tribe
 Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
 The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
 Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
 The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
 But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
 Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
 How leisurely they work, and many a pause
 Th' harmonious concert breaks; till, more assur'd,
 With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.

What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
 Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants; she
 If now she lives: she trembles as she sits, [doubts
 With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that
 Around her head, of the same russet hue, [clings
 Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
 With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
 At distance draw thy pack; let all be hush'd;
 No clamour loud, no frantic joy, be heard;
 Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain

Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
 Now gently put her off; see how direct [bring
 To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman,
 (But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
 And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
 And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
 With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
 That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let
 loose

From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,
 They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
 Hope gives them wings, while she's spur'd on
 by fear. [woods,

The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and
 In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths!
 Stripp'd for the chace, give all your souls to joy.
 See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
 More fleet, the verdant carpet skim! thick clouds
 Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce
 The grass unbruise'd; with emulation fir'd [print
 They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
 O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
 The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
 O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands by turns
 Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
 Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
 Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone!
 And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
 She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track;
 But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind
 Urge her bold course, less intricate thy task;
 Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch,
 The frightened chace leaves her late dear abodes,
 O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
 Ah, never to return! for greedy Death

Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey. [oaks
 Hark! from yon covert, where those tow'ring
 Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale
 Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout,
 The clanging horns swell their sweet winding
 notes,

The pack wide op'ning load the trembling air
 With various melody; from tree to tree
 The propagated cry redoubling bounds;
 And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
 Thro' all the regions near. Afflictive birch
 No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke,
 Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call.
 The weary traveller forgets his road, [leaves
 And climbs the adjacent hill. The ploughman
 Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
 Are now the shepherd's joy. Men, boys, and girls,
 Desert the unpeopled village; and wild crowds
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet phrensy seiz'd.
 Look how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
 Slips glancing by; while at the further end
 The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
 Maze within maze! The covert's utmost bound
 Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps;
 And in that very track so lately stain'd
 By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue

The

The foes she flies. Let cavillers deny [more;
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspire
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring and doubtful what new course to take.
And how to 'scape the fierce blood-thirsty crew
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train! your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along
In pleasing hurry and confusion to's'd;
Oblivion to be wish'd! The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied: up they climb,
And ardent we pursue: our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore; till, once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
Then like a foaming torrent pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack! how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft blabb'ring errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs,
With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman! take heed; they stop in full career:
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense! Draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills; as bells,
Sallied awhile, at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See how they to'ss, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they lost! That eager haste
Some doubling wile foresees. Ah! yet once
more [either hand
They 're check'd—hold back with speed—on
They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'tis right:
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all [cure,
Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd se-
With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes;
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores scarce
A languid scent. And now in open view [leaves
See! see! she flies; each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick she turns, their gaping jaws eludes,

And yet a moment lives, till round inclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies!
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threïcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard! [banks
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus'
Return'd their clam'rous rage: distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain:
For eager they pursue; till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey!

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quiv'ring heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse; in her dim-glaring eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay, or at their master's foot
Each happy favorite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they

wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny dastard animal! but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur, of the chace;
Hear what the Muse from faithful record sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel,
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous host,
Lays waste the provinces, nor glory fires
To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor, but mankind
Shall hail him good and just: for 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey,
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Delhi, op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Timur's glorious race;
Sublime he sits amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein the Arabian steed, and watch his nod,
And potent rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here submit
Their

Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves!
 Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
 The fair sultanas of his court; a troop
 Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
 From each intrusive eye; one look is death.
 Ah! cruel eastern law! (had kings a pow'r
 But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
 To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray
 Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
 Slaves and artificers; and Delhi mourns
 Her empty and depopulated streets.

Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review
 Thro' groves of spears from file to file he darts
 His sharp experienc'd eye, their order marks,
 Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
 Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
 Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
 On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
 With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
 The vassal world the prize; nor was that host
 More numerous of old which the Great King*
 Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East.
 That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
 And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
 The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
 A wide circumference, full many a league
 In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and
 Large provinces, enough to gratify [plains,
 Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
 Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
 The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host;
 He from the throne high eminent presides,
 Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
 From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
 And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
 His irreversible decrees, from which
 To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
 Each to his station leads, encamping round
 Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
 Where decent order reigns, what these command
 Those execute with speed and punctual care,
 In all the strictest discipline of war,
 As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
 Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high resolve
 That flies on wings thro' all th' encircling line
 Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
 So, by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
 The planets in their spheres roll round his orb;
 On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
 The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
 Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
 Emblazon'd rich with gold and glitt'ring gems,
 And like a sheet of fire thro' the dun gloom
 Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts
 And all the brazen instruments of war,
 With mutual clamour and united din
 Fill the large concave, while from camp to camp
 They catch the varied sounds, floating in air.
 Round all the wide circumference tigers fell
 Shrink at the noise; deep in his gloomy den
 The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd

Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
 Onward they march embattled, to the sound
 Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
 That rouse the sleepy soul to arms and bold
 Heroic deeds. In parties here and there,
 Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
 Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
 The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
 A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they
 From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den, [drive
 The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
 Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
 Gleam from the mountain tops: the forest seems
 One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly
 Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
 Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves, a dreadful crew
 Of grim blood-thirsty foes! Growling along
 They stalk indignant, but fierce vengeance still
 Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
 Present immediate death. Soon as the night,
 Wrapp'd in her sable veil, forbids the chace,
 They pitch their tents in even ranks around
 The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and
 At proper distances ascending rise, [fires
 And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
 So round some island's shore of large extent,
 Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
 The billows breaking on the pointed rocks
 Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
 Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
 What dreadful howlings and what hideous roar
 Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
 That glads the night had cheer'd the list'ning
 groves

With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom
 Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
 They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
 Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
 Thus, day by day, they still the chace renew,
 At night encamp; till now in straiter bounds
 The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
 The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side.
 And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
 From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
 Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
 The civil war begins; grappling they tear;
 Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves;
 Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
 Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
 At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
 The lion hangs his head; the furious pard,
 Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
 Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
 So abject is a tyrant in distress!

At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
 A lifted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
 An amphitheatre more glorious far [heaps,
 Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in
 Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
 Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
 Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
 Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,

And

And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
 Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
 Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
 With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
 The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
 Swift shooting plunge, o'er the mountain's ridge
 Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
 Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
 With jav'lin's arm'd attend; each watchful eye
 Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
 He fears; and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
 Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe
 From his high-elevated throne beholds
 His blooming race, revolving in his mind
 What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
 When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
 Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
 Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
 Of eager hosts thro' all the circling line,
 And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
 Rend the welkin; the flights of arrows wing'd
 With death, and jav'lin's launch'd from every arm,
 Gave fore the brutal bands, with many a wound
 Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
 When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
 Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious
 rage,

Their eyes dart fire, and on the youthful band
 They rush implacable. They their broad shields
 Quick interpose; on each devoted head
 Their flaming faulchions, as the bolts of Jove,
 Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
 The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
 Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
 The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
 Thro' their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
 An easier passage find. The king of brutes
 In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
 Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
 Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
 Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
 The battle bleeds; grim Slaughter strides along,
 Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey—
 Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,
 A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
 And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
 Alive, with vain assault contend to break
 Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
 Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
 The bodies of the slain for shelter creep,
 Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
 And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd)
 the work

Of death had been complete, and Aurengzebe
 By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race;
 When, lo! the bright sultanas of his court
 Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
 Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
 Lowly they bend, and humbly sue to save
 The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
 When suppliant Beauty begs! At his command,
 Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
 Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
 Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,

To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors! whose vain hearts exult
 In wantonness of pow'r 'gainst the brute race,
 Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
 Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of
 blood;

But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Of king Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of
 wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales: from
 hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is de-
 scribed in all its parts. Censure of an over-
 numerous pack. Of the several engines to de-
 stroy foxes and other wild beasts. The steel-
 trap described, and the manner of using it.
 Description of the pitfall for the lion, and ano-
 ther for the elephant. The ancient way of hunt-
 ing the tyger with a mirror. The Arabian man-
 ner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the
 royal stag-chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes
 with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy
 upon mercy.*

IN Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
 He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
 Launch'd half her forests, and with num'rous
 fleets

Cover'd his wide domain; there proudly rode
 Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
 Of British monarchs: each invader bold,
 Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
 And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
 He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
 With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
 Rich commerce flourish'd, and with busy oars
 Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
 His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious Prince!
 His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
 And from rapacious savages their flocks.
 Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
 Their tributary wolves, head after head,
 In full account; till the woods yield no more,
 And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
 In fertile pastures more securely graz'd
 The social troops, and soon their large increase
 With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
 But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
 A subtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
 In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
 In the full fold the poor defenceless lamb,
 Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
 Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
 Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
 Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain;
 While in th' adjacent bush poor Philomel
 (Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
 Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments
 With sweeter notes and more melodious woe,
 For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
 Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
 To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
 To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,

Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
 With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
 And rouse thy bold compeers: then to the copse,
 Thick with entangling grass or prickly furze,
 With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
 In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
 Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
 They cross, examining with curious nose
 Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
 Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
 More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry mouth.
 As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice
 Press to their standard, hither all repair,
 And hurry thro' the woods with hasty step,
 Rustling, and full of hope; now driven on heaps
 They push, they strive; while from his kennel
 sneaks

The conscious villain. See! he sculks along
 Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
 Purloin'd: so thrive the wicked here below.
 Tho' high his brush he bears, tho' tipt with white
 It gaily shine, yet ere the sun declin'd
 Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
 Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels
 Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
 His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.

Heavens! what melodious strains! how beat
 our hearts,

Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
 Breathe harmony; and as tempest drives
 From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark recess
 The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
 The chorus swells; less various and less sweet
 The trilling notes, when in those very groves
 The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
 And ev'ry bush in concert joins; or when
 The master's hand, in modulated air,
 Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
 Of music in one instrument combine,
 An universal minstrelsy. And now
 In vain each earth he tries; the doors are barr'd
 Impregnable; nor is the covert safe:
 He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
 Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away:
 Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling
 hound

Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
 'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths!
 Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous steed;
 Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
 But in the madness of delight forget
 Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
 And dangerous our course; but in the brave
 True courage never fails. In vain the stream
 In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch,
 Wide-gaping, threatens death. The craggy steep,
 Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
 And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain,
 But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
 To pounce his prey: then up th' opponent hill,
 By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft.
 So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
 Adown the steepy wave: then, tost on high,
 Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring
 chace

Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim
 The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.
 See my brave pack! how to the head they press,
 Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
 Obliquely wheel; while from their op'ning mouths
 The vollied thunderbreaks. So when the cranes
 Their annual voyage steer, when wanton wing
 Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
 From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
 The hunter crew, wide straggling o'er the plain!
 The panting courier now with trembling nerves
 Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur
 Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams;
 The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
 With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and
 The strange confusion of the vale below. [view
 Where sore vexation reigns: see yon poor jade;
 In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears,
 And galling spurs harrow his mangled sides;
 He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
 Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands;
 For ev'ry cruel curse returns a groan,
 And sobs, and faints, and dies! Who without grief
 Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
 His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
 Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate; no cost,
 No labour spar'd; who, when the flying chace
 Broke from the copse, without a rival led
 The num'rous train; now a sad spectacle
 Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence,
 Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along!
 While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,
 Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
 Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
 Lies flound'ring, half ingulph'd. What biting
 thoughts

Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old Age laments
 His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
 Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
 The short pygmean race he whilom kenn'd
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman! from this
 height

Observe yon birds of prey: if I can judge,
 'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round,
 And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
 See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
 And sweeps the mire impure: from his wide jaws
 His tongue unmoisten'd hangs; symptom too sure
 Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
 To black despair. But one loose more, and all
 His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
 And leafless elms, return the joyous sounds.
 Thro' ev'ry homestead, and thro' ev'ry yard,
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn he flies;
 Thro' ev'ry hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes
 Plunging, he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
 In a superior stench to lose his own:
 But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
 With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue:
 And

And now distress'd, no shelt'ring covert near,
 Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
 Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain! there
 Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
 The pack, inquisitive, with clamour loud,
 Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
 With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
 Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead,
 And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
 The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
 Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
 And grateful calls us to a short repast:
 In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
 Our native product; and his good old mate
 With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
 To crown our triumphs and reward our toils.
 Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
 Censure that num'rous pack, that crowd of state,
 With which the vain profusion of the great
 Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
 Pompous incumbrance! a magnificence
 Useless, vexations! for the wily fox,
 Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
 Kens well the great advantage; flinks behind,
 And sily creeps thro' the same beaten track,
 And hunts them step by step; then views, escap'd,
 With inward ecstacy, the panting throng
 In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
 So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
 Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
 They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world;
 But when the day of battle calls them forth
 To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact,
 Of chosen veterans, they press blindly on,
 In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
 A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy;
 The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
 Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
 Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day
 With silence drags his trail; then, from the ground
 Pares thin the close-graz'd turf; there with nice
 hand

Covers the latent death, with curious springs
 Prepar'd to fly at once, when'er the tread
 Of man or beast unwarily shall press
 The yielding surface. By the indented steel
 With gripe tenacious held the felon grins,
 And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
 When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
 Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
 Compounded for his life. But if perchance
 In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no escape,
 But unrepriev'd he dies; and, bleach'd in air,
 The jest of clowns, his reeking carcase hangs.

Of these are various kinds: not even the king
 Of brutes evades this deep-devouring grave;
 But by the wily African betray'd,
 Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
 Expires indignant. When the orient beam
 With blushes paints the dawn, and all the race
 Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire
 Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
 O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs

Of men and beasts, the painful forester
 Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
 With the tall cedar crown'd and taper fir,
 Assail the clouds; there, 'mong the craggy rocks
 And thickets intricate, trembling he views
 His footsteps in the sand, the dismal road
 And avenue to death. Hither he calls
 His watchful bands, and low into the ground
 A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep;
 Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
 The butt of some fair tree, upon whose top
 A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam;
 And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
 Encircling round, and hiding from all view
 The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
 Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow,
 And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
 Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
 Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
 His rav'nous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
 The forest trembles as he roars aloud,
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
 The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
 The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
 The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
 Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
 Winds him from far, and leaping o'er the mound
 To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
 Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
 Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
 Thine eyeballs flashing fire, thy length of tail
 That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
 With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
 The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
 And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
 Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
 When sov'reign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts
 The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
 But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent use.
 With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
 And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
 Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
 Then boughs of trees thy cut, with tempting fruit
 Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,
 The clust'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
 The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
 Advances slow, besprinkling all around
 With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
 The stately elephant from the close shade
 With step majestic strides, eager to taste
 The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
 Delightful breathes; or in the limpid stream
 To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
 The rich repast, unweeting of the death
 That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
 The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
 The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
 The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf,
 Trembling, gives way; and the unwieldy beast,
 Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
 So when dilated vapours struggling heave

Th' incumbent earth, if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race! [pard.

Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his sight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow!
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his op'ning jaws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innum'rous engines form'd t' assail
The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
Swift, and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts were vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war;
But, borne by him, without the well-train'd pack
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers ranges the deserts wild,
Where by the magnet's aid the traveller
Steers his untrodden course, yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immers'd and lost; while these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses' speed, outfly the storm,
And, scouring round, make men and beasts their
The grisly boar is singled from his herd, [prey.
As large as that in Erimanthean woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide, and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides:
But perilous th' attempt; for if the steed
Haply too near approach, or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies, and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft;
And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then, bleeding, spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font; and now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither rolls my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal stag
Unsung remains? Tread with respectful awe
Windor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful
bard!

Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet. Oh grant me, sacred shade!
To glean submits what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly-train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs,
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades—in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior, of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart: he must be more than man
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids!
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great
lords

To bow and sue for grace. But who is he,
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lilies, on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see!
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chace array'd,
Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example! As his guard of mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound, is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cower low to earth,
While pass the glitt'ring court and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings:
But soon the winding horn and huntsman's voice
Let loose the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now, the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head; the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd
pack

With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunters' cheering shouts

Float

Floated through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares: each age, each sex,
In the wild transport joins: luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.

How happy art thou, Man! when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval and ease from pain!

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quiv'ring bog,
Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades,
The forest opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
To employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart, as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the gen'rous steed, that strokes along,
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in th' extended vale below;
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course, now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
Oh grant, indulgent Heaven! no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scene!
Should some malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen:
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair;
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown stag thro' woods, bogs, roads, and
Has measur'd half the forest; but, alas! [streams,
He flies in vain; he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he cast the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views
The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying shrieks; and the pale threat'ning ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.
See here his lot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on his brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, cov'ring all the plain;
But, wrung with anguish, bears not long the sight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale;

There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r
Was still rewarded with successful love.

But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men;
Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chase him from thence: needless their impious
deed,

The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black, and imbois'd; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once devoted foe: familiar grows
His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.

Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league. If haply then
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career: passive they stand,
Unmov'd, an humble and obsequious crowd,
As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.

So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With fresh recruiting might. The stag, who hop'd
His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful din: he shivers ev'ry limb;
He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe.
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load: he pants, he sobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye surprise him, soon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
The knowing forester, who inly smiles
At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.

So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze expire;
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view,
With hobbling gait and high, exerts amaz'd
What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on ev'ry side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn, or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These grovelling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah, see! distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front presents
An host of foes. O shun, ye noble train;
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof

They

They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd
 To dare some great exploit; he charges home
 Upon the broken pack, that on each side
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
 He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
 Urges his course with eager violence;
 Then takes the foil, and plunges in the flood
 Precipitant: down the mid stream he wafts
 Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
 Into some winding creek) close to the verge
 Of a small island, for his weary feet,
 Sure anchorage he finds, there sculks immers'd:
 His nose alone above the wave draws in
 The vital air; all else beneath the flood
 Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
 Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
 Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
 The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
 In equal time. The gliding waters leave
 No trace behind, and his contracted pores
 But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
 His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain.
 At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
 And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
 Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
 Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat
 Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearless dives
 Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
 Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
 The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
 Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
 Of willows bending low their downy heads.
 Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
 These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
 The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
 Engage: the stag repels each bold assault,
 Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds re-
 As when some wily corsair boards a ship [turns.
 Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts
 Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
 Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
 And clinging climb aloft, while those on board
 Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
 Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
 To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
 His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die:
 So fares it with the stag, so he resolves
 To plunge at once into the flood below,
 Himself; his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd,
 Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
 In wild disorder once more views the light;
 Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,
 The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks:
 He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
 His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
 Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
 Rebuk'd, the disappointed hungry pack
 Retire submit, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee what may thy subjects
 So kind and so beneficent to brutes! [hope,
 O Mercy, heavenly born! sweet attribute!
 Thou great, thou best, prerogative of pow'r!

Justice may guard the throne; but, join'd with thee,
 On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
 And braves the storm beneath: soon as thy smiles
 Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
 And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness: two sorts of it described; the dumb, and outrageous, madness: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog upon man described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd to earth returns
 Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
 Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
 Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
 Of man alone, that particle divine,
 Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail:
 Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish
 And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
 The brute creation are his property,
 Subservient to his will, and for him made:
 As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
 Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
 Should he not kill (as erst the Samian sage
 Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
 As vainly preach), the teeming rav'nous brutes
 Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
 Encumb'ring all the globe: should not his care
 Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail;
 Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
 And thro' the deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn
 Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,
 And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
 With annual large recruits his broken pack,
 And propagate their kind. As from the root
 Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
 New blooming honours to the parent tree;
 Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed;
 And princes at their tables feast those hounds
 His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
 His steepy course, or mother earth unbound
 Her frozen bosom to the western gale; [solv'd,
 When feather'd troops, their social leagues dis-
 Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
 The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest:

Mark

Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That, curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their piebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flash fires impure; nor rest nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In separate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter; on Scamander's stream
Heroes of old with far less fury fought
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds shall lie
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death;
And still the best belov'd and bravest fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame select
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In league connubial join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briers
inwoven.

Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size:
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits. The vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong:
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there ev'ry muse he tries;
If haply then he crosses the steaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious, and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hop'd but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above the horizon's brink,
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce no light.
The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind;
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure
The marks of their renown'd progenitors, [view
Sure pledge of triumph yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind

The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chase,
Coursing around, unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valued prize; the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Carefs, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour; nor permit
The unexperienc'd youngster, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung
And strength unequal, the laborious chase
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field: not all at once;
But, as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The staunch and steady sages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles
And subtle doublings of the various chase.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward youngster at the head
Press boldly on in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd,
The ruling whip; but if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure, give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the list'ning pack attend his call. [play,

Of lead them forth where wanton lambkins
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain,
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
Then, with his load fatigu'd, shall turn ahead,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch, till, breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides,
Lash after lash; and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves,
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air
Assail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd, as curious artists bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed, but to preserve
Must

Must be the huntsman's care. The staunch old hounds,

Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.

O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'erfloated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside
With pleaded reason, and with well turn'd speech
Conduct the staring multitude; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents and various ills
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that lead to death's dark cave.
Short is their span; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!
Not e'en Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense:
Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes well
pleas'd.

Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But, oh! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies! Terrific pest! that blaits
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite,
Or that Apulian spider's pois'nous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou, [beams
Each even and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy painting pack. If, in dark sullen mood,
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate, with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease,
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But, this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change—confusion, phrensy, death;
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining; deep melancholy
And black despair upon his clouded brow
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom and infectious froth
Distilling fall; and from his lungs, inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition; his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his pensive head; his trembling limbs
No more support his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury; like some angry boar
Churning he foams, and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd

He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air; with rough coarse voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade, jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply t'ward the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd;
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round:
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance, thro' the weak fence escap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man nor beast
He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and list'ning hears with joy
The cheering cry that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense), a wretched victim falls,
Unhappy quadruped! No more, alas!
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd: no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings to the winding horn,
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart; for oh! the secret wound
Rankling inflames! he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baneful he bends his course: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are
barr'd,

And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane: the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder and uncouth array; [gor'd,
Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse! return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe,
Where Horror stalks at large! insatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey; each hour presents
A diff'rent scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie: o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil, not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble
reigns.

Huntsman, it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd pre-
serve,

As erst the vestal flame; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surpriz'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize

The

The wound: spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails. [means

Here should the knowing Muse recount the
To stop this growing plague: and here, alas!
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure, and boasts
Infallibility; but boasts in vain.

On this depend—each to his sep'rate feat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his meff
Apart, his range in open air: and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic Muse! the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure, but soon shall with
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills,
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night, or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heaven, the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam,
Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid, whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but preis each weaker part,
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most: convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent
pains

Pinch fore the sleepless wretch: his flutt'ring pulse
Of intermits: pensive and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares; at last with boundless sway
The tyrant phrensy reigns; for as the dog,
Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane,
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind,
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the
Dreadful example to a wicked world! [groves,
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink; till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steeps, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack,

But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along, and undermine

The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd, gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind, where they at will
On the green wat'ry reed, their pasture, graze;
Suck the moist soil; or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression? where, alas!

Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunte'en the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds inclose the rav'nous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey, on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears,
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate, swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch, whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths!
Dispute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance! loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish.
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. The harmonious notes
Float with the stream, and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering
sounds

Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!
Not

Not choirs of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
 The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
 In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
 They snuff the fishy steam that to each blade
 Rank-scenting clings! See how the morning dews
 They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
 Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
 Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
 They plunge tumultuous, or thro' reedy pools
 Rustling they work their way: no hole escapes
 Their curious search. With quick sensation now
 The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
 And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth
 In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
 That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
 The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
 And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
 While others at the root incessant bay!
 They put him down. See, there he dives along!
 Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
 Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
 Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah! there he vents!
 The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
 Menace destruction, while the troubled surge
 Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
 Affrighted hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
 And loud uproar. Ah! there once more he vents!
 See! that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they
 sink,

Together lost; but soon shall he repent
 His rash assault. See! there escap'd he flies
 Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank,
 Withouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
 Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,
 This artful diver best can bear the want
 Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
 Beneath the whelming element: yet there
 He lives not long, but respiration needs
 At proper intervals. Again he vents;
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
 His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound,
 Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
 Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
 With him it mounts; sure guide to ev'ry foe.
 Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound
 Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedgy bank
 He creeps disconsolate: his num'rous foes
 Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro'
 and thro',

On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain.
 Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
 Proclaim the felon's fate. He dies, he dies!

Rejoice ye scaly tribes! and leaping dance
 Above the wave, in sign of liberty
 Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
 Rejoice, secure and blest, did not as yet
 Remain some of your own rapacious kind,
 And man, fierce man! with all his various wiles.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state,
 Ye rangers of the fields! whom Nature boon
 Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
 Conspires to bless. What if no heroes frown
 From marble pedestals, nor Raphael's works,

Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold,
 And at another's cost may feast at will
 Our wond'ring eyes: what can the owner more?
 But vain, alas! is wealth not grac'd with pow'r.
 The flow'ry landscape and the gilded dome,
 And vistas op'ning to the wearied eye.
 Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
 The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
 Of warbling-birds, can't lull to soft repose
 Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
 Is harrow'd day and night: he mourns, he pines,
 Until his prince's favour makes him great.
 See, there he comes, th' exalt'd idol comes!
 The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
 Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
 The nauseous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
 With promises that die as soon as born.
 Vile intercourse! where Virtue has no place.
 Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade;
 He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
 The pageant of a day; without one friend
 To sooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled;
 For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,
 The insects vanish as his beams decline.

Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
 No wicked int'rest, bribes the venal heart;
 But inclination to our bosoms leads,
 And weds them there for life; our social cups
 Smile as we smile; open and unreserv'd,
 We speak our inmost souls; good-humour, mirth,
 Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free.
 Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
 Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
 Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,
 Who thus could reign unenvied and secure?

Ye guardian Pow'rs, who make mankind your
 care,

Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
 Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
 Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
 That great creative Will, who at a word
 Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul,
 To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
 With less ambitious wing, unskill'd to range
 From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way,
 And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
 Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice
 Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
 Gives light to all, bids the great system move,
 And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
 Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself; yet this at least
 Grant me propitious—an inglorious life
 Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
 Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
 My drooping friends, preventing modest want
 That dares not ask: and if, to crown my joys,
 Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
 Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and
 streams,

Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
 Shall hear my cheering voice: my hounds shall wake
 The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

§ 52. *Rural Sports; a Georgic.* GAY.*Inscribed to Mr. POPE, 1713 *.*

“... securi praelia ruris

“Pandimus.”

NEMESIAN.

C A N T O I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
 Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
 In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
 And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
 Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
 And no rude wind through rustling oifers blows;
 While all his wond'ring nymphs around thee
 To hear the Syrens warble in thy song. [throng,
 But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,
 Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
 Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
 Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
 Where news and politics divide mankind,
 And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
 Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue
 Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
 Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
 Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
 Each rival Machiavri with envy burns,
 And honesty forsakes them all by turns:
 While calumny upon each party's thrown;
 Which both promote, and both alike disown.
 Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I choose,
 And sooth'd the harass'd mind with sweet repose,
 Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
 Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
 My Muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and
 plains,

And deck with rural sports her native strains;
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,
 Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
 But all the grateful country breathes delight;
 Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
 Where I behold the farmer's early care
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
 And high luxuriant grass o'er spreads the ground,
 The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
 Shaving the surface of the waving green;
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
 But, if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
 Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
 His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
 And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
 In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
 And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus
 gains,

And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains;

When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
 And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
 O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs,
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
 Where flow the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams
 Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
 Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
 And e'en at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
 And learn the labours of Italian swains;
 In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
 And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;
 I wander o'er the various rural toil,
 And know the nature of each diff'rent soil:
 This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
 That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
 Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
 Climb round the poles, and rise in grateful row:
 Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
 And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
 The dewlapp'd bull now chafes along the plain,
 While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
 The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs,
 And steer his distant journey through the skies;
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
 Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
 No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
 To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire:
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day;
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
 The purple clouds their amber linings shew,
 And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
 Here pensive I behold the fading light,
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
 And twinkling orbs bestrew th' uncloudy skies;
 Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
 And on the main a glittering path extends;
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
 Which round their suns their annual circles steer;
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of Providence.
 O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating world their rounds,
 My

* This Poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was first published.

My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays !

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake :
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare ;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye ;
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain ;
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide ;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,
The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds :
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook ;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught ;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows ;
When, if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat :
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line !
How thy rod bends ! behold, the prize is thine !
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use ;
Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose :
The worm that draws along immoderate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies :
And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains ;
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss ;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day :
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride ;
Let nature guide thee ; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require ;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the fable's tail.

Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings :
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air ; [plays,
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing dis-
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear ;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly :
When he with fruitless pain has skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw ;
When if an insect fall (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide ;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size ;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds ;
So just the colours shine through ev'ry part,
That Nature seems again to live in Art.

Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair ;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;
Upon the curling surface let it glide :
With natural motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air ;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the wet'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food ;
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away :
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears :
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and writhes his shining body round ;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide ;
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart ;
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands :
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length,

He

He now with pleasure views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharpteeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quiv'ring fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race,
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase
(Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take;
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake;
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod, athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains,
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch inclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the soal and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.

Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches; now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns; he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Has safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;

Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey.
Now the warm scent assures the covey near;
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.

Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But num'rous coveys gratify thy pain.

When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the Fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;

The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain flight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mountain lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass
betrays,

While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chace, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;

The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
 They rouse from sleep and answer sounds for sounds;
 Wide thro' the furzy field their route they take;
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
 The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
 The distant mountains echo from afar,
 And hanging woods resound the flying war:
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
 Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain, [train.
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd
 Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
 Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries;
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
 Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the force
 To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
 To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
 O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
 Canst thou the stag's laborious chace direct,
 Or the strong fox thro' all his arts detect?
 The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
 Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
 And all the ravages of hostile arms!
 And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
 Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
 No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
 No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
 The dreadful signal of invasive war;
 No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
 In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
 She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content;
 (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame):
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
 An equal passion warms her happy swain:
 No home-bred jars her quiet state controul,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
 With secret joy she sees her little race
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;

The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
 Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool:
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
 The kind rewarders of industrious life;
 Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
 Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
 Ye murmur'ing streams that in meanders roll,
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul;
 Farewell!—the city calls me from your bow'rs:
 Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours!

§ 53. *Love of Fame, the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE I.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
 Virtutis —

JUV. SAT. 10.

MY verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
 And patronize a Muse you cannot fear;
 To Poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
 Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
 It bribes the partial reader into praise,
 And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
 The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
 And gives applause to B——e, or to me.
 But you decline the mistress we pursue;
 Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause,
 Thou shining supplement of public laws!
 When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
 Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
 When purchas'd follies from each distant land,
 Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand:
 When the law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
 And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light;
 When churchmen scripture for the classics quit,
 Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
 When men grow great from their revenue spent;
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore—
 To chase our spleen when themes like these in-
 crease,

Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?

Shall poetry, like law, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications with an Æthiop white,
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines as trophies on a post?
 Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
 And satirize with nothing——but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, whose leadsthe tuneful strain,
 Nor hears that virtue which he loves, complain?
 Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
 And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
 Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
 He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
 Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring and severely kind,
The courtly * Roman's shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise:
What will not men attempt for sacred praise?
The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads;
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
Here, to S——e's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder aims at Pult'ney's eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead.
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.
Who is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn. [born
Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer;
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rd a book;
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still;
But T——, alas! (excuse him if you can)
Is now a scribler, who was once a man.
Imperious some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.
Some for renown on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.
On glass how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?
Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign,
On death-beds some in conscious glory lie,
Since of the doctor in the mode they die;
Whose wondrous skill is, headsmen-like, to know
For better pay to give a surer blow.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see:
And (stranger still) of blockheads flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean!

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with pride,
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? The love of fame
Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay it holds Delia from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been
This passion with a pimple have I seen [dead.
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (oh ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems—and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin! [in,
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin—who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar, at your peril give him room!
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more
Nothing—but merit in a low estate. [great?
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of Earth, who on a South Sea tide
Of full success swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;

* Horace.

D d 2

But

But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to
Provides a home from which to run away. [pay,
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame.
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone,
The baliffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.

"No, sirs," he cries; "I'll sooner rot in jail!
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such heads might make their very bustos laugh.
His daughter starves, but * Cleopatra's safe.

Men overloaded with a large estate
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're
By your revenue measure your expence, [mad.
And to your funds and acres join your sense:
No man is blest by accident or guess,
True wisdom is the price of happiness:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my Muse, canst thou refuse so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng;
Thy most inviting theme? The court affords
Much food for satire; it abounds in lords.

"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one is lately in.

"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all;
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.

Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown! and boast
With pride inverted of their honours lost.

But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.

What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise or good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by † Monteucl, and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face;
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B—'s hair.

* A famous statue.

What bodily fatigue is half so bad?

With anxious care they labour to be glad.

What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance!
The tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play,
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools; and Stoic-like support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wife and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Fools gaze and envy: envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some untaught o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

The 'squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack, [back),
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies when a gypsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made. [new,

Hear breathe, my Muse! and then thy task re-
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay atheists made by church debates:
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scroope discreetly bend;
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's over her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth Epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme.
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

† A famous taylor.

SATIRE II.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Scarborough.

—Tanto major Famæ fitis est, quam
Virtutis, — JUV. SAT. 10.

MY Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain Satire calls for sense in ev'ry line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes;
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying like rays of light on drops of rain;
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolitus demands the sylvan crown*;
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r.
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth! why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make Paul Diack † rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.
What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a molt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name.
To one lov'd tulip off the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came and miss'd it one ill-fated hour.

He rag'd! he roar'd—"What daemon cropp'd
"my flow'r?"

Serene, quoth Adam, 'Lo! 'twas crush'd by me:
'Fallen is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy
'knee.'

"But all men want amusement, and what crime
"In such a Paradise to fool their time?"

None, but why proud of this? To Fame they soar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists; we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?

What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doting on a flow'r!

A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

* This refers to the first Satire,

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning; and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and like them devoted to the view!
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for sport alone, and not for game:
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent.
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! What is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to lie;
So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
To make the purchase, he gives all his store,
Except one darling diamond that he wore:
For what a mistress gave, 'tis death to pawn,
Yet when the terms were fix'd, and writings
drawn,

The sight so ravish'd him, he gave the clerk
Love's sacred pledge, and sign'd them with his
Unlearned men of books assume the care, [mark.
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shewn.
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would bethought;
And to this cost another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to ——— what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O Lumley, whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long illustrious blood;
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honour, and the finest taste!
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.

But know, my Lord, if you resent the wrong,
That on your candour I obtrude my song;
'Tis Satire's just revenge on that fair name,
Which all their malice cannot make her thence.

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For, though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste, his sense;
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.

His brisk attack on blockheads we should prize,
Were not his jest as flippant with the wise.

† The name of a tulip.

He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like dooms-day, all the faults of all mankind.

Who tho' wit tickles! tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, good-nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.

Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

The same men give, is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment what place so fit?
His most facetious letters * came to hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.

If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou—a fool, or knave?
For all but such with caution I forbore;

That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;

No mask so good but Marcus must shine through;
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell,

Thy best concealment had been writing well;
But thou a brave neglect of Fame hast shewn,

Of others' fame, great genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know:

The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull; [souls,

When some home-joke has stung their solemn
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;

Thro' spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;

To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake.

These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"he's a wit."

Poor negroes thus, to shew their burning spite
To Cacodæmons, say they're devilish white.

Lampridius from the bottom of his breast
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.

How just his grief! one carries in his head

A less proportion of the father's lead;

And is in danger, without special grace,

To rise above a Justice of the Peace.

The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,

And feel a passion for a grain of corn;

Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,

Who wins their hearts by knowing black from
white,

Who with much pains exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

This booby father craves a booby son,

And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea;

One learns to lisp, another not to see;

Miss D—— tottering catches at your hand:

Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?

Whilst these what nature gave disown thro' pride
Others affect what nature has denied;

What nature has denied fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.

Craffus, a graceful sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms, for form the sage support;

He hems—and cries, with an important air,

"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"

Then quotes the Stagyræ to prove it true;

And adds, "The learn'd delight in something
"new."

Is 't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?

As far a formalist from wisdom sits,

In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.

Nay, of true wisdom there too much may be,

The gen'rous mind delights in being free;

Your men of parts an over-care despise;

Dull rogues have nought to do but to be wise.

Horace has said—and that decides the case—

'Tis sweet to trifle in a proper place.

Yet subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,

Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen)

For ever will hang out a solemn face,

To put off nonsense with a better grace;

As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,

Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?

The body's wisdom to conceal the mind,

A man of sense can artifice disdain,

As men of wealth may venture to go plain;

And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot—

Solemnity's a cover for a lot.

I find the fool, when I behold the screen;

For 'tis the wise man's int'rest to be seen.

Hence, Scarborough, that openness of heart,

And just disdain for that poor mimic, art;

Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,

Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With gen'rous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd

Of court and town the noon-tide masquerade,

Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,

And hide secure behind a naked face!

Where nature's end of language is declin'd,

And men talk only to conceal the mind;

Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,

And he who trusts a brother is undone!

My brother swore it, therefore it is true;

O strange induction! and at court quite new.

As well thou might'st aver, thou simple swain,

"'Tis just, and therefore I my cause shall gain."

With such odd maxims to thy flocks retreat,

Nor furnish mirth for ministers of state.

Some master spirit far beyond the throng

Refin'd in ill, more rightly bent on wrong,

With exquisite discernment play their game,

More nice of conduct, and more fair of fame.

The neatly injur'd thinks his thanks are due,

Robb'd of his right, and good opinion too:

Falsely on honour, pride's first-born, this clan controuls,

Who wisely part with nothing but their souls.

Albertus hugs himself in ravis'd thought,

To find a peerage is so cheaply bought.

These

* Letters sent to the Author signed, Marcus.

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen:
How blank his look, how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a silver lace,
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame:
His sumptuous watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine,
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France he
wheels,

And triumphs conscious of his learned heels.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valued, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd furtout he wears which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame.
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And while he slept surpris'd the darling rent;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out*.

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim.
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim:
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys when they
pass

Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glass,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

"But who art thou!" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shall be;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.

O thou, myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.
Come from thyself, and a by-stander be;
With others' eyes thy own deportment see;
And while their ails thou dost with pity view,
Conceive, hard task, that thou art mortal too.
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart:
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose,
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
This noon of life? The seasons mend their pace,
And with a nimbler step the seasons chace;
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last;
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of Fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, and swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?
Should this verse live, O Lumley! may it be
A monument of gratitude to thee:
Whose early favour I must own with shame,
So long my patron, and so late my theme.

SATIRE III.

To the Right Honourable Mr. Dodington.

———Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis——— JUV. SAT. 10.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought:
And now a poet's gratitude you see—
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three;
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own,
All ill-tim'd modesty! Turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning and her genius too decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace:
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New-cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould,

I ate

* Milton.

Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry: 'tis true;
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame:
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critics' rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who plunder in the critic's name?
Good author's damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding, cries,
Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!
Ye doctors sage, who thro' Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gage;
An author's principles or parentage:
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well:
Another judges by the writer's look:
Another judges, for he bought the book: [keep,
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to
Some judge because it is too soon to sleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim;
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best ambitiously advise.
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
None are at leisure others to reward:
They scarce will damn but out of self regard.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame! with anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is

To glory some advance a lying claim, [meat.
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame!

Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords behind their backs.

Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Hervey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops by whom she ne'er was seen;
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own;
Bathyllus in the winter of threescore
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.

Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those who bring that incense we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true
They most have ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of fools to stock the Continent.

Tho' Phoebus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow:
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welch descent which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.

When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen;
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See! Tityrus with merriment posselt,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest;
What need he stay? for, when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.

Is there of these, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houses some, nay, houses that they hire;
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes thro' pride the sexes change their
My lord has vapours, and my lady swears: [airs;
Then (stranger still!), on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To shew the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all denied.

What numbers are there who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too!

Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise
To win applause, and takes it by surprise:

"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate;
You know your answer—he's exact in great.

"My style," says he, "is rude, and full of faults;"
But, oh what sense! what energy of thoughts!

That he wants algebra he must confess,
But not a soul to give our arms success.

"Ah! that's a hit indeed," Vincinna cries,
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?"

"I own

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me
"back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack;
"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou in one suit wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the Court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown? confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the Court forsake;
Our fortunes there nor thou nor I shall make.
Even men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And, oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some little place by storm;
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Shire-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favours
come;

They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, yawning they advance;
'Tis inhumanity to bleis by chance.

If merit sues and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant, at court, Philander at his need
(Thanks to his lovely wife!) finds friends indeed.
Of ev'ry charm and virtue she's possess.

Philander! thou art exquisitely blest,
The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found who may be justly proud.
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast.
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear;
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And Shakspeare's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchant'd fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine;
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather give than pay.
O lavish land! for sound at such expence;
But then she saves it in her bills for sense.

Music I passionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for its sake such dramas I sustain.
An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane.

When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.

"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not even in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
Well, Heideger, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve;
Thou to his name hast splendid temples mis'd,
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shewn;
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown,
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy sacrifice supreme an hundred maids!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds must suffice.
Thou smil'st, well-pleas'd with the converted land,
To see the fifty churches at a stand.

And, that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of minor prophets a succession sure,
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings;
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddlestrings!

Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths
like these,

Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd; thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a Satire which gave none offence!
And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
On then, my muse! and fools and knaves expose;
And, since thou canst not make a friend, make foes.
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads
fall,

Knives know the game, and honest men pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price!

A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant tho' but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face,
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit, is but to provide a pain
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view,
By

By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending here those awful councils aid,
Which you abroad with such success obey'd;
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

To the Right Honourable Sir Spencer Compton.

—Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis— JUV. SAT. 10.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine
grows,

And breathes her sweetson the supporting boughs:
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be
(Oh pardon mine!) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdom's fates without ambition weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's assenter, and the people's friend.
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse:
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire;
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown;
All schemes he knows, and knowing all improves;
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves.
But patriots differ: some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A quidnunc is an almanack of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use,
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate "not content" can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel
An incapacity for smaller things. [kings?
Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenna leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a bible and a shoulder-knot;
Deep in the secret he looks thro' the whole
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the Creed.
Howe'er, well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought up hop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief? [force;
While the sun shines Blunt talks with wondrous
But thunder mars his all beer, and weak discourse.

Such useful instruments the weather shew,
Just as their mercury is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke;
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C——— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well.
C———, who makes so merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.

Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.
Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a free-mason with some terror names:
Omits no duty, nor can envy say
He miss'd these many years the church or play;
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his debt and visit when 'tis due:
His character and gloves are ever clean;
And then, he can outbow the bowing dean!
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face
For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free;
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list by nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterpose this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd;
What other men dislike is sure to please;
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still;
And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,
S——ly will fright you, E—— engage;

By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S——x is the worst of friends.

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush if you surprise them in the right;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.

Tho' wrong the mode, comply, more sense is shown
In wearing others' follies than your own.

If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost toymen of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances;

And

And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
 Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which Joseph never wore!

He shews on holidays a sacred pin [chin.
 That touch'd the ruff that touch'd queen Bess's
 "Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
 "Since the great plague that swept as many more,
 "Was ever year unblest as this?" he'll cry;
 "It has not brought us one new butterfly!"
 In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
 Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
 But, in effect, his chace is much the same.
 Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
 Staunch to the foot of title and estate.
 Where'er their lordships go, they never find
 Or Lico or their shadows lag behind:
 He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run,
 Close at their elbows as a morning dun;
 As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
 And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
 But, after seven years dance from place to place,
 The Dane* is more familiar with his grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer?
 Or living pendant dangling at his ear,
 For ever whisp'ring secrets which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
 Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
 Still to reflect the temper of his face?
 Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve, [leave?
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it
 Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll, or thump it for his better ease?
 Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
 When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
 Who'd shake with laughter tho' he could not
 find

His lordship's jest? or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow—
 That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough?
 With terms like these how mean the tribe that
 close!

Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
 The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
 For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old constant spark, the bard profess.
 "Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
 "Pelham's magnificent—but I can write;
 "And what's to my great soul like glory dear?"
 Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
 That fame's unwholesome, taken without meat;
 And life is best sustain'd by what is eat:
 Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ;
 And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
 That his triumphant name adorns a post?

Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
 Defends sirloins which sons of dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
 What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears,
 When the poor muse, for less than half-a-crown,
 A prostitute on every bulk in town,
 With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
 Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?

Ye bards! why will you sing tho' uninspir'd?
 Ye bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?
 Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
 Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press?
 Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
 Like hair, will sprout altho' the poet's dead.

All other trades demand; verse-makers beg:
 A dedication is a wooden leg;
 And barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
 Exposés borrow'd brats to move compassion.
 Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend;
 Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend;
 "Is 't then a crime to write?" If talents rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear;
 For some tho' few, there are large-minded men,
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen,
 Who know the muse's worth, and therefore
 court,

Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,
 Who serve unask'd the least pretence to wit;
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
 Will Harcourt pardon, if I dare commend
 Harcourt, with zeal a patron and a friend?
 Argyle true wit is studious to restore;
 And Dorset smiles if Phœbus smil'd before.
 Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
 And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

But, ah! not inspiration can obtain
 That Fame which poets languish for in vain.
 How mad their aim who thirst for glory strive,
 To grasp what no man can possess alive!
 Fame's a reversion in which men take place
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease.
 This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
 He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;
 That wealth is fame, another clan reply,
 Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags;
 And swell in just proportion to their bags.
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
 Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
 The first young lord which in the Mall you
 meet

Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
 From rescued candles ends who rais'd a sum,
 And starves to join a penny to a plum.
 A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
 To former times, a scandal all our own!
 Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
 Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
 For love, young, noble, rich Castalio dies;
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
 Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
 No rival can prevail but——half-a-crown.

He

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Nor for the poor he has reliev'd, but made,
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd.

He 'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.

"Who 'd be a slave? the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right;
Just is his title, for I will not fight:

All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty—by their place.
But when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy,
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free. [own,

Were there no tongue to speak them but his
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known;
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confound my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the princes' worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

On Women.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd,
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! MILTON.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own.
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies, and dethroning kings.

Attend, and you discern it, in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair:
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye;
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh. [blame;

The sex we honour, tho' their faults we
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme.

A theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than
Too fond of admiration, lose their price; [nice,
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight.

As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Thro' ev'ry sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, Bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-teller's caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, Bridewells, drawing rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, and (still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again.

With all her lustre now her lover warms;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.

'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;

Then she starts up all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.

Oh how she rolls her charming eyes in spite!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows.

Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day
In—Cleopatra, or the last new play.

Thus gloomy Zara with a solemn grace
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in renew'd is she
Who, thro' good breeding, is ill company;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear.

In that the skill of conversation lies:
That shews or makes you both polite and wise.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can
"Be lost in silence, and resign the day; [say
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address."

Thro' virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Thro' wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit:
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But, if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But, keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play;
O'er cooling gruel and composing tea.

Nor rests by night; but, more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice.

Doubly like Echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.

Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;

What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from fancy and from fate!

If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortune, suicides in woe.

Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is nature backward to torment or kill?

How

How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts
from home!

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our uphill chace
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the toys we seek
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one—a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame;
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete,
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous fun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the mang'd steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air;
And Robert has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel:
And, as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng!
With what an air she smacks the filken thong!
Graceful as John she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.

Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs, if they please.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit;
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belles lettres lovely Daphne reigns,
Again the god Apollo wears her chains.

With legs toss'd high on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits;
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.

Had lovely Daphne Hecate's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care:
Must I want common sense because I'm fair?
Oh no! see Stella: her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire.
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is 't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might,
The youth in person and in parts was bright;
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart.

He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.
Large his possessions, and beyond her own:
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town.
The day was fix'd; when, with one acre more,
In step deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd threescore.
The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear:
Of pride and avarice who can cure the fair?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true.
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
Which relish nor to reason nor to sense.

When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
Like cats in air pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick, make haste, the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares, her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My lady, Sir, is always so.

"Diversions put her maladies to flight; [night.
"True, she can't stand, but she can dance all
"I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)

"For fevers take an opera in June; [bold,
"And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice
"A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold.
"With colics, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With indigestions, supper just at three."

A strange alternative! replies Sir Hans;
Must women have a doctor, or a dance?
Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam;
But droop and die, in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health—are ladies ill;
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.

Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Viny * chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 'twas
night."

Did she then dance or play? "Northis, nor that."
Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her pray'rs she rather chose,
"Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls, to bed.
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;

Next

Next day she shines in glossy black and then
Revolves into her native red again.
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted las; ;
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass.
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,

That all her art scarce makes her please the less:
To deck the female cheek He only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose. [pours,

How gay they smile! such blessings nature
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores;
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.

Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?

But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted art's deprav'd allurements choose.

Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:

Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks and nightingales, are odious things:

But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;
And to be prest to death, transports her quite.

Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their

Black kennels' absent odours she regrets, [shades,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?

Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
Thro' briers and brambles, in the world we

Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate, [stray,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,

Which choak our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.

O sacred solitude, divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!

By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:

The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace.

There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;

There, blest with health, with business unper-
This life we relish, and ensure the next; [plex'd,

There too the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses, but not there alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.

Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit.

Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days, they liv'd in

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose [peace;
On Dursley's poesy, and Bunyan's prose.

The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phoebe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;

Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.

With what well-acted transport will she say,
'Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday!
'And then that charming party for to-morrow!'
Tho' well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow.
But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For such is our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:

Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears.

She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;

The morning came, when Strephon waking found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.

'What miracle,' says Strephon, 'makes thee weep?'
"Ah barbarous man!" she cries, "how could you

Men love a mistress as they love a feast; [sleep?"
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste!

Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress and our meat away.

But soon the sated appetites return:
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.

Eternal love let Man then never swear;
Let women never triumph, nor despair.

Nor praise nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the

But not of that unfashionable set [mind:
Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met.

Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phillis demands eternal love at least.

Embracing Phillis with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:

But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.

The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies.

She sees the planets in their turns advance;
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance.

Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.

What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies,

But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.

Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To——turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right:

She

She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet;
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart severe;
In crowds collected, and in courts sincere;
Sincere and warm with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good.

Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of silks and china she's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the commonweal;
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin, the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress? [skies,

But, oh! the Nymph that mounts above the
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries!
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure.

The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of scripture at piquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they sew as well!

Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?

'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.

Oh how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee!
Hums round about her; and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r!

The young and gay declining, Abra flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!

Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more:
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says;
Like any lord it promises—and pays.

How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold!

What nature wants has an intrinsic weight;
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view:

It charms us now; anon we cast anew,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers! who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair.

The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun;
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow with the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives (tho' treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.

If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.

Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She by just stages journeys round the room
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.

My fan, let others say who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style.

And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:

The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Pierce out the idea her faint words deny.

Oh listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.

And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.

If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.

Let the robust and the gigantic carve;
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve:
But chew she must herself, ah cruel fate!

That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) against the poison of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene,

In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.

This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.

(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shews a naked mind.)

And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.

Hark! the shrill notes trans pierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.

By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She on the christian system is profané.

But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.

If thunder's awful, how much more our dread
When Jove deposes a lady in his stead!

A lady! pardon my mistaken pen;

A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence,
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;

The last result of an accomplish'd mind,

With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.

A violated

A violated decency now reigns;
 And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
 With Indian painters modern toasts agree,
 The point they aim at is deformity:
 They throw their persons with a hoyden air
 Across the room, and toss into the chair.
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
 They for our manners have exchange'd their own.
 The modest look, the castigated grace,
 The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,
 For which her lovers died, her parents paid,
 Are indecorums with the modern maid.
 Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
 Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.
 Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
 And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
 When high-born Anna with a soften'd smile
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
 What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
 Her bright example with success pursue,
 And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,
 Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore;
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime:
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
 The melancholy news that we grow old.

Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
 Oh how your beating breast a mistress warms,
 Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
 While rival undertakers hover round,
 And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
 Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
 She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
 In vain the cock has summon'd sprights away,
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
 Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
 And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve;
 We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
 She grants indeed a lady may decline
 (All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
 Of prudent Portia! her grey hairs engage,
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline,
 Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine.
 That, and that only, can old age sustain;
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
 Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
 And yearly some are falling of the few;
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,
 They drop apace; by nature some decay,
 And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
 Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for Death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now? But Portia left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
 What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
 Like blushing rose-buds dipt in morning dew?

Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
 The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
 Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
 Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
 Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
 Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
 Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
 Where then is safety for a tender maid?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
 When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
 The least obliging; and by favours lost.
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
 And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
 If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick thro' malice of your own.
 Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
 And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
 Then please the best; and know, for men of sense
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.
 Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
 Fright him that 's worth your love from your
 In simple manners all the secret lies; [embrace.
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
 Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
 Begin with giddiness, and end in pain,
 Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
 Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
 Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
 Of all applause be fondest of your own.
 Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
 With which this age is eminently curst.
 To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire.
 Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
 Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

SATIRE VI.

On Women.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth
 Germain.

Interdum tamen et tollit Comœdia vocem. HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain:
 Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."
 I know her not. "Your reason's somewhat odd;
 "Who knows his patron now?" replied the god.
 "Men write, to me and to the world unknown;
 "Then steal great names to shield them from
 "the town.
 "Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
 "To covert flies, of praise itself afraid;
 "Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
 "In vengeance write a volume in her praise.
 "Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
 "When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
 Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
 Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:
 You here in miniature your pictures see;
 Nor hope from Zincks more justice than from me.
 My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
 His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride;

He's

He's dear, you frugal; choose my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane;
To church as constant as to Drury-lane.
She decently in form pays Heav'n its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r:
Curt'sies to curt'sies then with grace succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or, if she joins the service, 'tis to speak;
Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray.
But sweet the accent, and their air refin'd;
For they're before their Maker—and mankind:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well
Drusa receives her visitants in bed; [bred;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.
Those charms are greatest which decline the
light;

That makes the banquet poignant and polite.

There is no woman where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But, with the modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
"Or if you take a lion by the beard*.

"Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
"Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence,
And thinks distraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant, is some delight;
To be more fatal still, is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers; one ran mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour;
Her lovers only should detest her more.
Thrice happy they who think I boldly feign,
And startle at a mistress of my brain.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell no lady so polite can bear.

She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel brood of bastards she maintains,
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage bed,
Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
What'er she is, she'll not appear a faint;
Her soul superior flies formality:
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over good—
Nor would they be mistaken if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs; [pray'r.
Her cushion's threadbare with her constant

Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.
And this, to do her justice, must be said:

"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

The goods of fortune which her soul possesses,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness,
The rude material; wisdom add to this,
Wisdom the sole artificer of bliss.
She, from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest with half her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence.
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone.
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty;
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the fop she laughs at is ador'd.
In vain she's proud of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace;
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted
long;

Now ev'ry day the fit comes thick and strong;
At last he found the charmer only feign'd;
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the Gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more!
She tries her thousand arts, but none succeed;
She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous loving wife,
Her husbands' pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As uncoil'd hinges querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go? that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant contradictions are the same.

Her lover must be sad, to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpressible sin:
For, of all rivals that can pain her breast, [rest;
There's one that wounds far deeper than the
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair;
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare!
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd! and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can
bear;

Some none resist, though not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teaz'd by her own excellence.

"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn to night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heaven by its favours has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be
blest. [spring,

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy
Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing!
Old age will come, disease may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore:
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay;
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life that supports them in a moment breaks.
Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool;
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey.
But, if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to soothe and entertain;
Their prudence in a share of folly lies;
Why will they be so weak as to be wise?

Syrenna is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare;
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.

Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia; there you'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree.
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is untied,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves;
Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.

Lovers, beware! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For Hervey the first wit she cannot be;
Nor cruel Richard, the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme!
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most be-
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare. [ware?
Distrust mankind; with your own heart confer;
And dread even there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down;
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must in this perverted age,
Who most deserve can't always most engage.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.
Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and
No; wretches whom in secret we despise. [wise?
And who so blind as not to see the cause?
No rival's rais'd by such discreet applause;
And yet of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound true worth
the more.

Ladies there are who think one crime is all;
Can women then no way but backward fall?
So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think all others few.
Who hold that crime so dear must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more gen'rous to com-
mend!"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind instructor and example too.

"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!"
"Aspasia's shape indeed—but then her air—
"The man has parts who finds destruction there.
"Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!

"Selima

"Selima serves her friends, relieves the poor—
 "Who was it said Selima's near threescore?
 "At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice,
 "The world congratulates so wise a choice;
 "His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great:
 "But mortgages will sap the best estate.
 "In Shirley's form might cherubims appear,
 "But then—she has a freckle on her ear."
 Without a but, Hortensia she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright;
 But how comes this to pass?—she died last night.
 Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail;
 Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail;
 And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
 On others's fame, thro' fondness for our own.
 Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
 For are not coronets akin to crowns?
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
 The height of avarice and pride confess.
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
 Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
 As fond of five-pence as the veriest cit,
 And quite as much detested as a wit.
 Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
 Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
 To make our fortune than our happiness;
 That happiness which great ones often see,
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
 Themselves unblest: the poor are only poor;
 But what are they who droop amid their store?
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state,
 The happy only are the truly great.
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
 Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
 Our envy would be due to large expence.
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
 See, how they beg an alms of flattery!
 They languish! oh support them with a lye!
 A decent competence we fully taste;
 It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
 More, we perceive by dint of thought alone;
 The rich must labour to possess their own,
 To feel their great abundance; and request
 Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
 To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
 And aid the wretched impotence of gold. [divine,
 But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth
 Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
 All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
 Nor think their wealth their own, till well be-
 Grand reservoirs of public happiness, [stow'd.
 Thro' secret streams diffusively they bless; [view,
 And while their bounties glide conceal'd from
 Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.
 But satire is my task, and these destroy
 Her gloomy province and malignant joy.

Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
 And blast our common enemy, Germain:
 But our invectives must despair success;
 For next to praise, she values nothing less.
 What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its
 Or is 't Aulstoria, that affected dame? [frame?
 The brightest forms, thro' affectation, fade
 To strange new things, which nature never made;
 Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
 We hate those arts that take you from our eyes,
 In Albucinda's native grace is seen
 What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
 Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease;
 Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.
 Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
 And all the movements of the soft machine:
 How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
 To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau;
 While one white finger and a thumb conspire
 To lift the cup and make the world admire.
 Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
 As Lethe dreadful to the love of fame.
 What devastations on thy banks are seen!
 What shades of mighty names which once have
 A hecatomb of characters supplies [been!
 Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice;
 H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee decay,
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
 Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.
 But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolving Naiads call for wine;
 Spirits no longer shall serve under thee;
 But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
 Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
 And who dares give Citronia's nose the lye*?
 The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
 And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd.
 At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass
 Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
 As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.
 Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
 But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.
 O Juvenal! for thy severer rage,
 To lash the ranker follies of our age!
 Are there among the females of our isle
 Such faults at which it is a fault to smile?
 There are. Vice, once by modest nature chain'd,
 And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd;
 Without thin decency held up to view,
 Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
 Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
 Men sigh in vain for none but for their wives;
 Who marry to be free, to range the more,
 And wed one man to wanton with a score.
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
 And one eternal tempest of debate.
 What foul eruptions from a look most meek!
 What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek!
 Their passions bear it with a lofty hand;
 But then their reason is at due command.

* ———Solem quis dicere falsum audeat? VIRGIL.

Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a spouse to them?

What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see,
And misses, ancient in iniquity! [ing!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaim-
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapplied applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,

'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind. [belle

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
Who listen less to C——ns than St. Paul.

Atheists have been but rare since nature's birth;
Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth;
Ye men of deep researches, say whence springs
This daring character, in tun'rous things,
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,

A match for nothing—but the Deity? [own

But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view—

"From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep
them down

In complaisance to all the fools in town.
Oh how they tremble at the name of prude!
And die with shame at thought of being good!
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is the coxcombs say?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Thro' cowardice most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise!
They dread a Satire who defy the skies.

Atheists are few; most nymphs a god-head
And nothing but his attributes dethrone. [own,
From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.

His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?

Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a sip of transient joy?

No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves, or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes sup-
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose, [pose.
The pure! the just! and set up in his stead
A Deity that's perfectly well-bred.

"Dear Tillotson!—be sure the best of men—

"Nor thought he more than thought great Ori-

"Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd— [gen.

"Poor Satan!—doubtless he'd at length be sav'd."

"Let priests do something for their one in ten;

"It is their trade; so far they're honest men.

"Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,

"And dress their notions, like themselves in black;

"Fright us with terrors of a world unknown

"From joys of this, to keep them all their own.

"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;

"But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.

"Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:

"Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?"

Thus pleads the Devil's fair apologist,

And pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;

Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.

For what's true beauty but fair virtue's face.

Virtue made visible in outward grace?

She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,

The more she charms the more she shocks mankind.

But charms decline; the fair long vigils keep;

They sleep no more! Quadrille has murder'd

sleep*.

"Poor K—p! cries Livia; I have not been there

"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.

"I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—

"And people of condition should bestow."

Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matron's

Now set a daughter, and now stake a son; [run,

Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly;

And beggar half their race—through charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,

I less should blame this criminal delight;

But since the gay assembly's gayest room

Is but an upper story to some tomb,

Methinks we need not our short beings shun,

And, thought to fly, content to be undone:

We need not buy our ruin with our crime,

And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;

With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;

Invighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood,

Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;

Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,

And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,

The scandal and the ruin of our isle!

And see (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band;

A form divine high wave her snowy hand;

That rattles loud a small enchanted box,

Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.

And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation

From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, [shook,

From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,

Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!

For men, I mean, the fair discharges none;

She, guiltless creature! swears to Heaven alone.

See her eyes start, cheeks glow, and muscles

Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. [swell!

Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!

Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!

And when the cruel morning calls to bed,

And on her pillow lays her aching head,

With the dire images her dreams are crown'd,

The die spins lovely, or the cards go round:

Imaginary ruin charms her still;
 Her happy lord is cuckold by Spadille;
 And, if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
 He marks the forehead of her darling son.
 Oh scene of horror, and of wild despair!
 Why is the rich Artides's splendid heir
 Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
 Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal
 Why pale distraction thro' the family? [cry?
 See my lord threatens and my lady weep,
 And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
 Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
 What fiends that daughter's destin'd match pre-
 Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid? [vent?
 Oh nothing but—last night my lady play'd.
 But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
 Is this too owing to the love of fame?
 Tho' now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd;
 'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode.
 Nor cease we hear, since 'tis a vice so strong,
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
 This may be said in honour of our times,
 That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.
 If sin you must, take nature for your guide,
 Love has some soft excuse to soothe your pride;
 Ye fair apostates from love's ancient pow'r!
 Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
 Must Cupid learn to punt, ere he can please?
 When you're enamour'd of a list or cast,
 What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
 Can fame, like a repique, the soul entrance!
 And what is virtue to the lucky chance?
 Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
 They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
 Why pine the married? oh severer fate!
 They find from play no disengag'd—estate.
 Flavia, at lovers false untouch'd, and hard,
 Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
 Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
 Her threescore years are shuffling with her page:
 While death stands by but till the game is done,
 To sweep that stake in justice long his own;
 Like old cards ting'd with sulphur he takes fire;
 Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
 Ye gods! with new delights inspire the fair;
 Or give us sons, and save us from despair!
 Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen,
 close
 In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:
 Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
 In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.
 Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
 Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
 I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd!"
 When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
 But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
 And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.
 The charm begins! To yonder flood of light
 That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
 What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your soul with
 Her deeds are precepts, her example law. [awe?

* Milton.

† Lucan.

‡ Shakespeare.

E c 3

Her

'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
 Glows with a love of virtue and of art!
 Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
 Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me,
 When in my page, to balance num'rous faults,
 Or god-like deeds were shewn, or gen'rous
 thoughts,
 She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
 From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.
 * Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
 To her own charms most amiably blind,
 On the green margin innocently stood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood,
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
 And smiling prais'd the beauties which she gave.
 † In more than civil war, while patriots storm;
 While genius is but cold, their passion warm;
 While public good aloft, in pomp, they wield;
 And private int'rest skulks behind the shield:
 While Mist and Wilkins rise in weekly might,
 Make presses groan, lead senators to fight;
 Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
 The pamper'd mob with ministers of state:
 "† While Até, hot from hell makes heroes shrink,
 "Cries havoc, and lets loose the dogs of ink:"
 Nor rank nor sex escapes the gen'ral frown,
 But ladies are ripp'd up, and cits knock'd down:
 Tremendous force! where even the victor bleeds;
 And he deserves our pity that succeeds:
 Immortal Juvenal! and thou of France!
 In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance;
 But cuts herself a track to you unknown;
 Nor crops your laurel, but would raise her own:
 A bold adventure! but a safe one too!
 For though surpass'd, I am surpass'd by you.

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

Carmina tam melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.

VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain.
 To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
 Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole
 design!
 That glory which thy counsels make so bright,
 That glory which on thee reflects a light.
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
 To give and take a lustre from the throne.
 Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
 How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
 This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
 Yet, Britain, whence this caprice of thy sons,
 Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
 The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
 For caprice is the daughter of success,
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause)
 And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
 Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
 And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.
 While I survey the blessings of our isle,
 Her arts triumphant in the Royal smile,

Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shews the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring
sword,

And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind,
Their sphere is small, their mischief confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake my Muse!
And raise thy verse) who bolder phrenzy choose;
Who, stung by glory, rave and bound away;
The world their friend, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
With orphan's tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine, or volcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day,
O great alliance! O divine renown!

With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe.
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen [men,
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were
A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd, to think the hero's trade
Of such materials fame and triumph made!

How guilty these! yet not less guilty they
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine,"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd;
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse! the catalogue is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit;

Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim,
Be this their comfort—fools omitted here
May furnish laughter for another year.

Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The justice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait, and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain;
Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell;
How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun;
How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And ev'ry vice is to the scripture laid;
How misers squeeze a young volumptuous peer,
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear;

How Versus is less qualified to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal;
How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone:

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court;

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey.
That duty done, I hasten to complete

My own designs; for Tonson's at the gate.

The love of fame, in its effects survey'd,
The Muse has sung; be now the cause display'd,
Since so diffusive and so wide its sway,
What is this Pow'r whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence came
This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fram'd, and secret arts were
found;

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine:
What more can prove its origin divine?

But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagles wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, the raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit:
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a patron Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height:
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?
(For tho' in all not equally she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strain.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

To glorious deeds this passion fires the mind;
And closer draws the ties of humankind,
Confirms society; since what we prize,
As our chief blessing, must from others rise.

Ambition in the truly noble mind,
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who with equal dread
From guilt, and shame, by her last conduct fled;
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her love of fame obey'd.

In meaner minds ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mien,
The god and mortal in the comic scene*.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears;
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded, not amiss.

Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life,
The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end. [view,
Wouldst thou be fam'd? have those high deeds in
Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.

Behold a prince whom no swollen thoughts in-
flame;

No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight:
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendour and applause,
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial, which can pride disdain!
O blest ambition, which can ne'er be vain!

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie, [sky,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there shine
In infant rills the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies.
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours,

When his heart burns with such a god-like aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds and the tumultuous waves†.
Even storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Stiles Britain's Sovereign, Sovereign of the Sea.

While sea and air, great Brunswick! shook our
state,

And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and preis'd with fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles ‡, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep!
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the
storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus § slept not at the helm,
His eyes ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And outwatch ey'ry star, for Brunswick's sake,
By thwarting passions tost, by cares oppress'd,
He found thy tempest pictur'd in his breast.
But now what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will to raise or hush the civil storm.

§ 54. *The Castle of Indolence. An Allegorical Poem.* THOMSON.

The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate:
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half
imbrown'd,

A little's climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.
Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between
And flow'ry beds that slumb'rous influence
keft,

* Amphytrion

† The King in danger by sea.

‡ Hom. Il. lib. 1.

§ Ecce Deus ramum Lætæo rore madentem, &c. VIRG. l. v.

From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant
green,

Where never yet was creeping creature seen ;
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets
play'd,

And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
That, as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A fable, silent, solemn forest stood ; [move,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
As Idleness fancied in her dreaming mood :
And up the hills on either side a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood ;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky :
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And calm the pleasures, always hover'd nigh,
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard bight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embow'ring trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checquer'd day and night :
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd ; and, to his lute, of cruel fate
And labour harsh complain'd, lamenting man's
estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby :
For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring
hill,

The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them over and anon more nigh ;
'Till clust'ring round th' enchanter false they
hung,

Ymolten with his syren melody ;
While o'erth'enfeebling lure his hand he flung
And to the trembling chords those tempting
verses sung :

" Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !

" See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay,

" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,

" Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !

8

" What youthful bride can equal her array ?

" Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?

" From mead to mead with gentleness to stray,

" From flow'r to flow'r on balmy gales to fly,

" Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky.

" Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,

" The swarming songsters of the careless grove,

" Ten thousand throats ! that from the flower-

" ing thorn

" Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,

" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :

" They neither plough nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,

" E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they

" drove ;

" Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,

" Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the

" vale.

" Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall

" Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,

" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,

And of the vices, an inhuman train,

" That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :

" For when hard-hearted interest first began

" To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;

" Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,

" And, for soft milky streams, with blood the

" rivers ran.

" Come ye who still the cumbrous load of life

" Push hard up hill ; but, as the farthest steep

" You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,

" Down thunders back the stone with mighty

" sweep,

" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,

" For ever vain ; come, and withouten fee

" I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,

" Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea

" Of full delight : oh come, ye weary wights, to

" me !

" With me you need not rise at early dawn,

" To pass the joyless day in various sounds ;

" Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,

" And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds :

" Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,

" To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,

" Now flattering base, now giving secret

" wounds ;

" Or proul in courts of law for human prey,

" In venal senate thief, or rob on broad high-

" way.

" No cocks with me to rustic labour call,

" From village on to village sounding clear ;

" To tardy swains no shrill'd-voic'd matrons

" squall ;

[ear ;

" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your

" No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith

" fear ;

[start,

" No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers

" With sounds that are a misery to hear :

" But all is calm, as would delight the heart

" Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent

" ease,

[down.

" Good-natur'd lounging, saunt'ring up and

" They

"They who are pleas'd themselves must always
"please;

"On others ways they never squint a frown,
"Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
"Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
"With milky blood the heart is overflown,
"Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense:
"For int'rest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd
"hence.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind?
"A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
"Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
"Above those passions that this world deform,
"And torture man, a proud malignant worm!
"But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
"And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
"A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
"Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still
"more gay.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
"They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
"Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour
"grows,

"Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
"Ev'n those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
"The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
"From a base world at last have stol'n away.
"So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
"Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before,

"But if a little exercise you choose,
"Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
"Amid the groves you may indulge the muse;
"Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal
"year;

"Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
"Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
"You may delude the whilst amus'd you hear
"Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
"sigh,

"Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
"Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
"When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
"And gives the untasted portion you have won
"With ruthless toil, and many a wretch un-
"done, [reign,

"To those who mock you gone to Pluto's
"There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
"dun:

"But sure it is of vanities most vain, [tain."

"To toil for what you here untoiling may ob-
"Heceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
"The deep vibrations of his 'witching song;
"That by a kind of magic pow'r constrain'd
"To enter in, pell-mell, the list'ning throng.
"Her spour'd on heaps, and yet they slipp'd along.
"In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
"Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
"Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
"The soft-embodied fays thro' airy portal stream.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
"And here his baneful bounty first began:

Tho' some there were who would not further
"And his alluring baits suspected han. [pass,
"The wise distrust thee too fair spoken man;
"Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye:
"Not to move on, forsooth, is all they can;
"For, do their very best, they cannot fly;

But often each way look, and often sorely sigh,
"When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
"With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight
"And, soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
"They found themselves within the cursed gate;
"Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
"Not stronger were of old the giant crew
"Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
"Tho' feeble wretch he seem'd, of fallow hue,
"Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter
"rue.

For whomsoever the villain takes in hand,
"Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,
"As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
"And of their vanquish'd force remains no trace,
"So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
"In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
"Is seized in some lovel's hot embrace,
"She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
"Then fighting yields her up to love's delicious
"harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
"A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep;
"His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd
"repose,
"And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
"Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep:
"While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
"Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly
"peep.

Then, taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
"Androus'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call,
"He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
"Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
"Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
"This boy he kept each band to disengage,
"Garters, and buckles, task for him unfit,
"But ill-becoming his grave personage,
"And which his portly paunch would not per-
"mit;

So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
"Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
"Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
"Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
"And waves the summer-woods when evening
"frowns.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
"But ev'ry flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
"And heightens ease with grace. This done,
"right fain,

Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
"That in the middle of the court up-threw
"A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
"And falling back again in drizzly dew:

There

There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
drew.

It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare: [grew,
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasure
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair glad some waking thoughts, and joyous
dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp was proclamation made:
"Ye sons of Indolence; do what you will;
"And wander wherewith you list, thro' hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleasure for another's staid;
"Let each as likes him best his hours employ;
"And curs'd be he who minds his neigh-
bour's trade!
"Here dwells kind ease and unrepining joy:
"He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming
round,
As thick as idle moats in sunny ray,
Not one estroons in view was to be found,
But ev'ry man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dream'd you almost was
constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the * Hebrid Isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous
show.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound,
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the wildly silent places round,
Forgive me if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down thro' ev'ry worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,

The pride of Turkey and of Persian land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swell-
ing bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands
crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Ev'n undemand'd by a sign or sound:
You need but wish; and instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
play'd.

Here freedom reign'd without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor faintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what unbid the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was enwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echoes to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around repose and
peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning
Depainted was the patriarchal age; [hand,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best
engage.

Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to
feed:

Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd
eyes;

Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with soft'ning
hue

Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak-bosom, and induced ease.

* Those islands on the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving
As did alas ! with soft perdition please : [airs,
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The list'ning heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd ;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the Harp of Æolus *
it hight.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so
Who up the lofty diapason roll [fine ?
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul ?
Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the
heart ;

And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great, [store ;
Held their bright court, where was of ladies
And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning
air †.

Near the pavillions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wint'ry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together melt:
At doors and windows, threatening seem'd to
call

The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy
hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;
O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams
That play'd in waving lights, from place to
place ;

And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds, the pure ethereal space ;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flow'ry beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land :
She has no colours that like you can glow ;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band [rites,
Than these same guileful angel-seeming spi-
Who thus indreams voluptuous, soft and bland,
Poor'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd
delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for these fiends whom blood and broils
delight,

Who hurt the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where fullen waters
sleep,

Or hold him clamb'ring all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep :
They, till due time should serve, were bid far
hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight
Angels of fancy and of love be near, [gloom :
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart :
But chief, awhile, oh lend us from the tomb
Those long lost-friends for whom in love we
smart, [heart.

Aud fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the

Or, are you sportive ? Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth, [ways.
To cares enstrang'd, and manhood's thorny
Wh at transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied ;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling
maze [wide,
Of the wild brooks !—But, fondly wand'ring
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly
Of idly busy men the restless fry.
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the catiffs dare not taste ;
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater
waste ?

Of Vanity the mirror this was call'd :
Here you a muckworm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie ;
Most like to carcase pitch'd on gallows-tree,
“ A penny saved is a penny got ;”

* This is not an imagination of the author ; there being in fact such an instrument, called Æolus's Harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

† The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes flutt'ring forth a gaudy spendthrift
heir,

All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them
share:

His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation does upon him
pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage; [pen,
Then write and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling
fore,

To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless
worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all.
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew:
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At ev'ry door, hark, how they thund'ring call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the com-
ing night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met; [rear'd
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
The important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward
No sooner Lucifer * recals affairs, [set.
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret!
When, lo! push'd up to pow'r, and crown'd
their cares, [stairs.

In comes another set, and kicketh them down
But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire!
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their
force restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,

With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers more.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd not dark.
As sooth this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting
sound.

Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows
stray,

Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past,
For oft the heavenly fire that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft has he travers'd the cerulean field, [wind,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
behind.

With him was sometimes join'd in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven!
"the day is done."

Here lurch'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Thro' secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy
nook,

We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good :
What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious
flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go.
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore :
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the abode of sleep no
more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with tramp pro-
found ;

Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for ev'ry worth he had,
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad ;
Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad,
When as we found he would not here be pent :
To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

"Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue,
"come !

"But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade

"To ly content beneath our peaceful dome,

"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;

"Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid

"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly
"spark,

"Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,

"There to indulge the muse, and nature mark :

"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley
"Park."

Here whilom ligg'd the Esopus * of the age ;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :
With double force the enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows
to keep

Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the enlighten'd
judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;
Who †, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat :
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,

Oft moralising sage : his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.
Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry ;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by ;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs :
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares :
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hallor Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye : then smoke-
enroll'd,

Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort ;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom :
But fariscast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to still the time :
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme :
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and flow ;
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they
throw,

Where hours on hours they sighingly reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in
the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah ! too late, as shall estoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing
grown,

Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan ; [there
For of those wretches taken was no care : [were.
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway :
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield
the breath.

* Mr. Quia.

† The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the author.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydroptic:
Unweildy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit; [a wit.
Audsome her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know.
And fought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro: [cry,
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes
Then sudden waxed wroth; and all she knew
not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd, [ings;
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burn-
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings,
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing
cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst apoplexycramm'd intemp'rance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair;
That, by this castle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.

ESCAP'D the castle of the fire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind;
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false inchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who sink and moil;
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee.
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shew her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth;
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of features stern, Selvagio yclep'd;
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor
reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January fore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn, [ray,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's
That from the beating rain, and wint'ry fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the bough his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands
teem; [breme.

The same to him glad summer, or the winter
So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that thro' the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son;
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In ev'ry science, and in ev'ry art, [excel,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the pow'rs of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him
compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
Sometimes retiring to the secret vale,

Yclad

Yclad in steel and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or tofs'd the sounding spear,
Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough
compeer.

At other times he pry'd thro' nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
What'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns; [mains,
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small do-
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains,
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd
from sleep

Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.
Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he
caught, [fraught;
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd
ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With nature his creating pencil vied,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife;
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's
lyre.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work which long he in his breast had
brew'd,

Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
No cities nourished arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man:
On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In ev'ry country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the pow'rs divine, it should no more be so!

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best sun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:

Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden
Successive, had; but now in ruins gray [times
They ly, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing thro'
the glade:

They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost;
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dis-
may'd.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flow'ry plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries);
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains:
Mild to obey, and gen'rous to command,
Temper'd by forming heaven with kindest
firmest hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows, [came,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame.
And still with her sweet innocence we find
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind,
Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores;
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thun-
der roars.

The dropping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city * by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian
thrall'd; [free,
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Ilis many a famous nourishing breeds;
Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lee
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shep-
herd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? thy are the quintessence of all;
The growth of labouring time, and slow en-
creast;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease [thrall,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may

And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no
other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to such as seek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenæ's name:
Poor sons of puff-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken spirits cheer! still, still remains
The eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

Whenas the knight had fram'd in Britain-land
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the
heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main;
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest
domain:

His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs' of old.
Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk:
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk; [car,
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's
Or of September moons the radiance mild. [star.
O hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy
glories wild!

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
The musing care of rural industry.
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all the enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres'
store, [the shore.

And woods embrown the steep, or wave along
As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach;
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pæus, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too, brisk gales the rude wild common
fann'd,

An happy place: where, free and unafraid,
Amid the flow'ring brakes each coyer creature
stray'd.

But in prime vigor what can last for ay?
That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
Even much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold,
and stout.

A rage of pleasure madden'd ev'ry breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be bless'd,
With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourselves! why should the
"vulgar man,

"The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
"Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knightenjoy'dwell-earn'd repose.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on
"thee call;

"Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close;
"The demon Indolence thy toil o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing thro' the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks [breaks.
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he
I will (he cried), so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy, [stright
Benempt Dispatch. "My steed be at the gate,
"My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twisted by the sisters three;
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch,
too late

Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown be-
As is his sister in the coples green*, [dight,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

Come (quoth the knight), a voice has reach'd
mine ear:

The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men, who will be
slaves,

Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without ri-
gour saves.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the gene-
rous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, disdain'g gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode:
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.
They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss;
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel:
"From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
"Sweet rills of thought that cheer the con-
scious soul;
"While vice pours forth the troubled streams
"of hell,
"The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
"Will through the tortur'd breast their fiery
"torrent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their
summits rear,
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite even of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the wizard's swonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents
clear,
And tufted groves to shed the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song: and without hurry all
seem'd glad.

"As God shall judge me, knight, we must for-
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cried) [give
"The frail good man deluded here to live,
"And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
"Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,
"That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
"And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
"But that our charity be not too nice?
"Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice."
"Ay, sicker (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
"To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
"But let not brutish vice of this avail,
"And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
"Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
"From mercy's self she got her sacred glaive:
"Grace be to those who can, and will repent;
"But penance long, and dreary to the slave,
"Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit
"lave."

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,

* A Gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His count'nance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock
doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bad give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd
Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er nature flings.
What pity bese his song who so divinely sings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and
right.
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he
knew its power.

As in throng amphitheatre of old,
The weary Retiarius* trapp'd his foe;
Ev'n so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal spirits in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness ev'ry creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the
ground; [mish'd look,
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd with ble-
As if on time's last verge this frame of things
had shook.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole:
"There must (he cried) amid so vast a shoal
"Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
"Not poison'd quite by this same villain's
"bowl: [part:
"Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire im-
"Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent
"spirit start."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,

His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,
The which with skilful touch he deffly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the cords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands
round him throng.

Thus ardent burst his strain——

“Ye hapless race,

“Dire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,

“That lights our Maker's image in our face,

“And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd
“iway;

“What is the ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?

“What, but eternal never-resting soul,

“Almighty power, and all-directing day;

“By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;

“Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates
“the whole!

“Come, to the beaming God your hearts
“unfold! [alone

“Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence

“We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,

“To seraphs burning round the Almighty's
“throne,

“Life rising still on life, in higher tone,

“Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.

“In universal nature this clear shewn,

“Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,

“To prove the beauteous world excels the
“brute abyss.

“Is not the field, with lively culture green,

“A joyous sight more than the green morass?

“Do not the skies, with active ether clean,

“And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far sur-
“pass [mass,

“The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous

“With which sad Nature veils her drooping
“face? [glass,

“Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as

“Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?

“The same in all holds true, but chief in hu-
“man race.

“It was not by vile loitering in ease [art,

“That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of

“That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,

“To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,

“In all supreme! complete in every part!

“It was not thence majestic Rome arose,

“And o'er the nations shook her conquering
“dart:

“For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;

“Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

“Had unambitious mortals minded nought,

“But in loose joy their time to wear away;

“Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,

“Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,

“Rude nature's state had been our state to-
“day;

“No cities e'er their tow'ry fronts had rais'd,

“No arts had made us opulent and gay;

“With brother-brutes the human race had
“graz'd;

“None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd
“been, none prais'd.

“Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast

“To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;

“Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,

“Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:

“The wits of modern time had told their
“beads,

“And monkish legends been their only strains:

“Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,

“Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with
“Warwick swains; [plains.

“Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's

“Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,

“And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;

“Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse

“Through the dark depth of time their vivid
“flame,

“Had all been lost with such as have no name.

“Who then had scorn'd his ease for other's
“good?

“Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?

“Who in the public breach devoted stood,

“And for his country's cause been prodigal of
“blood?

“But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,

“If right I read, you pleasure all require:

“Then hear how best may be obtain'd this
“fee,

“How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.

“Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire

“Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant
“breath!

“Who does not act is dead: absorpt entire

“In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath;

“O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

“Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven

“When drooping health and spirits go amiss?

“How tasteless then whatever can be given!

“Health is the vital principle of bliss,

“And exercise of health. In proof of this,

“Behold the wretch, who flugs his life away,

“Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;

“While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly
“play, [as day,

“Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear

“O who can speak the vigorous joys of health?

“Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;

“The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth,

“The temperate evening falls serene and kind.

“In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.

“See! how the younglings frisk along the
“meads, [wind;

“As May comes on, and wakes the balmy

“Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:

“Yet what but high-strung health this dancing
“pleasance breeds?

“But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,

“Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.

“Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
“Your

"Your talents here. This place is but a show,
 "Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
 "Come follow me, I will direct you right,
 "Where pleasure's roses void of serpents
 " grow, [knight,
 "Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good
 "And you will bless the day that brought him
 " to your sight.
 "Some he will lead to courts, and some to
 " camps;
 "To senates some, and public sage debates,
 "Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight
 " lamps, [states:
 "The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty
 "To high-discovery some, that new-creates
 "The face of earth; some to the thriving
 " mart;
 "Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
 "To the sweet muses some, who raise the
 " heart:
 "All glory shall be yours, all nature and all art.
 "There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 "Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
 "All may be done, (methinks I hear them
 " say) [fair:
 "Even death despis'd by generous actions
 "All, but for those who to these bowers re-
 "Their very power dissolv'd in luxury, [pair,
 "To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 "And from the powerful arms of sloth get
 " free, [be!
 "'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot
 "Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 "Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
 "That in the weak man's way like lions
 " stand,
 "His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
 "Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 "Exert that noblest privilege, alone
 "Here to mankind indulg'd: controul desire:
 "Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign
 " throne, [is done.
 "Speak the commanding word—I will!—and it
 "Heavens! can you then thus waste, in
 " shameful wise,
 "Your few important days of trial here?
 "Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
 "Through endless states of being still more
 " near
 "To bliss approaching, and perfection clear;
 "Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
 "Such glorious hopes, your backward steps
 " to steer, [and slime?
 "And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud
 "No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts dis-
 " dain the sordid crime!"
 "Enough! enough!" they cry'd—straight
 from the crowd
 The better sort on wings of transport fly.
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snowspil'd on snows in wint'ry torpor ly,
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;

Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on
Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [high,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new
being gay.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean
When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen. [pow'rs,
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its
Beyond the blazon of my moral pen!
Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high
Jove,

“Ye sons of hate ! (they bitterly exclaim’d)
“What brought you to this feat of peace and
“love ?

“ While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
“ We pass’d the harmless sabbath of our
“ time.

“What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
“Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a
“crime? [Gubline]

"Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven
"Ye impious wretches," quoth the knight
in wrath.

"Your happiness behold!"—Then straight a wand

He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden, the landscape sinks on ev'ry hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles
found;

On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd
And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature
crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning
scath'd,

Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung:
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They wett'ring lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent
rowl'd:

These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when
night controul'd [howl'd,

The world, returning hither their sad spirits

Meantime a moving scene was open laid ;
That lazar house, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a
mile, [woes a while

The sick up-raiſ'd their heads, and dropp'd their
F f 2 "O heaven!

"O heaven! (they cried) and do we once more
 "see
 "Yon blessed sun and this green earth so fair?
 "Are we from noisome dampsof pest-house free?
 "And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
 "O thou! or Knight, or God! who holdest there
 "That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!
 "But what for us, the children of despair,
 "Brought to the brink of hell, what hope
 "remains? [pains.]
 "Repentance does itself but aggravate our
 The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
 "Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace
 "T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
 "Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
 "With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
 "A pow'r the truly contrite heart that cheers;
 "She quells the brand by which the rocks
 "are riven; [Heaven.]
 "She more than merely softens, she rejoices
 "Then patient bear the sufferings you have
 "earn'd,
 "And by these sufferings purify the mind;
 "Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd;
 "Or piety die, with penitence resign'd;
 "And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 "Doubt not, you shall new creatures yet arise.
 "Till then, you may expect in me to find
 "One who will wipe your sorrow from your
 "eyes;
 "One who will soothe your pangs, and wing
 "you to the skies."

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
 tears. [tone]

"For you (resum'd the Knight with sterner
 "Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon
 "fears, [groan;
 "That villain's gifts will cost you many a
 "In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
 "His fatal charms, and weep your stains away:
 "Till soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
 "You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
 "What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's
 "eternal day?"

This said, his pow'rful wand he wav'd anew;
 Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
 The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
 When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
 That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad
 company.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
 And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
 To see kind hands attending day and night,
 With tender ministry, from place to place.
 Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
 Wipe off the faint cold dew weak nature sheds:
 Some reach the healing draught: the whilst,
 to chase

The fear supreme around their soften'd beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all op'ning Heaven
 dispreeds.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the Knight, and, to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell:
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left thro' delves, and desarts dire to yell;
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were
 stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands they meek re-
 pentance feign'd.

But, ah! their scorn'd day of grace was past:
 For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild [vast;
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and
 With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
 Thro' which they floundering toil'd with
 painful care,
 Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the
 cloudless air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;
 Where nought but putrid streams and noisome
 fogs
 For ever hung on drizzly Ausler's beard;
 Or else the ground by piercing Canrus fear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed
 snow:
 Thro' these extremes a ceaseless round they
 steer'd,
 By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-
 hounds moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
 Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light:
 And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted, rank, and
 vile;
 Direful to see! and heart-appalling sight!
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the
 while.

The other was a fell despightful fiend:
 Hell holds none worse in baneful bow'r below:
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancor keen'd;
 Of Man alike if good or bad the foe:
 With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
 Was cold and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
 And taunts he casten forth most bitterly. [fry.
 Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly
 Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
 An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
 The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
 Still grunt and squeak, and sing their troublous
 song. And

And oft they plunge themselves in mire among;
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

§ 55. *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.*

THOMSON.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?—Even now the sons of light,
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join. [quest?

And what new wonders can you shew your
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws
Could trace the secret hand of Providence
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd, while he bound the suns
And planets to their spheres? th' unequal task
Of human kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
The pride of schools, before their course was
Full in its causes and effects, to him, [known
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And, with heroic patience, years and years
Deep searching, saw at last the system dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone. [strong!
What were his raptures then! how pure! how
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
Stood all-subdued by him, and open laid
Her ev'ry latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing thro', he, by the blended pow'r
Of gravitation and projection, saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons,
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wand'ring queen of night:
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her ev'ry motion clear discerning, He
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again

The tide revertive, unattracted leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent
Thro' the blue infinite; and ev'ry star, [flight
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching inatches from the dark abyfs,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach.
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single pow'r
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven, whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innum'rous worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own; from the wild
Of whirling vortices and circling spheres, [rule
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.

The aerial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
Even light itself, which ev'ry thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting ev'ry ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow, by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green;
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the faintest violet away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy show'r,
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result
And myriads still remain—Infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair, [brook !
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends !
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beautiful the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone : and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours ? who
His high discoveries sing ? when but a few
Of the deep studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge ? for could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitude and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Pow'r
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how
How greatly humble, how divinely good ; [calm,
How firm establish'd on eternal truth ;
Fervent in doing well, with ev'ry nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection : far above
Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man !

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You, who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous pow'rs,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air ?

But hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world—" 'Tis done ! the mea-
" sure 's full ;

[stones,
" And I resign my charge."—Ye mould'ring
That build the tow'ring pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the dust ! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time ? Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,

That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
He here so well descried, and wond'ring talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O Britain's boast ! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind ;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light himself ; O look with pity down
On human kind, a frail erroneous race !
Exalt the spirit of a downward world !
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd ! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth :
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name ; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star :
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, the sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

§ 56. *Hymn on Solitude.* THOMSON.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good ;
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts !

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in ev'ry shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain ;
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face :
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain ;
Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :

About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

§ 57. *Hymn to Darknefs.* YALDEN.

DARKNESS, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original;
Since from thy universal womb [spring come.
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous off-
Thy wondrous birth is even to Time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dst none;
Whilst Light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.
Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To Reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.
Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great Monarch of the grave and womb!
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.
The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea, [thee.
And Earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and
In thy serene shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning beams, and sicken at the day.
Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre
dwell.
The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Tho' form'd within the tomb of night,
Bright as their fire they shine, with native rays
of light.
When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own dark-
ness bright.
Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Tho' Light distinction makes, thoughiv'stequality.
Thou, Darknefs, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys complete;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,
Giv'st vigour to the youth, and warm'st the
yielding maid.

Calm as the blest'd above the anchorites dwell
Within their peaceful gloomy cell;
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleasures Light denies, thy shades for ever
yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold:
Darknefs did first Religion grace,
Gave terror to the God, and reverence to the place.
When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades inclos'd the hallow'd land,
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darknefs his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his pow'r and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When, terrible with majesty, [thee.
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in
Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place was known,
Thou, Monarch Darknefs, sway'dst these spa-
cious realms alone.

But now the moon (tho' gay with borrow'd
Invades thy scanty lot of Night: [light)
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch, Shade.
Yet fading Light its empire must resign,
And Nature's pow'r submit to thine:
An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

§ 58. *Education.* WEST.

*Written in imitation of the Style and Manner of
Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

*Inscribed to Lady Langham, widow of Sir Jo.
Langham, Bart.*

"Unum studium vere liberale est, quod liberum facit.
"Hoc sapientiae studium est, sublime, forte, mag-
"nimum: caetera pusilla et puerilia, sunt.—Plus
"scire velle quam sit satis, intemperantiae genus est.
"Quid, quod ista liberalium artium consecratio mo-
"lestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes facit,
"et ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia supervacua
"didicerunt." SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY Discipline! from Heaven ysprung,
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces and the Nine belong,
Oh! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind,
Oh! bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erst humaniz'd mankind,
Inspire, direct, and moralize the strain [gain.
That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to
And thou, whose pious and maternal care,
The substitute of heavenly Providence,
With tend'rest love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly strength and sense,
With mildest awe and virtuous influence
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the smooth walks of Truth and Innocence,
Where Happiness heartfelt, Contentment sweet,
Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat;
Thou,

Thou, most belov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd!
Accept this Verse, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd
Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
And trace the plan of goodly nurture * o'er,
I bring thy modest virtues into view,
And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred
lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
The valu'd gifts thy careful love bestow'd,
If imitating thee well as I may.
I labour to diffuse th' important good,
Till this great truth by all be understood—
“That all the pious duties which we owe
“Our parents, friends, our country, and our
“The seeds of ev'ry virtue here below, [God,
“From discipline alone and early culture grow.”

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, as to Pædia's † house
He his young son conveys,
Is staid by Custom, with him fights,
And his vain pride disdains.

A GENTLE knight there was whose noble deeds
O'er Fairyland by Fame were blazon'd round;
For warlike enterprize and sage areeds ‡
Among the chief alike was he renown'd,
Whence with the marks of highest honours
By Gloriana, in domestic peace, [crown'd
That port to which the wise are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
Of bustling busy life for calm sequester'd ease.

There in domestic virtue rich and great,
As erst in public, 'mid his wide domain
Long in primeval patriarchal state,
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain
He dwelt; and with him in the golden chain
Of wedded faith ylink'd a matron sage
Aye dwelt, sweet partner of his joy and pain!
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage!

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,
But merit similar and mutual love,
True source of lineal virtue, sprung a train
Of youths and virgins, like the beauteous grove
Which round the temple of Olympic Jove
Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree §,
The sacred olive, whence old Elis wove
Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The guerdons || of bold strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
These gen'rous scions; they with watchful care,

* Nurture, education.

† Pædia is a Greek word, signifying education.

‡ Areeds, counsels.

§ Parent-tree, the sacred olive.] This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter, at Olympia, having, as the Eleians pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred; and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.

|| Guerdons, rewards.

¶ Palmer, pilgrim. The person here signified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.

** Sted, place, station.

†† Als, also, further.

‡‡ Mote, might.

Still as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young shoots to rear,
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a palmer ¶ sage instructed were, [while
Who from deep thought and studious search ere-
Had learnt to mend the heart and till the human
soil.

For by celestial Wisdom whilom led
Thro' all the apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the sted**
To judgment, wit, and memory, assign'd;
And now sensation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darksome grotte,
Where variously disjointed or combin'd,
As reason, fancy, or opinion, wrought, [thought.
Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pentive

Als †† thro' the fields of Science had he stray'd
With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
Thro' each learn'd school, each philosophic shade,
Where Truth and Virtue erst were deem'd to lie,
If haply the fair vagrants he mote ‡‡ spy,
Or hear the music of their charming lore;
But all unable there to satisfy
His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
The sacred writ of Faith, to learn, believe, adore.

Thence foe profess'd of Falshood and Deceit,
Those fly artificers of Tyranny,
Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to knowledge, Liberty,
Mankind he led to civil policy,
And mild Religion's charitable law,
That fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride,
But stooping from his height would even deign
The feeble steps of infancy to guide:
Eternal glory him therefore betide;
Let ev'ry gen'rous youth his praise proclaim,
Who wand'ring thro' the world's rude forestwide,
By him hath been ytaught his course to frame
To Virtue's sweet abodes and heaven aspiring Fame!

For this the Fairy knight with anxious thought
And fond paternal care his counsel pray'd,
And him of gentlest courtesy besought
His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid,
The while his tender offspring he convey'd
Thro' devious paths to that secure retreat
Where sage Pædia with each tuneful maid
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
Mid flow'ry gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that same virtuous palmer them to guide,

Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
Ymounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he slow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle squire enfues,
With his young lord aye marching side by side,
His counsellor and guard in goodly thews*,
Who well had been brought up and nurs'd by
ev'ry Muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursu'd,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain,
Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes outstretch'd a spacious plain,
That fruitful shew'd and apt for ev'ry grain,
For pastures, vines, and flow'rs, while Nature fair
Sweet-smiling all around with count'nance fain†
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care
Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

Right good I ween and bounteous was the soil,
Aye wont in happy season to repay
With tenfold usury the peasant's toil,
But now it was ruin all and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay, [grown,
The sheep-thorn down with barren brakes‡ o'er-
The whiles the merry peasants sport and play
All as the public evil were unknown,
O'er ev'ry public care from ev'ry breast was flown.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
And so deform'd, with wonder and delight
At man's neglect and Nature's bounty rare,
In studious thought awhile the Fairy knight
Bent on that goodly lond§ his eager sight,
Then forward rush'd impatient to descry
What towns and castles therein were empight||;
Fortowns him seem'd and castles he did spy [eye.
As to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming
Nor long way had they travell'd ere they came
To a wide stream that with tumultuous roar
Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame
Black was the wave and sordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore:
Thereto, along th' unlovely margin flood
A birchen grove that waving from the shore
Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

Right in the centre of the vale empight
Not distant far a forked mountain rose,
In outward form presenting to the sight
That fam'd Parnassian hill on whose fair brows
The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose,
Lift'ning to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,
Which thro' the plains of Cirrhamurm ringflows;
But this to that compar'd mote justly seem
Nefitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.
For this, nor founded deep nor spreaden wide,
Nor high uprais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art thro' tedious years applied,
From various parts compil'd with studious pain,

Was erst upthrown, if so it mote attain,
Like that poetic mountain, to be hight¶
The noble seat of Learning's goodly train;
Thereto, the more to captivate the sight
It like a garden fair most curiously was dight**.
In figur'd plots with leafy walls enclos'd,
By measure and by rule it was outlay'd,
With symmetry so regular dispos'd
That plot to plot still answer'd shade to shade;
Each correspondent twain alike array'd
With like embellishments of plants and flow'rs,
Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
Thro' shells of Tritons their ascending show'rs,
And labyrinths involv'd and trelice-woven
bow'rs.

There likewise mote be seen on ev'ry side
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And shapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently shorne, and with prepos't'rous skill
To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size,
Huge as that giant race who hill on hill [prize††
High-heaping, sought with impious vain em-
Despite of thund'ring Jove to scale the steepyskies.
Als other wonders of the sportive shears
Fair Nature misadorn'ing there were found,
Globes, spiral columns, pyramids, and piers,
With sprouting urns and budding statues
And horizontal dials on the ground [crown'd,
In living box by cunning artists trac'd,
And gallies trim on no' long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast, [blast.
All ‡‡ were their bellying sails outspread to ev'ry
O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terrasses on terrasses upthrown,
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows
And vistas broad the velvet slopes adown
The ever verdant trees of Daphne shone;
But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains and Grecian Helicon,
They shrink and languish'd in a foreign mould,
By changeful summers starv'd, and pinch'd by
winter's cold.

Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
On golden thrones of antic form reclin'd,
In mimic majesty Nine Virgins sat,
In features various as unlike in mind:
Als boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,
And to the sweet Parnassian Nymphs allied;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they
twin'd,
And matching with high names their apish pride,
O'er ev'ry learned school aye claim'd they to
preside.

In antic garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artists whilom §§ made,
Of various woofs and variously distain'd
With tints of ev'ry hue were they array'd;

* Thews, manners.

† Fain, earnest, eager.

‡ Brakes, briers.

§ Lond, land.

|| Empight, placed.

¶ Hight, called, named.

** Dight, drest.

†† Emprize, enterprise, attempt.

‡‡ All, used frequently by the old English poets for although.

§§ Whilom, formerly.

And

And here and there ambitiously display'd
A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
Ere by the Muses or th' Aonian Maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan bard,
Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth
splendour glar'd.

And well their outward vesture did express
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wisdom's antiquated drefs,
And usages by time cast far behind:
Thence to the charms of younger Science blind,
The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and phrase,
Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd;
Ne sacred Truth herself would they embrace
Unwarranted, unknown in their forefathers days.

Thus ever backward casting their survey
To Rome's old ruins, and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay [turn
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they
Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn;
Then gath'ring up with superstitious care
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This Ennius, Varro, this the Stagirite, did wear.
Yet under names of venerable sound, [rod,
While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful
Thro' all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wise and good;
Als from each region to their drad * abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
The streams of Science, which united flow'd
Adown the mount from nine rich sources cast,
And to the vale below in one rude torrent past.

O'er ev'ry source, protectress of the stream,
One of those Virgin Sisters' did preside,
Who dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide,
The heady vapours of scholastic pride,
Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide,
Vain love of praise with adulation join'd,
And disingenuous scorn and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on ev'ry side,
In circuit vast a verdant valley spread,
Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led
By various sluices from one common head;
A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound!
Hight of Philology the lake, and fed
By that rude torrent which with roaring sound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the
level round.

And ev'ry where this spacious valley o'er,
Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
Of beardless striplings, to the birch-crown'd shore
By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along,
Who helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,

Were torn reluctant from the tender side
Of their fond mothers, and by faitours † strong,
By pow'r made insolent and hard by pride, [tide.
Were driv'n with furious rage, and lash'd into the
On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
And casting round their oft reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries:
But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
While close behind, assuming the disguise
Of nurt'ring Care and smiling Tendernefs, [press.
With secret scourges arm'd those grisly faitours
As on the steepy margin of a brook,
When the young Sun with flow'ry Maia rides,
With innocent dismay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides,
The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
Their seely ‡ fear; at length, impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides,
And, all regardless of their piteous moan, [down.
Into the dashing wave compels them furious
Thus urg'd by mast'ring fear and dolorous teen §
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd:
Right piteous was the spectacle I ween,
Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood,
And lab'ring to attain the distant shore,
Whereholding forth the gown of manhood stood
The Siren Liberty, and evermore
Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

Irk some and long the passage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd
Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill abide
With head uplifted o'er the waves to ride;
Whence many wearied ere they had o'erpass'd
The middle stream (for they in vain have tried)
Again return'd astounded || and aghast,
Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.
Some, of a rugged more enduring frame,
Their toilsome course with patient pain pursu'd,
And tho' with many a bruise and muchel ¶ blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embru'd
Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdu'd,
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last;
But in life's practis'd lear ** unskill'd and rude,
Forth to that forked hill they silent pac'd,
Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours
they waste.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
Tho' with the crowd to pass the flood constrain'd,
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
Save with the sprinkling of the wat'ry spray,
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd

* Drad, dreadful.

† Faitour, doer, from *faire*, to do, and *fait*, deed; commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.

‡ Seely, simple.

§ Teen, pain, grief.

|| Astounded, astonished.

¶ Muchel, much.

** Lear, learning.

Of ignorance, and ease, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice and premature decay.

A few, alas! how few! by Heaven's high will
With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
Albe* sore mated † by the tempests shrill
That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along,
Cut briskly thro' the waves, and forces new
Gath'ring from toil, and ardour from the throng
Of rival youths, outstript the lab'ring crew,
And to the true Parnasse ‡ and heaven-throng'd
glory flew.

Dire was the tumult! and from ev'ry shore
Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and singults § fore
Short interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious stripes and angry threats severe,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
Of all the various speeches that whilere ¶
On Shinar's widespread campaign did astound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud
works confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene;
But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
Empierced deep with sympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the signs of drad impress'd,
And fill'd with tears his eyes, which fore dis-
Up to his fire he rais'd in mournful wise, [tress'd,
Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad
furnise:

Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.
But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united sound
Of shouting myriads thro' the valley bray'd,
And shook the groves, the floods, and solid
The distant hills rebellow'd all around. [ground;
"Arrest Sir Knight," it cried, "thy fond career,
"Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
"That awful majesty which all revere!
"In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of
"nations hear."

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain
Advancing towards him, with impetuous gait,
And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate
Shone the bright ensign of imperial state;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft-times over both erect his throne,
While senates, priests, and kings, his sovran ¶
sceptre own.

Custom he hight, and aye in ev'ry land
Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
O'er all he holds, and to his high command

Constrains ev'n stubborn Nature to obey,
Whom dispossessing oft he doth assay
To govern in her right; and with a pace
So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
That she unware is caught in his embrace;
And tho' deflour'd and thrall'd nought feels her
foul disgrace.

For nurt'ring even from their tenderest age
The docile sons of men withouten pain,
By disciplines and rules to every stage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Insensibly to wear and hug his chain;
Als his behests or gentle or severe,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily persuades them to revere
As institutions sage and venerable learn.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of those Sisters Nine,
Who there enthron'd with many a copious rill,
Feed the full streams that thro' the valley shine,
He deemed was, and aye with rites divine,
Like those which Sparta's ** hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
He doth constrain his vassals to adore
Perforce their sacred names, and learn their fa-
cred lore.

And to the Fairy knight now drawing near
With voice terrific and imperious mien
(All was he wont less dreadful to appear [seen)
When known and practis'd than at distance
And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
Him he commandeth upon threaten'd pain
Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpose to refrain, [train.
And all due honours pay to Learning's rev'rend
So saying, and forestalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little car'd to justify
His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,
Upon the Fairy youth with great dismay
In ev'ry quaking limb convuls'd he lay'd,
And proudly stalking o'er the verdant lay ††,
Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
With many his young compeers, therein to be
embay'd ‡‡.

The knight his tender son's distressful stour §§
Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew,
Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that pow'r
Which from submission aye more haughty grew:
For that proud giant's force he wisely knew
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defied
With rash presumption; and with courage true,
Rather than step from virtue's path aside,
Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying
pride.

* Albe, although.

† Mated, amazed, scared.

‡ Parnasse, Parnassus.

§ Singults, sighs.

¶ Whilere, formerly.

¶ Sovran, for sovereign.

** The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. "And I myself," says Plutarch, in his Life of Lyncurgus, "have seen several of them endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar of Diana, surnamed Othia." †† Lay, mead. ‡‡ Embay'd, bathed, dipt, §§ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

And now, disdainful parle, his courser hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful
spear,

Wherewith the giant he so rudely smot,
That him perforce constrain'd to wend * arrear;
Who much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
Yet his accustom'd pride recov'ring soon,
Forthwith his massy sceptre 'gan uprear,
For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldest fone †

With that enormous mace the Fairy knight
§ fore he bet ‡ that all his armour bray'd §,
To pieces well nigh riv'n with the might
Of so tempestuous strokes; but he was stay'd,
And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
The sudden changes of the doubtful fray,
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard assay;
So lightly from his steed he leap'd upon the lay.

Then swiftly drawing forth his trenchant || blade,
High o'er his head he held his fencible shield,
And warily forecasting to evade
The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
With restless steps aye traversing the field,
And ever as his foe's intemperate pride
Thro' rage defenceless mote advantage yield,
With his sharp sword so oft he did him gride ¶,
That his gold-fandal'd feet in crimson floods
were dy'd.

His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmost reach were pight **
The forts of life; ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and abolish quite
A pow'r so puissant, by his single might
Did he presume to hope: himself alone
From lawless force to free in bloody fight
He stood, content to bow to custom's throne,
So reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.

So well he warded and so fiercely prest
His foe, that weary wex'd he of the fray.
Yet would he algaes †† lower his haughty crest,
But masking in contempt his sore dismay,
Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly casting on the warlike Fay ‡‡
A smile of scorn and pity, thro' the air
'Gan blow his shrilling horn; the blast was heard
afar.

Estsoons astonish'd at th' alarming sound,
The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round,
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
Of ev'ry sex and order, old and young,
The vassals of great Custom's wide domain,
Who to his lore inur'd by usage long
His ev'ry summons heard with pleasure fain,
And felt his ev'ry wound with sympathetic pain.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold,
And saw an armed knight him standing near,
Attended by that palmer sage and bold,
Whose vent'rous search of devious truth whilere
Spread thro' the realms of learning horrors drear,
Yseized were at first with terrors great,
And in their boding hearts began to fear
Dissension factious, controversial hate,
And innovations strange, in Custom's peaceful
state.

But when they saw the knight his fauchion sheath,
And climbing to his steed march thence away
With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
Soon chac'd the gath'ring clouds of black afay:
Als their great monarch, cheered with the view
Of myriads who confess his sovran sway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew,
And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

Thereat the multitude that stood around
Sent up at once a universal roar
Of boistrous joy: the sudden-bursting sound,
Like the explosion of a warlike store
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted welkin §§ tore:
Then turning tow'rs the knight with scoffings
Heart-piercing insults and revilings fore, [lewd,
Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
As thro' the throng he pass'd his parting steps
pursued.

Als from that forked hill, the boasted seat
Of studious Peace and mild Philosophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Must'ring their rage; eke baleful Infamy,
Rous'd from her den of base obscurity
By those fam'd Maidens Nine, began to found
Her brazen trump of black'ning obloquy,
While Satire, with dark clouds encompass'd round
Sharp secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to
wound.

But the brave Fairy knight, no whit dismay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain,
With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
Thro' the wide provinces of Custom's reign,
What mote afresh admonish him remain
Fast by his virtuous purpose; all around
So many objects mov'd his just disdain,
Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing found,
In city, village, bow'r, or castle, mote be found.

In village, city, castle, bow'r, and hall,
Each sex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual gen'ral jubilee,
Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee;
Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
Restraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Intestine desolation, foreign foes, [vulfive throes,
Nor Heaven's tempestuous threats, nor earth's scon-

* Wend arrear, move backwards.

† Fone, foes.

‡ Bet, beat.

§ Bray'd, resounded.

|| Trenchant, cutting.

¶ Gride, cut, hack.

** Pight, plac'd.

†† Would he algaes, would not by any means.

‡‡ Fay, Fairy.

§§ Welkin, sky.

But chiefly they whom Heaven's disposing hand
Had seated high on Fortune's upper stage,
And plac'd within their call the sacred band
That waits on Nurture and Instruction sage,
If haply their wise hefts* mote them engage
To climb thro' knowledge to more noble praise,
And, as they mount, enlighten ev'ry age
With the bright influence of fair virtue's rays,
Which from the awful heights of grandeur
brighter blaze:—

They, O perverse and base ingratitude!
Despising the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low services of brutal sense
Abus'd the means of pleasures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
And, sett'ring on her throne th' immortal Mind,
The guidance of her realm to passions wild resign'd.

Hence, thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
Nought worthy of their kind did they essay,
But, or benumb'd with palsied idleness,
In merely living loiter'd life away,
Or by false taste of pleasure led astray,
For ever wand'ring in the sensual bow'rs
Of feverish Debauch and lustful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active pow'rs,
And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal
hours.

E'en they to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate and purer mind,
Tho' the foul brothel and the wine-stain'd board
Of beastly Comus loathing they declin'd,
Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd;
Like painted insects thro' the summer air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd,
And tasting ev'ry flow'r and blossom fair
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

For choice them needed none who only sought
With vain amusements to beguile the day;
And wherefore should they take or care or thought
Whom Nature prompts and Fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"

So learn'd, so taught, the leaders of mankind
Th' unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind, [find.
Ran forth by diff'rent ways the blissful boon to

Nor tedious was the search; for ev'ry where,
As nigh great Custom's royal tow'rs the knight
Pass'd thro' th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of festival delight

Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin revels by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended, and again with dewy night
In cover'd theatres or leafy bow'rs, [pow'rs.
Off'ring her ev'ning vows to Pleasure's joyous

And ever on the way mote he espy
Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
By land, by water, passing aye along
With murmurs, anticks, music, dance and song,

* Hefts, behests, precepts, commands.

To Pleasure's num'rous temples, that beside
The glist'ning streams, or tufted groves among,
To ev'ry idle foot stood open wide,
And ev'ry gay desire with various joys supplied.

For there each heart with diverse charms to move
The sly enchantress summon'd all her train;
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudulent gain,
Who when blind Fortune throws directs the die,
And Phœbus, tuning his soft Lydian strain
To wanton motions and the lover's sigh,
And thought-beguiling shew and masking revelry.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth
Who to true honour meaneth to aspire,
And for the works of virtue, faith and truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire;
The which avizing well the cautious fire
From that soft Siren land of pleasure vain
With timely haste was minded to retire,
Or ere the sweet contagion mote attain [stain.
His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious

So turning from that beaten road aside,
Thro' many a devious path at length he pac'd,
As that experienc'd palmer did him guide
Till to a mountain hoare they came at last,
Whose high-rais'd brows, with sylvan honours
Majestically frown'd upon the plain, [grac'd,
And over all an awful horror cast;
Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain, [train.
Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted

The hill ascended straight, erewhile they came
To a tall grove, whose thick embow'ring shade,
Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
E'en at mid-noon a dubious twilight made,
Like to that sober light which, disarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams
Thro' windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd
Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-
musing themes.

Beneath this high o'erarching canopy
Of clust'ring oaks, a sylvan colonnade,
Aye list'ning to the native melody
Of birds sweet echoing thro' the lonely shade,
On to the centre of the grove they stray'd;
Which in a spacious circle op'ning round,
Within its shelt'ring arms securely laid,
Disclos'd to sudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beau-
ties crown'd.

There on the basis of an ancient pile,
Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the
A venerable matron they erewhile [wood,
Discover'd have beside a murm'ring flood,
Reclining in right sad and pensive mood:
Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,
The which her changing cheer by turns express'd,
Now glowing with disdain, with grief now over-
keft.†

† Overkeft, for overcast.

Her

Herthus immers'd in anxious thoughts profound
 When as the knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew,
 To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
 And whence th' occasion of her anguish grew;
 For that right noble matron well he knew,
 And many perils huge and labours sore
 Had for her sake endur'd, her vassal true,
 Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
 Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

"O dearest Drad!" he cried, "fair Island Queen!

"Mother of heroes! Empress of the main!

"What means that stormy brow of troublous
 "teen, [train

"Sith *heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling

"Of Sciences and Arts, adorns thy reign

"With wealth and knowledge, splendour and
 "renown? plain!

"Each port how throng'd! how fruitful ev'ry

"How blithe the country! and how gay the
 "town!

"While Liberty secures and heightens ev'ry
 "boon!"

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive wo
 By these fair flatt'ring words, she rais'd her head,
 And bending on the knight her frowning brow,
 "Mock'st thou my sorrows, Fairy Son?" she said;
 "Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
 "To deem that certain which thy hopes suggest?
 "To deem them full of life and lustihead †
 "Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dress'd,
 "And with joy's careless mien and dimpled
 "smiles impress'd!

"Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
 "I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause,
 "And mark'd thy virtue singly how it stood
 "Th' assaults of mighty custom, which o'erawes
 "The faint and tim'rous mind, and oft withdraws
 "From Reason's lore th' ambitious and the vain,
 "By the sweet lure of popular applause,
 "Against their better knowledge to maintain
 "The lawless throne of Vice or Folly's childish
 "reign.

"How vast his influence, how wide his sway,
 "Thyself erewhile by proof didst understand,
 "And saw'st, as thro' his realms thou took'st thy
 "way,

"How vice and folly had o'erspread the land:
 "And canst thou then, O Fairy Son! demand
 "The reason of my woe? or hope to ease
 "Thethrobbings of my heart with speeches bland,
 "And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
 "The once-dear names of wealth, and liberty,
 "and peace?

"Peace, wealth, and liberty that noblest boon,
 "Are blessings only to the wise and good;
 "To weak and vicious minds their worth un-
 "known,

"And thence abus'd, but serve to furnish food
 "For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
 "With high-spiced luxury, whence strife, debate,
 "Ambition, envy, Faction's vip'rous brood,

"Contempt of order, manners profligate, [state.
 "The symptoms of a foul, diseas'd and bloated
 "Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
 "Of Arts and Muses, tho' from heav'n above
 "Descended, when their talents they profane
 "To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,
 "And aid eccentric sceptic pride to rove
 "Beyond celestial truth's attractive sphere,
 "This moral system's central sun, aye prove
 "To their fond votaries a curse severe,
 "And only make mankind more obstinately err.
 "And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
 "Have they consider'd well and understood
 "The use and import of those blessings dear
 "Which the great Lord of Nature hath bestow'd
 "As well to prove as to reward the good?
 "Whence are these torrents then, these billowy
 "Of vice, in which as in his proper flood [seas
 "The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
 "And upon shipwreck'd Faith and sinking Vir-
 "tue preys?

"To you, ye noble, opulent, and great!
 "With friendly voice I call and honest zeal;
 "Upon your vital influences wait
 "The health and sickness of the common weal:
 "The maladies you cause yourselves must heal.
 "In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
 "Will truth and reason make their just appeal,
 "In vain will sacred wisdom cry aloud, [blood.
 "And justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in
 "With you must reformation first take place:
 "You are the head, the intellectual mind
 "Of this vast body politic, whose base
 "And vulgar limbs to drudgery consign'd,
 "All the rich stores of science have resign'd
 "To you, that, by the craftsman's various toil,
 "The sea-worn mariner and sweating hind,
 "In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
 "You for yourselves and them may dress the
 "mental soil.

"Bethink you then, my children! of the trust
 "In you repos'd; ne let your heaven-born mind
 "Consume in pleasure or unactive rust,
 "But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
 "The godlike task, to teach and mend mankind!
 "Learn, that ye may instruct: to virtue lead
 "Yourselves the way; the herd will crowd be-
 "hind,
 "And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
 "Example is a lesson that all men can read.

"But if (to all or most I do not speak)
 "In vain and sensual habits now grown old
 "The strong Circean charm you cannot break,
 "Nor reassume at will your native mould ‡,
 "Yet envy not the state you could not hold,
 "And take compassion on the rising age;
 "In them redeem your errors manifold,
 "And by due discipline and nurture sage
 "In virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.
 "You chiefly who like me in secret mourn
 "The prevalence of custom lewd and vain,

* Sith, since.

† Lustihead, strong health, vigour.

‡ Mould, shape, form.

"And

"And you who tho' by the rude torrent borne
 "Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
 "To his behests, and act what you disdain,
 "Yet nourish in your hearts the gen'rous love
 "Of piety and truth, no more restrain
 "The manly zeal, but all your sinews move
 "The present to reclaim, the future race im-
 "prove.

"Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
 "Yon haughty giant, who so proudly sways
 "A sceptre by repute alone upheld,
 "Who where he cannot dictates straight obeys:
 "Accustom'd to conform his flatt'ring phrase
 "To numbers and light-plac'd authority
 "Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
 "And, drawing after all his menial fry.

"Soon teach the gen'ral voice your act to ratify.
 "Ne for th' atchievement of this great emprise
 "The want of means or counsel may ye dread;
 "From my twin-daughters' fruitful wombs shall
 "A race of letter'd sages deeply read [rise
 "In learning's various writ, by whom yled
 "Thro' each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous
 "grove,

"Where antic wisdom whilom wont to tread,
 "With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
 "And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of
 "knowledge prove.

"Yourselfes with virtue thus and knowledge
 "fraught,

"Of what in ancient days of good or great
 "Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught,
 "Join'd with whatever else of modern date
 "Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
 "Discover'd have of Nature, Man and God,
 "May by new laws reform the time-worn state
 "Of cell-bred discipline, and smoothe the road
 "That leads thro' learning's vale to wisdom's
 "bright abode.

"By you invited to her secret bow'rs,
 "Then shall Pædia re-ascend her throne,
 "With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flow'rs;
 "While from their forked mount descending down
 "Yon supercilious pedant train shall own
 "Her empire paramount, ere long by her
 "Ytaught a lesson in their schools unknown,
 "To learning's richest treasure to prefer
 "The knowledge of the world and man's great
 "business there.

"On this prime science, as the final end
 "Of all her discipline and nurt'ring care,
 "Her eye Pædia fixing, aye shall bend
 "Her ev'ry thought and effort to prepare
 "Her tender pupils for the various war
 "Which vice and folly shall upon them wage
 "As on the perilous march of life they fare,
 "With prudent lore fore-arming ev'ry age
 "Gainst Pleasure's treach'rous joys and Pain's
 "embattled rage.

"Then shall my youthful sons, to wisdom led
 "By fair example and ingenuous praise,
 "With willing feet the paths of duty tread,

"Thro' the world's intricate or rugged ways,
 "Conducted by Religion's sacred rays,
 "Whose soul-invigorating influence
 "Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
 "Of fordid selfishness, and brutal sense; [lence.
 "And swell th'ennobled heart with blest benevo-
 "Then also shall this emblematic pile,
 "By magic whilom fram'd to sympathise
 "With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
 "Still as my sons in fame and virtue rise, [skies
 "Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding
 "It's radiant cross uplift; the while to grace
 "The multiplying niches fresh supplies
 "Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
 "Aye following their fires in virtue's glorious
 "race."

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
 She rose majestic from her lowly stead,
 While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame
 Outbeaming, with unwonted light o'erspread
 That monumental pile, and, as her head
 To ev'ry front she turn'd, discover'd round
 The venerable forms of heroes dead,
 Who for their various merit, erst renown'd,
 In this bright fane of glory shrines of honour found.

On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes
 Would often feast; and ever as she spied [rise,
 Forth from the ground the length'ning structure
 With new-plac'd statues deck'd on ev'ry side,
 Her parent breast would swell with gen'rous pride.
 And now with her in that sequester'd plain
 The knight a while constraining to abide,
 She to the Fairy youth with pleasure fain
 Those sculptur'd chiefs did shew, and their great
 lives explain.

§ 59. *A Birth-Day Thought.*

CAN I, all gracious Providence!
 Can I deserve thy care?

Ah! no: I've not the least pretence
 To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
 From dangers and from death;
 Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill
 E'er since thou gave me breath?

I live once more, to see the day
 That brought me first to light;
 O! teach my willing heart the way
 To take thy mercies right.

Tho' dazzling splendor, pomp, and show,
 My fortune has denied;
 Yet more than grandeur can bestow
 Content hath well supplied.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
 No mis'ries have I known;
 And, that I'm bless'd with health and ease,
 With humble thanks I own.

I envy no one's birth or fame,
 Their titles, train, or dress;
 Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
 Beyond what I possess.

I ask and wish, not to appear
More beauteous, rich, or gay;
Lord make me wiser ev'ry year,
And better ev'ry day.

§ 60. *A Moral Reflection. Written on the first
Day of the Year 1782.*

SEVENTEEN Hundred Eighty-one
Is now for ever past:
Seventeen Hundred Eighty-two
Will fly away as fast.

But whether life's uncertain scene
Shall hold an equal pace;
Or whether death shall come between,
And end my mortal race:

Or whether sickness, pain, or health,
My future lot shall be;
Or whether poverty or wealth,
Is all unknown to me.

One thing I know, that needful 'tis
To watch with careful eye;
Since ev'ry season spent amiss
Is register'd on high.

Too well I know what precious hours
My wayward passions waste;
And oh! I find my mortal pow'rs
To dust and darkness haste.

Earth rolls her rapid seasons round,
To meet her final fire;
But virtue is with glory crown'd,
Tho' suns and stars expire.

What awful thoughts! what truths sublime!
What useful lesson this!
O! let me well improve my time!
Oh! let me die in peace!

§ 61. *The Triumph of Isis, occasioned by Isis, an
Elegy: T. WARTON.*

Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referant si vera parentes,
Hanc Urbem infans nullus qui Marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec Numina Sedem
Destituent.—

CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from op'ning clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod;

From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:
No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of past'ral pipe or oaten flute.

For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Stillling, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause,
Still boast of freedom, while you break her laws;
To Pow'r your songs of gratulation pay;
To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
Whattho' your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;
Whattho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let *** boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctify'd and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meand'ring thro' the matted reeds,
With loit'ring wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, you Muse's bow'r
Still nor enjoys nor seeks the smile of pow'r.

Though wakeful vengeance watch my crystal
Tho' persecution wave her iron wing, [spring,
And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
"Those destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With Fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the graces build my Grecian piles:
My gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.
E'en

E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain; [shrine,
When yon proud *dome, fair learning's amplest
Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardours heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine;
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine!
Then music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
To catch his parting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart. [spire,
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts in-
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eyes to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm.
Untaught in flow'ry periods to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast fages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her olose sequester'd cells
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile.

In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty fide;
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
With ev'ry conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wint'ry pow'r.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye tow'rs that wear the mossy vest of time!
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the sight
To contemplation, step by step, invite;
Ye high-arc'd walks, where oft the whispers
clear

Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the feat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each gen'rous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of Truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd,
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd,
Who rang'd the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and, echoing to the sky,
Hail! Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train! with lib'ral aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning
brows.

"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught:
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd, and the same!

Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The Muses in yon cloister's shade
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw;
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the sacred band,
The * Patriot King before me seems to stand.
He, by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd
land. [dwell

Though simple was the dome, where first to
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bow'rs,
And proudly lifts to heaven her hundred tow'rs.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And footh'd to soft society's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race express'd;
Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the Goddess pour'd the
Unfully'd on his ancient diadem) [beam
Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger ere she leave the land.

§ 62. *Inscription in a Hermitage, at Ansley-Hall,
in Warwickshire.* T. WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I footh to peace my pensive mind:
And while to shade my lowly cave,
Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.
Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies;
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

* Alfred.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And ev'ry op'ning primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?

Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

§ 63. *Monody, written near Stratford upon
Avon.* T. WARTON.

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled
sedge;
Thy brink with wat'ry foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd,
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine
Whose sacred dust yon high arch'd aisles inclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th' embow'ring shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant off'ring made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled;
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

§ 64. *On the Death of King George the Second.*
T. WARTON.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!

So

So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!

O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless off'ring to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How sceptred Hiëro stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sat
The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride
Obedience from dependance to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure, if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophy'd throne?
At whose firm base thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conqu'ring banners sweep,
Again her Commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state:
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause, one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow

* Trinity College, Oxford; in which also Lord

O Pitt, while honour points thy lib'ral plan,
And o'er the Minister exalts the Man,
His congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not Hers, by false connections drawn
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress'd:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times, she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand
To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the
prize; [wise.
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and
Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse
From that calm Bow'r*, which nurs'd thy
thoughtful youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which ev'ry classic Grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now, no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

§ 65. *On the Marriage of the King, MDCCLXI.
to her Majesty. T. WARTON.*

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tow'r'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joy thy breast might
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat: [beat
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd thro' many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, slain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here walk'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;

Somers, and Sir James Harrington, author of the

Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth
alone,

Unlock'd chaste Beauty's adamant zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temp'rate suns display!
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.

To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On ev'ry coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes and busy streets declare
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And oh! blest Queen, if e'er the magic pow'rs
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bow'rs, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning Bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew:
But chief the dreadful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too! majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flow'r
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bow'r
Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phoebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the sceptred pall of state aside.
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's fav'rite race!
But though the gen'rous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stand supreme in Nature's choicest charms;
Tho' George and Conquest guard her sea-girt
throne,

One happier blessing still she calls her own;

And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's
name.

§ 66. *On the Birth of the Prince of Wales.*

T. WARTON.

*Written after the Installation at Windsor, in the
same year.*

IMPERIAL Dome of Edward wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners
wave; [deeds,
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds;
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glitt'ring lance;
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no
more

That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophy'd shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bow'rs receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd Pair
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred Heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot fire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot fire shall catch, with sure preface,
Each lib'ral omen of his op'ning age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreath the Braid of heavenly dye,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tow'r, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days;
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings hung on high,
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye;
Shall fire the youth to crown his riper years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poictiers;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes and rigid lore
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace,
The cloister's moon-light-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to make the sun, at matins due,
Stream through the storied windows holy hue.
And oh, young Prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.

War

War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th'embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun:
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine! no dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray!
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Bethine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquests strung!

Instead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms:
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine an-
cient boast,
Thy tournaments and list'd combats lost!
From Arthur's Board, no more, proud castle,
mourn

Adventurous Valour's gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order bursts to perfect day:
The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's base its rescued glory rears,
Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts achieve;
Sees meek Humanity distress relieve;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims its honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

§ 67. *Ode to Sleep.* T. WARTON.

ON this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.
O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood be calm!
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.
Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hov'ring, haunts my wretched sight.
Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight, and the radiant noon, alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

§ 68. *The Hamlet, written in Whichwood Forest.*
T. WARTON.

THE hinds how blest, who, ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild,

Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:

In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.

No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honeyed flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound.
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

§ 69. *Ode. The First of April.* T. WARTON.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boist'rous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies,
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar and ev'ning chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around.
That clothe the garden's southern bound:

Scarce a sickly straggling flow'r
 Decks the rough castle's rifted tow'r:
 Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
 From the dark dell's entangled steep:
 O'er the field of waving broom
 Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
 And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
 Tinctures the transitory gale:
 While from the shrubb'ry's nak'd maze,
 Where the vegetable blaze
 Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
 Ev'ry chequer'd charm is flown;
 Save that the lilac hangs to view
 Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
 The beans their new-born ranks expand:
 The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
 Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
 Fringing the forest's devious edge,
 Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
 Or to the distant eye displays
 Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
 Skims in haste the village green:
 From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
 The screaming plovers idly spring:
 The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
 Explores awhile the tepid noon,
 And fondly trusts its tender dyes
 To fickle suns and flatt'ring skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen show'r,
 If a cloud should haply low'r,
 Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
 Mute on a sudden is the lark;
 But when gleams the sun again
 O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
 And from behind his wat'ry veil
 Looks through the thin-descending hail,
 She mounts, and less'ning to the light,
 Salutes the blythe return of light,
 And high her tuneful track pursues
 Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
 Widely waving oaks inclose
 The moat of yonder antique hall,
 Swarm the rocks with clamorous call;
 And, to the toils of nature true,
 Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
 The lonely poet loves to mark
 How various greens in faint degrees
 Tinge the tall groups of various trees:
 While, careless of the changing year,
 The pine cerulean, never fear,
 Tow'rs distinguish'd from the rest,
 And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
 Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
 And each trim meadow still retains
 The wint'ry torrent's oozy stains:
 Beneath a willow, long forsook,
 The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
 And bursting thro' the crackling sedge
 That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,

He startles from the bordering wood
 The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
 Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,
 And with eager bleatings fill
 The fells that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
 To lordly man's usurping yoke,
 The bounding colt forgets to play:
 Basking beneath the noontide ray,
 And stretch'd among the daisies, pride
 Of a green dingle's sloping side:
 While far beneath, where nature spreads
 Her boundless length of level meads,
 In loose luxuriance taught to stray
 A thousand tumbling rills inlay
 With silver veins the vale, or pass
 Redundant thro' the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
 Midst her pensive solitude,
 Fancy, with prophetic glance,
 Sees the teeming months advance;
 The field, the forest, green and gay,
 The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
 Sees the reddening orchard blow,
 The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
 Sees June unfold his glossy robe
 Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
 Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
 And plenty load her ample horn.

§ 70. *Ode. The Suicide.* T. WARTON.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare
 Smit with the lightning's vivid glare,
 O'erhang the craggy road,
 And whistle hollow as they wave;
 Within a solitary grave,

A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
 Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
 And dimm'd the struggling day;

As by the brook that ling'ring laves
 Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
 Full of the dark resolve he took his fullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
 His gestures strange, and varying face,

With many a mutter'd sound;
 And ah! too late aghast I view'd
 The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground,

Full many a melancholy night
 He watch'd the slow return of light;

And fought the pow'rs of sleep,
 To spread a momentary calm
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
 Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
 He wore his endless noons alone,

Amid the autumnal wood:
 Oft was he wont in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social board to quit,
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling
 flood.

Beck'ning

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

'Is this,' mistaken Scorn will cry,
'Is this the youth, whose genius high
'Could build the genuine rhyme?
'Whole bosom mild the fav'ring Muse
'Had stor'd with all her ample views,
'Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime?'

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treach'rous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd, (woe.
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthly tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor, oh! forbid the twilted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn, [anew.
With spring's green-swell'ing buds to vegetate

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine
To build a visionary shrine, [brought.
Hung with unfading flow'rs, from fairy regions

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In melancholy tones shall ring his pensive knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivy'd nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray, [took:
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention

'Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
'Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
'The wreath of glory twine:
'In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
'Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [confine.
'Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds

'Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
'Permits through life at large to rove
'The tribes of hell-born woe;
'Yet the same pow'r that wisely sends
'Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends [foe.
'Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled

'Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
'Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
'And stay'd the rising storm:
'Had bade the sun of hope appear
'To gild the darken'd hemisphere, [form.
'And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted
'Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
'To take, what first it deign'd to give,
'Thy tributary breath:
'In awful expectation plac'd,
'Await thy doom, nor impious haste
'To pluck from God's right hand his instru-
'ments of death.'

§ 71. Ode. Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire. T. WARTON.

Ah, mourn thy lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows, to view
Thy length of landscapes ever new;
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The vet'ran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?
Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And list'ning to the raven's croak,
The distant sail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sunshine and the show'r,
Descry the rainbow-painted tow'r?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who, musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn:
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evening shade the sky!
For, lo! the bard who rapture found
From ev'ry rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;

Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bow'rs
With shadowy shapes and airy pow'rs.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where thaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose-chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake.
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer echo loves to lie,
No pearl-crown'd maid, with wily look,
Rise beck'ning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimm'ring bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that pale and lone
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage inchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fables tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in ev'ry wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bow'rs
Rich spires arose, and sparkling tow'rs.

If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show
His transitory charm withdrew.
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the bloming mold:
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd:
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

§ 72. *The Art of preserving Health.* ARMSTRONG.

BOOK I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæan, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia*; whose indulgent smiles sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou, cheerful guardian of the rolling year,

Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When thro' the blue serenity of heaven
Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the shuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills, th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and needless pleasure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world,
Thy salutary pow'r averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess, heavenly-gay!
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
'How best the fickle fabric to support
'Of mortal man; in healthful body how
'A healthful mind the longest to maintain.'
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules to chuse
The best, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou, long the fav'rite of the healing pow'rs,
Indulge, O Mead! a well design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect; and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.
Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;

* Hygeia, the goddess of Health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæan.

Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
 Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome
 With dim mortality. It is not Air
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
 Of nature, when from shape and texture she
 Relapses into fighting elements:
 It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts; but here a fordid bath,
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.
 Beside, immur'd in many a sullen bay
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
 This slumbering Deep remains, and ranker grows
 With sickly rest: and (tho' the lungs abhor
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
 Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
 The putrid steams that over-swarm the sky,
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
 And rouse the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away the rural wilds
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial
 That fans the ever-undulating sky; [breeze
 A kindly sky! whose fostering pow'r regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign. [smiles
 Find then some woodland scene where Nature
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat;
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewild'rd in our choice.
 See where, enthron'd in adamantine state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
 There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove
 Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats
 (Richmond, that sees an hundred villas rise
 Rural or gay). Oh! from the summer's rage,
 Oh! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous Ham! But, if the busy Town
 Attract thee still to toil for pow'r or gold,
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides: a meagre fiend,
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.

From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude and pains
 That sting the burthen'd brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints, and ev'ry torpid limb;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine:
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away;
 The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
 Relinquishes them to the furies of her train;
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Tinged with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow: [lake;
 Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign,
 Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
 For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
 Or any other injury that grows
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare, and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
 Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.
 The melancholy Fiend (that worst despair
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
 Of air, the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
 But as the pow'r of choosing is denied
 To half mankind, a further task ensues;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the withering element,
 Or hazy atmosphere: tho' custom moulds
 To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens

Of Essex from inveterate ills revive
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
 But, if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
 Correct the soil and dry the sources up
 Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
 Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;
 Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
 Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;
 And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
 To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;
 Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.
 Meantime at home with cheerful fires dispel
 The humid air: and let your table smoke
 With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds
 Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
 Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
 But frugal be your cups; The languid frame,
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heat.
 But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts, [vens.
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil [blood.
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging
 The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live,
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch [blood,
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning
 Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
 The moist relaxing vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast: your food supplied
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm; or if the solid mass
 You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;
 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy from its cold recess
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen sherbet the sickle taste relieve.
 For with the vicious blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
 In feast more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
 A pond'rous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul:
 Lab'ring with storms, in heapy mountains rise
 Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
 Till black with thunder all the South descends.

Scarce in a show'rless day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful East
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This dismal change! The brooding elements
 Do they, your pow'ful ministers of wrath,
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
 Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: give the genial West
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; not mix'd in ev'ry monstrous day!
 Meantime, the moist malignity to shun [paign
 Of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry cham-
 Swells into cheerful hills; where marjorum
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the * cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend; there light thy hospitable fires,
 And let them see the winter morn arise;
 The summer evening blushing in the west:
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring
 north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
 Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
 To sink in warm repose; and hear the din
 Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
 Besides the sportive brook for ever shakes
 The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
 But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
 Involve my hill! And wheresoe'er you build;
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
 Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
 Or high Blackheath with wint'ry winds assail'd,
 Dry be your house; but airy more than warm.
 Else ev'ry breath or ruder wind will strike
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains!

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind
your voice,
Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At ev'ry window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the south, commend?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the sun!
While on the neighb'ring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fostering sun; whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Glow thro' the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
Cheer'd by the fond invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

BOOK II. DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow; nor even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
Of life: the Table and the homely Gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu! [flow,

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits
The gen'rous stream that waters ev'ry part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refund'd; scourg'd for ever round and round:
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks: but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
Rebuild: so mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was given,

Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
Hence the concoctive pow'rs, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too easily subdued,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws
To friendly chyle the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
Avoid the stubborn element, avoid
The full repast; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
Nor stay till rigid age or heavy ails
Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage and luxuriant ease
Indulge the veteran ox; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd, and scanty fare: for, old or young
The stall'd are never healthy, nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholesome food th' abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix, and shun with slipp'ry wiles
The woo'd embrace. The irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Choose sober meals, and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling
Irresolute, protract the morning hours. [down,
But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast
Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could

I could relate what table this demands
 Or that complexion; what the various pow'rs
 Of various foods; but fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.
 Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
 Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temp'ature affects. There, are, whose blood
 Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supplied with slaughter; and the vernal pow'rs
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
 Some ev'n the gen'rous nutriment detest
 Which in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of Pales—soft, delicious, and benign;
 The balmy quintessence of ev'ry flow'r,
 And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring;
 The soft'ring dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best refection of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half dead, and panting from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with ev'ry stomach. But (except
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all).
 Taught by experience, soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning
 tongue;

Or much diminish or too much increase
 Th' expence, which nature's wise œconomy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
 Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
 The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve: of milder feeds,
 The generous horie to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish; tho' sabling Greece resound
 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring pow'r
 Each creature knows its proper aliment;
 But man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.
 Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
 Their cravings are well aim'd: voluptuous Man
 Is by superior faculties misled,
 Misled from pleasure e'en in quest of joy.
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
 And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the-jaded appetite!

Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
 And know that temperance is true luxury.
 Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim:
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men, [yours,
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
 The sick, the famish'd, shiver at your gates.
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
 Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home,
 Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm
 But that which binds the mercenary vow?
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
 Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
 There are, while human miseries abound,
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
 Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
 Each other violate; and oft we see
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
 From combinations of innoxious things.
 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
 To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
 Of ev'ry realm. It matters not meanwhile
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
 So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste
 With caution fruits you never tried before.
 For want of use, the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heaven has form'd us to the general taste
 Of all its gifts, so custom has improv'd
 This bent of nature, that few simple foods,
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
 Of light refection, at the genial board
 Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
 To dull satiety; till soft and slow
 A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
 The softest food; unfinish'd and deprav'd,
 The chyle in all its future wand'rings owns
 Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
 Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
 Of plagues; but more immedicable ills
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,

Ev'n

Ev'n how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
 And with balsamic nutriment repair
 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
 Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
 When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond
 What nature well can bear; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
 Off to th' extinction of the vital flame.
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
 And famine humbled, may this verie be borne.
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds!
 Long toss'd and famish'd on the wint'ry main;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the shock of joy;
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
 Such feasts might prove more fatal than the waves,
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
 But prudently foment the wand'ring spark
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch:
 Be frugal e'en of that; a little give
 At first: that kindled, add a little more;
 Till by delib'rate nourishing, the flame
 Reviv'd with all its wonted vigour glows.
 But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
 Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
 From this to that: so nature learns to bear
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
 Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen low'rs;
 Then is a time, to shun the tempting board,
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
 Might cost you labour. But, the day return'd
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
 Most in the tender vegetable breed:
 Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
 The brazen heavens, or angry Sirius sheds
 A fev'rish taint thro' the still gulph of air,
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round the
 world
 The dreaded *Causos roll his wasteful fires,
 Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
 And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
 Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,

Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
 Descending, nature by degrees invites
 To growing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter when th' invigorating year
 Emerges; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
 Toyful and young, in ev'ry breeze descends
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
 The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd
 Their dainty sov'reign, when the world was
 young,
 Ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seiz'd
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures
 The food that suits it most; so does each clime.
 Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
 Relentless earth, their cruel step mother,
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
 Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave;
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
 Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
 Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
 With gen'rous fare and luxury profuse.
 These are their bread, the only bread they know;
 These, and their willing slave, the deer that crops
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
 Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains;
 Or thirsty Libya, from whose fever'd loins
 The lion bursts, and ev'ry fiend that roams
 Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
 Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
 So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
 Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood [tain
 Brews fev'rish frays; where scarce the tubes suf-
 Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course,
 Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
 But here in livid ripeness melts the grape;
 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
 Thro' the green shade the golden orange glows;
 Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
 A gen'rous pulp; the coco swells on high
 With milky riches; and in horrid mail
 The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets:
 Earth's vaunted progeny; in ruder air
 Too coy to flourish, ev'n to proud too live,
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
 To vapid life. Here, with a mother's smile,
 Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn:
 Here buxom Ceres reigns: th' autumnal sea
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,

* The burning Fever.

Nature

Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air;
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks
Whence glideth the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight, what stupendous shades,
Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' ev'ry nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And, more gigantic still, th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world,
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations, if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies? And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæan, so the pow'rs of health
Command), to praise your crystal element:
The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life to all that vegetate or live,

O comfortable streams! With eager lips,
And trembling hand, the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you: fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the fires of human kind
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degen'rate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease. [disdain]

Learn temp'rance, friends; and hear without

The choice of water. Thus the Coan * sage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school:
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best; the lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid; the most void of smell,
Such the rude mountain from its horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome,
pure,

And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals
With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters, till the pow'r of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream,
In boiling, wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine; the vile excess we blame,
More fruitful than th' accumulated board
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows! But the Parnassian Maids
Another time, † perhaps, shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes, of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes and various pow'rs.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor ev'ry trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loit'ring crudities that burthen life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r
To learn to bear, is easier than to shun.

* Hippocrates.

† See Book IV.

Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say low, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel, but by slow degrees;
By slow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experienc'd found—
The least your bane, and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.

Oh seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep? I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, ev'n sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow, with balm
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Glibber to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain? [goal

What dext'rous thousands just within the
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.

But, ah! what w^h remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,
Except kind Nature by some hasty blow

Prevent the ling'ring fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life.

And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force; and day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their * elemental veins

Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.

Life glows meantime amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery; and in solid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.

But the full ocean ebbs; there is a point, [tend
By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still

To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.
This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding, unelastic bone.

Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on:
It loiters still; and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain, the death
Of nature. Thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself: and, could these laws have
chang'd,

Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate,
And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tow'r that long
had stood

The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.

This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun.
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world.

And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhor'd decay;
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse has
pass'd;

But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in the Aonian arts.

Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.

To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamp.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules

A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years [stow'd,
Concerns the strong. His care were ill be-
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse

The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the win'try heaven.

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensible, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies :
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given,
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To ev'ry casualty of varied life ;
Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life,
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid, if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temp'rance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way
Unhurt, thro' ev'ry toil, in ev'ry clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;
The greener juices are by toil subdued,
Mellow'd and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs with balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter lows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the closter'd gallery or arcade. [source
Go, climb the mountain : from the ethereal
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills ; go mount the exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport
Intent with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desp'rate deer ;
And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chace o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze, [bounds
Swarms with the silver fry. Such thro' the
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent ;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ;
such [stream
The Esk, o'erhung with woods ; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays
Turn'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song : tho' not a purer stream,
Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic
groves,

Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest [flood !
In rural innocence ; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish ; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain !
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd ;
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook

The eager trout, and ; with the slender line
And yielding rod, solicit to the shore [clouds
The struggling panting prey ; while vernal
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce hu-
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I) [man's ;
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream ; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground,
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create ; and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he, whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd and equal to his mod'rate mind :
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest, of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd !
Happiest of men, if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends ;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame !
A fair ambition, void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone,
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs,
The visto best, and best conducts the stream ;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes ; who shews
The earliest bloom ; the sweetest, proudest charms
Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champaign.
Thrice happy days in rural bus'ness pass'd !
Blest winter nights ! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk, that starts no timorous fame,
With witle's wantonness to hunt it down ;
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity :

Till,

Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy,
And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit
Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl,
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance:
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
Or naked stubble, where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their lab'ring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: and there are
Whom still the meed* of the green archer charms.
He chooses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:
The legs perhaps, or arms, refuse their load,
Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and springy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to harder by just steps aspire.
The prudent, ev'n in ev'ry moderate walk,
At first but saunter, and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd couriers play
On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride: but ev'ry breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
O'erpow'rs the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: oft the source
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma, and feller peripneumony †,
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heaven denied
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
Oft, from his rage or brainless frolic, feels

His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity,
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd prolixly, e'en the gentlest toil
Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows:
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn, or try the dusty chace,
Or the warm deeds of some important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. Oh! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
Forbear! no other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep,
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace.
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heavy Alps
Of science, and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirl-
pools boil,

What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
He leaves to scan from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their wearied limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'Tis not for those whom gellid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North:
'Tis not for those to cultivate the skin
Too soft, or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways;
For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious waste
Of blood, degen'rate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the pow'rs
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move; but this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies *reward* or *prize*.

† The inflammation of the lungs.

The functions labour: from this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the blust'ring North em-
broils

The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To ev'ry caprice of the sky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: for from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
Which breatheth thro' straiter and more callous pores
The temper'd Scythian hence half naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rües th' inclement
And hence our painted ancestors desied [heaven:
The East; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' equator heats or hyperborean frost:
Except, by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigours of a damp cold heaven
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gellid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart; a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone;
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds; and he who
By daily use the kindest regimen [makes
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosp'rous days of health
Grow too familiar: for by frequent use
The strongest med'cines lose their healing pow'r,
And e'en the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry west,
Or the wide flood thro' rich Indostan roll'd,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood:
So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames,
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution, just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is Poverty's worst woe;

With this external virtue age maintains
A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know;
So doubtless do your wives: for married fires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wand'ring song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame,
'Tis wisely done: for while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil;
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial pow'rs
Claim all the wand'ring spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil and great event,
A work of time; and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands; the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard; by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year,
Endless to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure. Oh, from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needless flight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
While the soft ev'ning saddens into night;
Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.
The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings: great Nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In

In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
 And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
 Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full;
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils
 And trouble of the day to heavier toil [rocks
 Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy demons hurl, or in the main
 O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
 Whole nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Ortelles; whose delirious brain,
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought;
 While pale and monstrous panting shocks the
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself [soul,
 For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
 What dreams preface, what dangers these or
 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent fears [those
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanity of fear:
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
 Defies the early fogs; but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath:
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor, and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd
 To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
 Oh shame! oh pity! nipt with pale Quadrille
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind
 Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
 The sons of Indolence with long repose
 Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
 Blunt ev'ry sense, and pow'riess ev'ry limb.
 Ye prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
 On the hard mattresses or elastic couch [loth
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourself from

Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springly nerves, the blandishments of
 Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal [down;
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supplied,
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
 But pliant nature more or less demands
 As custom forms her; and all sudden change
 She hates of habit, ev'n from bad to good.
 If faults in life, or new emergencies
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
 Her seasons change! Behold, by slow degrees,
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
 The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
 And aged Autumn brews the Winter storm.
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void
 Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
 The two great periods of th' important year,
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
 He well advis'd, who taught our wiser fires
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
 And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
 With fallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
 The omens of the year: what seasons teem
 With what diseases; what the humid South
 Prepares, and what the Demon of the East:
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
 Besides, whatever plagues, in heat, or cold,
 Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, [you,
 And taught already how to each extreme
 To bend your life. But should the public bane
 Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
 Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
 Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins,
 Be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on;
 The rapid fates admit of no delay.
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,
 Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
 Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy
 The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
 We die; of want, of superfluity:

The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundation of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues, a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence the quiv'ring
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within: [spark
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still;
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head, [heav'd:
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking pow'rs
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a pond'rous sleep
Wrapp'd all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some, a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid
As if the pent-up humours by delay [steams:
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted escap'd;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;

Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms;
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the
To seek protection in far distant skies; [main,
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste [tain'd
The foreign blood which England then con-
Where should they fly? The circumambient
heaven

Involv'd them still; and ev'ry breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
pray'rs; [priv'd;

Heaven heard them not. Of ev'ry hope de-
Fatigued with vain resources; and subdued
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the bus'ness then
To tend the sick, and in their turns, to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they lay,
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd!

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tort'ring Albion! ye eternal fires [pow'rs
That lead thro' heaven the wand'ring year! ye
That o'er the encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home,
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thinn'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign:
While in the west, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wand'ring song.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds,
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange de-
The passive body. Ye poetic shades, [cay
That know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! for, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.
There

There is, they say (and I believe there is),
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in ev'ry nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain:
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The sordid fabric: for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes
The nat'ral, vital, functions are perform'd,
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild, and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's
employ'd),

'Tis painful thinking, that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microscopic arts its vigour fails.
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears,
The lover's paleness, and the fallow hue
Of Envy, Jealousy, the meagre stare
Of sore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind. [day

The strong-built pedant, who both night and
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a drowsy
Or sinks in lethargy before his time. [drown'd,
With youthful studies you, and arts that please,
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!

And ever may all heavy systems rest!
Yet some there are, ev'n of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their gen'rous taste
Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the lib'ral soul.

Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy
To Fable shift, from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,

And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.

The chest so exercis'd improves its strength;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: to stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser pow'rs:
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
There Madness enters; and the dim-eyed Fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teem
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels
With anxious flutt'ring wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason: some for fear of want,
Want all their lives; and others ev'ry day,
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests; and first the Demon Fear,
That trembles at impossible events,
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares
Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's
womb,

Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils sprung, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy; and when the mind

They first invade, the conscious body soon
 In sympathetic languishment declines.
 These chronic passions, while from real woes
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life:
 Vain are the consolations of the wise; [pain.
 In vain your friends would reason down your
 O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
 To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!
 Court not the luxury of tender thought!
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
 Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
 Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
 Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the
 with

Of noble minds, and push them night and day,
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
 New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
 Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
 Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
 The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul;
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
 And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
 Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
 Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion drink.
 Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves
 In empty air; Elysium opens round.

A pleasing phrensy buoys the lighten'd soul,
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
 And what was difficult and what was dire,
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars;
 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.

But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
 Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring
 stream,

Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;

So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
 Subside, you languish into mortal man:

You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.

For, prodigal of life, in one rash night

You lavish'd more than might support three days.

A heavy morning comes, your cares return
 With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well

May be endur'd; so may the throbbing heart:

But such a dim delirium, such a dream,

Involves you; such a dastardly despair

Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt

When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,

He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ascend.

You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch,

The felon, with unnat'ral mixture first

Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.

Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour

A thousand curses; for to heaven it rapt

Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.

Perhaps you rue ev'n that divinest gift,

The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,

Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine;

And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld

The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect

What follies in your loose unguarded hour

Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,

Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend;

Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand

Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.

Add, that your means, your health, your parts
 decay;

Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd,

They hardly know you; or, if one remains

To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.

Despis'd, unwept, you fall; who might have left

A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;

A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.

Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd

All sense and mem'ry of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,

The disappointments, and disgusts of those

Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;

The precepts here of a divine old man

I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd

His manly sense and energy of mind.

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;

He still remember'd that he once was young;

His easy presence check'd no decent joy.

Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd: for he

A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on;

And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,

Much more had seen; he studied from the life,

And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,

He pitied Man: and much he pitied those

Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means

To dissipate their days in quest of joy.

Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,

He said; 'tis the pursuit of all that live:

Yet few attain it, if 't was e'er attain'd.

But they the widest wander from the mark,

Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy

Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage

Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings

To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate

Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds

Should ever roam; and were the fates more kind,

Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.

Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick;

And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain

That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,

And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,

Rather than tease her fated appetites.

Who never fasts, no banquets e'er enjoys;

Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy

Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

But him the least the dull or painful hours

Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just,
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
But at his heart the most undaunted son [dare;
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And, if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the sull'rage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
That ev'n above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied):
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To shew the virtues in the fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence: and teach the breast
That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he
taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he
preach'd.

Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as reason can controul
The lawless pow'rs. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Pæan, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul:
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they please

Or to excess, and dissipate the soul; [clown,
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn
The ill tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer,
(If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
May safely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleasures. But, ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and pow'rs of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone;
The gen'rous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is
To sighs devoted, and to tender pains, [fled.
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,

And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that fomented into serious love;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance;
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no:
The body wastes away; th' infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heaven! from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man;
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigued with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body, and unmans the soul.

And some have died for love, and some run mad;
And some with desp'rate hand themselves have
Some to extinguish, others to prevent, [slain.
A mad devotion to one dang'rous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from fev'rish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid, and the soil subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with ev'ry sting,
And what was love before is madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim?
Be temperate still: when Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on

To deeds above your strength, impute it not
 To Nature ; Nature all compulsion hates.
 Ah ! let not luxury nor vain renown
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
 To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
 A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms
 Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.
 For from the colliquation of soft joys
 How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you was !
 Languid and melancholy, gaunt and wan,
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
 Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
 Grows vapid phlegm : along the tender nerves
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
 A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,
 Rapid and restless, springs from part to part.
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;
 Your vigour pines ; your vital pow'rs decay ;
 Diseases haunt you ; and untimely age
 Creeps on, unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
 Infatuate, impious epicure ! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health :
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition ev'ry hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone :
 He chooses to be wretched, to be mad,
 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
 But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
 And shakes to ruin proud Philosophy.
 For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
 With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare
 Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
 Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
 strength

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !
 Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
 Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
 Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades.
 But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
 For, as the body thro' unnumber'd strings
 Reverberates each vibration of the soul ;
 As is the passion, such is still the pain
 The body feels ; or chronic, or acute.
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs
 The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
 Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
 And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are, meantime, to whom the boist'rous fit
 Is health, and only fills the sails of life ;
 For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
 A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
 But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
 Wave all dispute ; be cautious if you joke,
 Keep lent for ever, and forswear the bowl ;
 For one rash moment lends you to the shades.

Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
 And gives to horror all your days to come.
 Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
 And makes the happy wretched, in an hour
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
 As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may be
 wrong ;

Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
 'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave ;
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
 But calm advice against a raging fit
 Avails too little ; and it braves the pow'r
 Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
 To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
 And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,
 And wonder at the madness of mankind ;
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
 The speculation of your wiser hours.

Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
 With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
 What refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare ?
 Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
 To cope with subtle or impetuous pow'rs,
 I would invoke new passions to your aid ;
 With indignation would extinguish fear,
 With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,
 And love with pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a pow'r that sways the breast ;
 Bids every passion revel or be still ;
 Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ;
 Can sooth distraction, and almost despair,
 That pow'r is music : far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;
 Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
 Who move no passion justly but contempt ;
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong !)
 Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
 The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts :
 Good Heaven ! we praise them ; we with loudest
 peals

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,
 And with insipid show of rapture die
 Of idiot notes impertinently long.
 But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
 A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
 Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast,
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
 Such was the bard whose heavenly strains of old
 Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
 And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
 And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
 Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable pow'rs of Hell,

And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
 Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
 And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd
 One pow'r of physic, melody and song.

§ 73. *Ode on the Spring.* GRAY.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear;
 Disclose the long-expected flow'rs,
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring;
 While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade;
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade;
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
 The panting herds repose:
 Yet, hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon:
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man;
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In fortune's varying colours dress'd:
 Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply:
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?
 A solitary fly!
 Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display:
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

§ 74. *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat,
 drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.* GRAY.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flow'rs that blow;
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
 Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws!
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and em'rald eyes,
 She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream:
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
 Thro' richest purple, to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize:
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulph between:
 (Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd);
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
 Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard:—
 A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
 Nor all that glitters, gold.

§ 75. *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.* GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way!

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
 Ah fields belov'd in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from you blow
 A momentary bliss bestow ;
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace ;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arms, thy glassy wave ?
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmuring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see, how all around 'em wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band !
 Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
 And shame that skulks behind ;
 Or pining love shall waste their youth,
 Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
 And envy wan, and faded care,
 Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
 And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise ;
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning infamy.
 The stings of falsehood those shall try,
 And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
 And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years, beneath,
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That ev'ry labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo ! poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand :
 And slow consuming age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

§ 76. *Ode to Adversity.* GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain ;
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs untelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore ;
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse ; and with them go
 The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe ;
 By vain prosperity receiv'd, [liev'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
 Wisdom in fable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,

Still

Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan;
What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

§. 77. *The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode.*
GRAY.

I. 1.

A WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour; [roar.
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the

I. 2.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-eyed pleasures,
Frisking light in folic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:

Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train;
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts
of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road, [roam:
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode,
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves,
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and gen'ous shame, [flame.
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep;
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep;
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish!
Mute but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost, [coast.
They fought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
This pencil take, (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:

Thine

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy ;
Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time.
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw: but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race, [sounding pace.
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long re-

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah ! tis heard no more—
O lyre divine ! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air :
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun,
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, [Great !
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the

§ 78. *The Bard. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

I. 1.

'**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless king !
' Confusion on thy banners wait !
' Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
' They mock the air with idle state !
' Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
' Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
' From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his qui-
vering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

' Hark, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
' O'er thee, O king ! their hundred arms they
' wave,

' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmers breathe
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day, [lay.
' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
' That hush'd the stormy main:
' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
' Mountains, ye mourn in vain
' Modred, whose magic song
' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
' On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, [head.
' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale ;
' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
' The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
' Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
' I see them sit: they linger yet,
' Avengers of their native land:
' With me in dreadful harmony they join, [line.
' And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" When Severn shall re-echo with affright
" The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that
" Shrieks of an agonizing king ! [ring:
" She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'd the bowels of thy mangled mate,
" From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round
" him wait !
" Amazement in his van with flight combin'd,
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind,

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" Low on his fun'ral couch he lies !
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obsequies.
" Is the sable warrior fled ?
" Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
" The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
" Gone to salute the rising morn. [born ?
" Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
" Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
" Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his even-
" ing prey.

II. 3.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 “ The rich repast prepare,
 “ Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 “ Close by the regal chair
 “ Fell thirst and famine scowl
 “ A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 “ Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 “ Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 “ Long years of havoc urge their destin’d course,
 “ And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their
 “ way.
 “ Ye tow’rs of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 “ Revere his consort’s faith, his fathers’s fame,
 “ And spare the meek usurper’s holy head.
 “ Above, below, the rose of snow,
 “ Twin’d with her blushing toe we spread ;
 “ The bristled boar in infant gore
 “ Willows beneath the thorny shade.
 “ Now, brothers, bending o’erth’ accursed loom,
 “ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
 “ doom.

III. 1.

“ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 “ Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
 “ Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn,
 “ Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn :
 “ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 “ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 “ But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowden’s
 “ height
 “ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unroll ?
 “ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 “ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 “ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 “ All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia’s issue,
 “ hail !

III. 2.

“ Girt with many a baron bold
 “ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 “ And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 “ In bearded majesty, appear.
 “ In the midst a form divine !
 “ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 “ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 “ Attemper’d sweet to virgin grace.
 “ What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 “ What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 “ Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear ;
 “ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 “ Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
 “ Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour’d
 “ wings.

III. 3.

“ The verse adorn again
 “ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 “ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress’d.
 “ In buskin’d measures move
 “ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain.

“ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 “ A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 “ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 “ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 “ That lost in long futurity expire. [cloud,
 “ Fond impious man ! think’st thou yon sanguine
 “ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of
 “ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood, [day ?
 “ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 “ Enough for me : with joy I see
 “ The diff’rent doom our fates assign.
 “ Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;
 “ To triumph, and to die, are mine. [height,
 He spoke ; and, headlong from the mountain’s
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.

§ 79. *The Fatal Sisters. An Ode.* GRAY.

Now the storm begins to low’r
 (Haste, the loom of hell prepare) ;
 Iron fleet of arrowy show’r
 Hurtles in the darken’d air.

Glitt’ring lances are the loom
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a soldier’s doom,
 Orkney’s woe, and Randver’s bane.

See the grisly texture grow !
 (’Tis of human entrails made)
 And the weights that play below,
 Each a gasping warrior’s head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
 Shoot the trembling cords along :
 Sword, that once a monarch bore,
 Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
 Sangrida, and Hilda, see !
 Join the wayward work to aid :
 ’Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, jav’lins sing,
 Blade with clatt’ring buckler meet,
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war.)
 Let us go, and let us fly,
 Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
 Wading thro’ th’ ensanguin’d field,
 Gondula, and Geira, spread
 O’er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
 Spite of danger he shall live.
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O’er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
 Gor’d with many a gaping wound :

Fate

Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease: the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing:
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring faulchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

§ 80. *The Descent of Odin. An Ode.* GRAY.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:

Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied:
His shaggy throat he open'd wide;
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller to thee unknown
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips uncloset:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey;
Prophetess, arise, and say
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey;
Once again arise, and say
Who tho' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the West,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose;
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now!
Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall enquirer come

To break my iron sleep again,
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain:
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

§ 81. *The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.*
GRAY.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Oairest flow'r of Roderic's stem
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours:
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Locklin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymlfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Despair, and honourable Death.

* * * * *

§ 82. *Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton. Irregular.* GRAY.

"HENCE, avaunt ('tis holy ground)!
"Comus, and his midnight crew,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of palid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain;
"Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
"Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in
"flow'rs.
"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
"While bright-eyed Science watches round:
"Hence away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th'indignant lay:
There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Thro ev'ry unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy,
To bless the place where on their op'ning soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell;
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the
rhyme.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
"That contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
"Oft at the blush of dawn
"I trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
"In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
"With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed
Melancholy."

But, hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth,
With solemn steps and flow.
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers, in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn;
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love; and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine; and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes;
And either Henry there,
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord
That broke the bonds of Rome
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb).
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

"What is grandeur? what is pow'r?
"Heavier toil, superior pain.
"What the bright reward we gain?
"The grateful memory of the Good.
"Sweet is the breath of vernal flow'r,
"The bee's collected treasures sweet,
"Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
"The still small voice of Gratitude."
Foremost, and leaning from her gold'n cloud,
The venerable Margaret see!
"Welcome my noble Son (she cries, aloud),
"To this thy kindred train, and me:
"Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
"A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
"Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
"The flow'r unheeded shall decay."

"And

" And bid it round heavens altars shed
 " The fragrance of its blushing head :
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 " To glitter on the diadem.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band:

" Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 " No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;

" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd

" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:

" She reveres herself and thee.

" With modest pride to grace thy youthful [brow

" The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she

" And to thy just, thy gentle hand brings,

" Submits the fasces of her sway,

" While spirits blest above, and men below,

" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

" Thro' the wild waves, as they roar,

" With watchful eye and dauntless mien

" Thy steady course of honour keep,

" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:

" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,

" And gilds the horrors of the deep."

§ 83. *A Prayer for Indifference.* GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary;
 For once I'll try my wish to gain
 Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
 That lurk'st in woods unseen,
 And oft by Cynthia's silver light
 Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
 As ancient stories tell,
 And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd
 Thou sought'st a wondrous spell;

Oh deign once more t' exert thy pow'r!
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
 No tempting charm to please;
 Far from the heart those gifts remove
 That sighs for peace and ease:

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
 Which, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree:
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
 Beyond, is agony.

Take then this treacherous sense of mine,
 Which dooms me still to smart;
 Which pleasure can to pain refine,
 To pains new pangs impart.

Oh haste to shed the sacred balm!
 My shatter'd nerves new string;
 And for my guest, serenely calm,
 The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
 See Expectation fly;
 And Disappointment in the rear,
 That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow
 The eye shall then disown;
 The heart that melts for others' woe
 Shall then scarce feel its own,

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close;
 And tranquil days shall still succeed
 To nights of calm repose.

O fairy elf! but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort send;
 And so may never-fading bliss
 Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread:

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
 With heaven's ambrosial dew;
 From sweetest, freshest, flow'rs distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you!

And what of life remains for me
 I'll pass in sober ease;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

§ 84. *The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's Prayer for Indifference.*

By the Countess of C——.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend
 These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
 Or give, if I am able:
 I dare not hesitate to say,
 Tho' I have trembled all the day—
 It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme;
 And should it strike you as a dream,
 Yet soon its high import
 Must make you own the matter such,
 So delicate, it were too much
 To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
 And ev'ry star did deck the night,
 While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
 No more assail'd my mind's repose,
 Save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
 Did echo to the breeze.

Enrapt in solemn thoughts I sat,
 Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
 Yet void of hope or fear;
 When, lo! behold an airy throng,
 With lightest steps, and jocund song,
 Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form superior to the rest
 His little voice to me address'd,
 And gently thus began:

" I've

"I've heard strange things from one of you,
 "Pray tell me if you think 'tis true;
 "Explain it if you can.
 "Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
 "Such eloquence my heart has won!
 "I think I guess the hand:
 "I know her wit and beauty too,
 "But why she sends a pray'r so new
 "I cannot understand.
 "To light some flames, and some revive,
 "To keep some others just alive,
 "Full oft I am implor'd;
 "But, with peculiar pow'r to please,
 "To supplicate for nought but ease!
 "'Tis odd, upon my word!
 "Tell her, with fruitless care I've fought;
 "And though my realms, with wonders fraught,
 "In remedies abound,
 "No grain of cold indifference
 "Was ever yet allied to sense
 "In all my fairy round.
 "The regions of the sky I'd trace,
 "I'd ransack every earthly place,
 "Each leaf, each herb, each flow'r,
 "To mitigate the pangs of fear,
 "Dispel the clouds of black despair,
 "Or lull the restless hour.
 "I would be generous as I'm just;
 "But I obey, as others must,
 "Those laws which fate has made.
 "My tiny kingdom how defend,
 "And what might be the horrid end,
 "Should man my state invade?
 "Twould put your mind into a rage,
 "And such unequal war to wage
 "Suits not my regal duty!
 "I dare not change a first decree:
 "She's doom'd to please, nor can be free;
 "Such is the lot of Beauty!"
 This said, he darted o'er the plain,
 And after follow'd all his train:
 No glimpse of him I find:
 But sure I am, the little sprite
 These words, before he took his flight,
 Imprinted on my mind.

§ 85. *The Beggar's Petition.* ANON.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
 your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!
 These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
 Yon house erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road:
 For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh take me to your hospitable dome!
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we re-
 pine?

'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The Child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn:
 But, ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot;
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair!
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, [door,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
 Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!

§ 86. *Pollio. An Elegiac Ode; written in the
 Wood near R—— Castle, 1762.* MICKLE.

Hæc jovem sentire, deosque cunctos,
 Spem bonam certamque domum reporto. HOR.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy
 store,

The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green,
 Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
 The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
 With solemn Meditation let me stray;
 This is the hour when to the wise and good
 The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
 Whispers the gently-waving boughs among:
 The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
 And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad
 height,

The silver empress of the night appears!
 Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
 And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
 Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
 The

The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
 The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground,
 August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
 The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs;
 Dull thro' the roofs resounds the whistling gale,
 Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.
 Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
 And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
 Where yon scath'd poplar through the windows waves,
 And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains.
 There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
 Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
 Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
 Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken pray'r.
 High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade
 Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
 Its crumbling turrets; still its tow'ry head
 A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.
 So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
 Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
 Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
 Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.
 Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flow'rs creep,
 Where oft the knights the beauteous dames
 have led,
 Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.
 'Twas here our fires, exulting from the fight,
 Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the sea,
 Eyeing their rescued fields with proud delight!
 Now lost to them! and, ah! how chang'd
 to me!
 This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
 The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
 So shone the moon thro' these soft-nodding trees,
 When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.
 When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,
 And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
 When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
 Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dyed:
 So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
 These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
 To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
 To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;
 Him with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
 Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied:
 The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
 In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.
 O partner of my infant griefs and joys!
 Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows;
 Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
 And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.
 Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
 Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
 Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
 When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The faintest well, where yon bleak hill declines,
 Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
 But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
 And faintest well have lost their cheering pow'rs;
 For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh where,
 Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
 My tend'rest wish, my heart to thee was bare;
 Oh now cut off each passage to my mind!
 How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void,
 The trackless shores that never were repass'd!
 Dread separation! on the depth untried,
 Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast!
 Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes:
 And shall these stars glow with immortal fire?
 Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies?
 And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?
 Far be the thought! The pleasures most sublime,
 The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
 The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
 Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.
 So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
 The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:
 Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
 With godlike strength beneath her native skies!
 The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
 With patience waits the rosy-opening day;
 The mariner at midnight's darksome tide
 With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:
 Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
 In mental vision view the happy shore,
 Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
 Where fate and death divide the friends no more!
 Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
 Who now perhaps frequents this solemn grove,
 Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
 And from my eyes the mortal film remove!
 Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
 Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire
 Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
 And wings his spirit with sublime desire!
 To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
 Still, O my soul! still be thy dear employ;
 Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
 And swell thy breast with visionary joy!
 So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
 In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd;
 And, led in vision, drank at Silcæ's fount,
 While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd.
 Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
 The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains;
 One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose;
 The flow'ry mountain sung, 'Messiah reigns!'
 Tho'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
 Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene;
 Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire, [tween.
 What time the moonshine dimly gleams be-
 There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
 And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
 While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
 And soothes me wandering o'er my kindred
 bones;
 Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
 When from the bursting graves the just shall
 All Nature smiling; and, by angels borne, [rise,
 Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies!

§ 87. *The Tears of Scotland.* SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground:
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door;
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.
 The wretched owner sees, afar,
 His all become the prey of war:
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife;
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.
 What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
 Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.
 The rural pipe, and merry lay,
 No more shall cheer the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter night:
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.
 Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
 The sons against their fathers stood;
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!
 The pious mother doom'd to death,
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend;

And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
 Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow:
 "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 "Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

§ 88. *Ode to Mirth.* SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born,
 Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
 Thy glitt'ring colours gay
 Around him, Mirth, display;
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:
 So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
 And flower-adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of the
 shade,
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray, [day.
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our
 Labour with thee forgets his pain,
 And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
 If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
 The morning opes on high
 His universal eye;
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden show'r.
 Lo! Darkness trembling fore the hostileray,
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
 The brood obscene, that own her gloomy
 sway,
 Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
 Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering
 light, [night.
 Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral

But whence the gladd'ning beam
 That pours his purple stream
 O'er the long prospect wide?
 'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
 In majesty of light,
 With Laughter at her side.
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering near
 Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
 And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
 That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
 Fear not now Affliction's pow'r,
 Fear not now wild Passion's rage;
 Nor fear ye aught, in evil hour,
 Save the tardy hand of Age.
 Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's pray'r:
 No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the trou-
 bled air.

§ 89. *Ode to Leven Water.* SMOLLET.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love,
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
 Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wou'd to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
 While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood:
 The springing trout, in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The rathless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel and mottled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
 And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
 Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
 May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
 And lassies, chanting o'er the pail;
 And shepherds, piping in the dale;
 And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
 And industry, embrown'd with toil;
 And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

§ 90. *Song to Ælla, Lorde of the Castel of Bry-
 stowe ynne daies of yore.* From CHATTERTON,
 under the name of ROWLEY.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
 Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
 Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
 As everlastynge to posteritye.
 Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-
 redde hue [ing due,
 Lyche kyng-cuppes braстыnge wythe the morn-
 Arraung'd ynnē dreare arraie,
 Upponne the lethale daie,
 Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
 Than dyddst thou furiose stande,
 And biē thie valyante hande
 Bēspredgedd all the mees wythe gore,
 Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
 Downe to the depthe of helle
 Thousandes of Dacyanns went;
 Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
 Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
 And actedd deeds full quent.
 Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
 Thy Spryte to haunte delyglsteth beste,
 Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd
 Or whare thou kennst from farre [pleyne,
 The dysmall crye of warre,
 Or seest sommemountayne made of corse of sleyne;
 Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
 Yfraunceynge o'er the mede,

And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd speeres;
 Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
 And glowe arduous onn the Castle steeres;
 Or fierye round the mynsterr glare;
 Let Brystowe styll be made thie care;
 Garde ytt fromme foemēne & consumynge fyre;
 Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ytte rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
 Tylle ymne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

§ 91. *Brystowe Tragedie; or, The Dethe of Syr
 Charles Bawdin.*

CHATTERTON, under the name of ROWLEY.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
 Had wounde hys bugle horne,
 And told the earliē villager
 The commynge of the morne;
 Kyng Edward sawe the rudie streakes
 Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
 And herde the raven's crokyng throte
 Proclayne the fated daie.
 "Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde,
 "That fyttē enthron'd on hyghe,
 "Charles Bawdin, and his fellowes twaine,
 "To-daie shall surelie die."
 Then wythe a jügge of nappy ale
 His Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
 "Goe tell the traytour thatt to-daie
 "Hee leaves thys mortall state."
 Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
 Wythe hart brymm-fulle of woe;
 Hee journey'd to the castle-gate;
 And to Syr Charles dydd goe.
 But whenne hee came, his children twaine,
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
 Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
 For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.
 "O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
 "Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
 "Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,
 "Whatte says thie traytour kyng?"
 "I greeve to telle: Before yonne sonne
 "Does fromme the welkinne flye,
 "Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne
 "Thatt thou shalt surelie die."
 "Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
 "Of thatte I'm not affearde:
 "What bootes to lyve a little space?
 "Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd.
 "Butte telle thie kyng, for myne hee's not,
 "I'de sooner die to-daie
 "Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
 "Tho' I should lyve for aie."
 Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
 To telle the maior straitte
 To gett all thynges ynne reddyne
 For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
 And felle down onne hys knee;
 "I'm come," quoth hee, "unto your grace
 "To move your clemencye."
 Thenne quod the kynge, "Your tale speke out,
 "You have been much oure friende;
 "Whatever youre requeste may bee,
 "We wylle to ytte attende."
 "My nobile liege! all my request
 "Ys for a nobile knyghte,
 "Who, tho' may hap he has done wronge,
 "He thoghte ytte itylle was ryghte:
 "Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
 "Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
 "Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
 "Charles Bawdin die to daie."
 "Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
 The kynge ynne fury sayde;
 "Before the ev'ning starre doth sheene,
 "Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:
 "Justice does loudlie for hym calle
 "And hee shall have hys meede:
 "Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thyng else
 "Att present doe you neede?"
 "My nobile liege!" goode Canynge sayde,
 "Leave justice to our Godde,
 "And laye the yronne rule asyde,
 "Be thyne the olyve rodde.
 "Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
 "The best were synners grete;
 "Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
 "Ynne alle thys mortall state.
 "Let mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
 "Twylle faste thy crowne fulle sure;
 "From race to race thy familie
 "Alle sov'reigns shall endure:
 "But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
 "Beginne thy infante reigne,
 "Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
 "Wylle never lonng remayne."
 "Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
 "Has scorn'd my pow'r and mee;
 "Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
 "Intreate my clemencye?"
 "My noble liege! the truly brave
 "Wylle val'rous actions prize,
 "Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
 "Altho' ynne enemies."
 "Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne heav'n
 "That dydd mee beinge gyve,
 "I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
 "Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.
 "By Marie, and all Seinctes ynne heav'n,
 "Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
 Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
 And from the presence paste.
 With herte brimm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
 Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
 And teares beganne to flowe.

"We all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
 "Whatt bootes ytte howe or whenne?"
 "Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
 "Of all wee mortall menne.
 "Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
 "Runs overr att thyne eye;
 "Is ytte for my most welcome doome
 "Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"
 Quod godlie Canynge, "I do weepe,
 "Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
 "And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
 "'Tis thys that wettes myne eye."
 "Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
 "From godlie fountaines sprynge;
 "Dethe I despise, and alle the pow'r
 "Of Edward, traytour kynge.
 "Whan throghe the tyrant's welcom means
 "I shall religne my lyfe,
 "The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde
 "For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.
 "Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
 "Thys was appointed mee;
 Shall mortall manne repine or grudge
 "What Godde ordeynes to bee?
 "Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,
 "Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
 "Whan smokynge streams of crimson bloode
 "Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde!
 "How dydd I knowe that ev'ry darte,
 "That cutte the airie waie,
 "Myghte nott finde passage toe my harte,
 "And close myne eyes for aie?
 "And shall I now, for feere of dethe,
 "Looke wanne and bee dysmayed?
 "Ne! from my herte flie childly feere,
 "Be alle the manne display'd.
 "Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
 "And garde thee and thy sonne,
 "Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
 "Why thenne hys wylle be donne.
 "My honeste friende, my faulte has beene
 "To serve Godde and mye prynce;
 "And thatt I no tyme-server am,
 "My dethe wylle soone convynce.
 "Ynne Londonne cite was I borne,
 "Of parents of grete note;
 "My fadre dydd a nobile arms
 "Emblazon onne hys cote:
 "I make ne doubtte butt he ys gone
 "Where soone I hope to goe;
 "Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
 "From oute the reech of woe:
 "He taught mee justice and the laws
 "Wyth pitie to unite;
 "And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
 "The wronge cause from the ryghte:
 "Hee taught mee wythe a prudent hande
 "To feede the hungrie poore,
 "Ne lette mye servants drive awaie
 "The hungrie fromme my doore:
 "And

" And none can faye, butt all mye lyfe
 " I have hys wordyes kept;
 " And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
 " Eche nyghte before I slept.
 " I have a spouse, goe aske of her
 " Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
 " I have a kynge, and none can laie
 " Blacke treason onne my hedde.
 " Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 " Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
 " Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
 " To leave thys worlde of payne?
 " Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
 " I shalle ne see thye dethe;
 " Moste willynglie in thy just cause
 " Doe I resign my brethe.
 " Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
 " Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
 " While Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
 " Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.
 " Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
 " And godlie Henrie's reigne,
 " Thatt you dydd choppe your easie daies
 " For those of bloude and peyne?
 " Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
 " And mangled by a hynde,
 " I do defye the traytour's pow'r,
 " He can ne harm my mynde;
 " Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
 " And ne ryche monument of brasie
 " Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;
 " Yet ynne the holie booke above,
 " Whyche tyme can't eate awai,
 " There wythe the servants of the Lorde
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie.
 " Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 " I leve thys mortall lyte;
 " Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
 " Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!
 " Now dethe as welcome to mee comes,
 " As e'er the month of Maie;
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."
 Quod Canynge, "Tys a goodlie thyng
 " To bee prepar'd to die;
 " And from thys worlde of peyne and grese
 " To Godde ynne heaven to flie."
 And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to sounde;
 Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
 A-prauncyng onne the grounde;
 And juste before the officers,
 Hys lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.
 " Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
 " Ynne quiet lett mee die;
 " Praie Godde, that ev'ry-Christian soule
 " Maye looke onne dethe as I.

" Sweet Florence! why these brinie tears?
 " Theye washe my soule awaie,
 " And almost make mee wishe for lyfe,
 " Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.
 " Tys but a journie I shalle goe
 " Untoe the lande of blysse;
 " Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
 " Receive thys holie kyffe."
 Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
 Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
 " Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kynge!
 " My herte ys welle nyghe broke:
 " Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
 " Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe!
 " The cruele axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
 " Ytt eke shall ende mye lyfe."
 And nowe the officers came ynne
 To bryng Syr Charles awaie,
 Who turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,
 And thus toe her dydd saie:
 " I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
 " Truste thou ynne Godde above,
 " And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
 " And ynne theyre hertes hym love:
 " Teache them to runne the nobile race
 " Thatt I theyre fader runne:
 " Florence! should dethe thee take—adieu!
 " Yee officers, lead onne."
 Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere;
 " Oh! staie, my husbände! lorde! and lyfe!"
 Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare;
 "Till tyredd oute wyth ravyng loud,
 Shee fellen onne the flore;
 Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromin oute the dore.
 Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes, thatt enshoone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.
 Before him went the council-menne,
 Ynne scarlette robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyng ynne the sunne.
 Muche glorious to beholde:
 The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
 Appeared to the syghte,
 Alle cladd ynn homelie rustett weedes,
 Of godlie monkyth plyghte:
 Ynn diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backs fyx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.
 Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kynge Henries friends
 Syr Charles forr to defend.
 Bold as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawn onne a clothe-layde sledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym five-and-twentye moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seinſte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes fix mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett dect;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Easterne princes trickt:

And after them a multitude
Of citizens dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were all full of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou, thatt saveſt manne fromme synne,
"Wash mye soule clean thys daye."

Att the grete mynster windowe sat
The kynge ynn mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soon as the fledde drewe nygh enowe,
Thatt Edward hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seeſt mee, Edward! traytour vile!
"Expos'd to infamie;
"But be assur'd, disloyall manne!
"I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule procedyngs, murdre, bloude,
"Thou wearest nowe a crowne,
"And haſt appoynted mee to dye,
"By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
"I have beene dede 'till nowe,
"And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
"For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps for some few yeares,
"Shalt rule thys sickle lande
"To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
"Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
"Shall falle onne thy owne hedde."
Fromm out of hearyng of the kinge
Departed thenne the fledde.

Kynge Edward's foule rush'd to hys face;
Hee turn'd hys head awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To him that foe-much-dreaded dethe
"Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
"Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
"Hee's greater than a kynge!"

"So lett hym die!" Duke Richard fayde;
"And maye echone our foes
"Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie exe,
"And feede the carryon crowes."

And now the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle!
The exe dydd glisterr ynne the funne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
Gain'd in the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye
"For servynge loyally mye kynge,
"Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As longe as Edward rules thys lande,
"Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
"Your sonnes and husbandes shall be slayne,
"And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfullie kynge,
"Whenne ynne adversitee;
"Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
"And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preeſtes, uponne his knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Then kneelynge downe, he layd hys heede
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke!

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie exe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seynſte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
His hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-itreete most nobile.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate;
Godde prosper long our kynge,
And grant hee may, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heaven Godd's mercie synge!

§ 92. *The Mynstrelles Songe in Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude.* CHATTERTON, &c.

O! SYNGE untoe my roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge¹ ryver see.

¹ Running.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Black hys cryne ² as the wyntere nyght,
Whyte hys rode ³ as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynne daunce as thought cann bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wgnge,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe syng,
To the nyghte-mares as theie goe.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, upon mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Ne one hallie scyncte to save
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dent the brieres
Rounde hys hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie boddie stille schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
All under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Water wythes, crownede wythe reytes ⁴,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I komme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damiselle spake, and dyed.

² Hair,³ Complexion.⁴ Water-flags.⁸ Armed, pointed.⁹ Hoisted on high, raised.⁵ Endeavoured.⁶ Freeze.⁷ Undismayed.¹³ Stretched.¹⁴ Like.¹⁵ Two.¹⁰ Foes, enemies.¹¹ Fly.¹² Head.¹⁹ Closely.²⁰ Mantled, covered.²¹ Guides.¹⁶ Flaming.¹⁷ Meteors.¹⁸ Beats, stamps.²² Armed.²³ Arose.²⁴ Helmet.

So

§ 93. *Chorus in Goddwyn, a Tragedie.*

CHATTERTON, &c.

WHAN Freedom, dresse yn blodde-steyned
veste,

To everie knyghte her warre-songe sung,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace by her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe;

She hearde the voice of deathe;

Pale-eyned Affryghte, hys harte of silver hue,
In vayne assayled ⁵ her bosom to acale ⁶; [woe,
She hearde onflemed ⁷ the shriekynge voice of
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burled ⁸ speere,

On hie she jesse ⁹ her sheelde,

Her foemen ¹⁰ all appere,

And flizze ¹¹ along the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod ¹² straught ¹³ ynto the
fkyes, [starre.

Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a
Alyche ¹⁴ twaie ¹⁵ brendeyng ¹⁶ gronfyres ¹⁷ rolls
hys eyes, [war.

Chastes ¹⁸ with hys yronne feete, and soundes to

She-sytttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys speere

She ryfes from the shocke,

Wielydyng her own yn ayre.

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wythe scillye ¹⁹ wymped ²⁰ gies ²¹ ytte to hys
crowne, [ys gon,

Hys longe sharpe speere, his spreddyng sheelde
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld ²²,
arist ²³,

Hys feerie heaulme ²⁴ noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyft.

* * * * *

§ 94. *Grongar Hill.* DYER.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,

Who, the purple evening, lie

On the mountain's lonely van,

Beyond the noise of busy man,

Painting fair the form of things,

While the yellow linnet sings;

Or the tuneful nightingale

Charms the forest with her tale;

Come, with all thy various hues,

Come, and aid thy sister Muse.

Now while Phœbus riding high,

Gives lustre to the land and sky,

Grongar Hill invites my song,

Draw the landscape bright and strong;

Grongar! in whose mossy cells,

Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;

Grongar! in whose silent shade,

For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the evening still,
As the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature shew
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires:
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew:
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependance find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.

Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes flow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem:
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass.
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid:
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,

Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;

Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor:
 In vain ye search, she is not there;
 In vain ye search the domes of Care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure close allied,
 Ever by each other's side;
 And often, by the murmur'ing rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

§ 95. *A Monody on the Death of his Lady.*

By GEORGE Lord LYTTETON.

' Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
 ' Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
 ' Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.'

At length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
 From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care, [share,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;
 Of grief surpassing every other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now, with fond delight,
 And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would th' myriads of these woods rejoice
 To hear th' heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring;
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more:
 The nightingale was mute,
 And ev'ry shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around,
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk;
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;

Nor by you fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample
 No more my mournful eye [bound,
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flower-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly.
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast;
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! wholike the little playful fawns,
 Where wont to trip along these verdant
 By your delighted mother's side, [lawns,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of
 truth?

O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
 And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave, [woe,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now, she, alas! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save!

Where, were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless, ineffectual love,
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favouring pow'r, Aonian
 maids,
 Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her date;
 For whom so oft, in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store;
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit
 glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
 Nor then on Mincio's * bank
 Beset with osiers dank,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

Nor where Clitumnus * rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio † pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles ‡ or Ilissus § stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece
and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what, in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all those treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd!

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb;
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn; [urn
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar
How eloquent in ev'ry look [grace!
Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
spoke!

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts
With candid Truth's simplicity, [agree
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the soft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,

To every want, and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall; [all.
Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to
Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.

In life's and glory's freshest bloom, [tomb.
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wint'ry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Italian
queen:

But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows; [and dies.
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves.
Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,

* The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

† The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

‡ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Mellisigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate, [move.
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity

What were, alas! thy woes, compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tendername.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Then when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms;
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, ev'ry friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of
Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its various course perform'd
And back return'd again;
Another, and another, smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke!
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!

Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will
obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees,
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss?
Even Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss:
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore;
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you
more.

§ 96. *A Winter Piece.* ANON.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down
the snow, [blow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her
way, [say:
Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did
“ Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door
on me, [see;
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight could
And cruel is the wint'ry wind, that chills my
heart with cold; [for gold!
But crueller than all, the lad that left my love
Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in
my breast; [trest!
Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're dis-
For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter pierc-
ing air.

Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone:
Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle
down: [they fall:
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou 'rt now
bereft of all.”

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted
snow; [her woe:
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud
She kiss'd her babe's pale lips, and laid it by her
side;
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her
head, and died.

§ 97. *The School Mistress. In Imitation of Spenser.*

SHENSTONE.

— Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
 Infantumque animæ fientes in limine primo. VIRG.
AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
 To think how modest worth neglected lies,
 While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
 Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
 To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
 Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.
 In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire, [fame,
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to
 There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we School-mistress
 name;
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
 They, griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent, [shent.
 For unkempt hair, or talk unconn'd, are sorely
 And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
 Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
 Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that
 blew, [low;
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
 And, as they look'd, they found their horror
 grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.
 So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
 aghast;
 Sad servitude! Such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy!
 Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Left weakly wightsof smaller size should stray,
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day! [found,
 The noises intermix'd, which thence re-
 Do Learning's little tenement betray;
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look pro-
 found, [around.
 And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel
 Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear en-
 twin'd,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pour-
 tray'd,
 The childish faces of old Æol's train,
 Libs, Notus, Auster*: these in frowns array'd.
 How then would fare on earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern God to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
 Where comely peace of mind and decent order
 dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare,
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
 on ground.

Albeit, ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth;
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right
 dear:

Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 Whosould noth honour'd eld with these revere;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim:
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
 For well she new, and quaintly cold ex-
 pound,

What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
 found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could
 speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use and physic not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to
 rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dimeyestowanderleagues around;
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's
 wound;

* The south-west wind, south, &c.

And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her 'kerchiefs clean with mickle rare
perfume.

And her trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts ap-
pear.

O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lord-
ling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Steenhold forth did
mete.

If winter 'twere she to her hearth did cleave:
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they
to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did
bleed,

And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did
burn: [return.

Ah! dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er
In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liege is plac'd,
The matron fate: and some with rank she
grac'd,

The source of children's and of courtier's
pride! [pass'd)

Redress'd affronts (for vile affronts there
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submit to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittances small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she
sways;

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene un-
fold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command!

Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair.

The work so gay that on their back is seen
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y'gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod; unpleasing sight, I
ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard* by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-
light!

And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthless scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see:

All playful as she fate, she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:

Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
To rushien forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.

On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)

She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?

The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?

The plenteous show'r that doeth his cheek distain?
When he in abject wise implores the dame,

Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,

And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care,

By turns, astonied, ev'ry twig survey,
And from their fellows hateful wounds
beware,

Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance
meet,

And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em
greet,

And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes, doubly
sweet!

See, to their seats they hie with merry glee,
 And in besecmly order sitten there,
 All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and
 chair [hair];
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving
 breast,
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
 And scorn her offer'd love, and shunstobecaref's'd.
 His face besprent with liquid crystal shines;
 His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
 Which low to earth his drooping head declines,
 All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.
 Oh the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
 All, all but she, the author of his shame,
 All, all but she, regret this mournful hour:
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r
 shall claim,
 If so, I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
 Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth ought,
 But to the wind all merriment resigns,
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
 And many a fullen look askaunce is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past
 resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
 But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment see,
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
 Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres
 (All coward arts) is valour's gen'rous heat;
 The firm fix'd breast which fit and right re-
 quires,
 Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly great
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false
 deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits
 appear!
 E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellor in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so;
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er
 shall die!
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low;
 Nor weeting how the muse should soar on
 high, [fly.
 Wissheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may
 And this perhaps, who cens'ring the design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth
 build,
 Shall Dennis be, if rigid Fates incline;
 And many an epic to his rage shall yield,

And many a poet quit th' Aonian field:
 And, four'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now, with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
 Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What
 stuff is here!'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And liberty unbars her prison-door;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heaven shield their short liv'd pastimes, I im-
 plore!

For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more glad some than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,
 For when my bones in grass green sods are laid,
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs.

O vain, to seek delight in earthly things!
 But most in courts, where proud Ambition
 tow'rs;

Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can
 spring

Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;
 Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer,
 Salute the stranger passing on his way:
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to
 play;

Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,
 In pastrykings and queensth' allotted mitetospend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been;
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Gallings full fore th'unmonied wight, are seen;
 And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green:
 And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear;
 Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween;
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
 Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless
 care!

See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in tempting post tied,
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances
 round,

With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
 And must be bought, tho penury betide;
 The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
 And here each season do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city
 own,

Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's* praises
 known.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried;
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
 Amidst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
 A motive fair to Learning's umps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
 Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their
 way.

§ 98. *Oriental Eclogues.* By Mr. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a Valley near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.

YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
 And hear how shepherds pass their golden
 days.

Not all are blest, whom Fortune's hand sustains
 With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the
 plains:

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
 'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
 Nor praise but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
 Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
 Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
 Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
 What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
 The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
 When wanton gales along the vallies play,
 Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away;
 By Tygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung,
 This useful lesson for the fair and young:

'Ye Persian dames,' he said, 'to you belong
 (Well may they please) the morals of my song:
 No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
 The morn that lights you to your loves supplies
 Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes;
 For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow.
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair:
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
 Boast but the worth Balfora's* pearls display!
 Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright;
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost. [boast,
 Self-flatt'ring sex! your hearts believe in vain
 That Love shall blind, when once he fires the
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win, swain;
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
 Each tender passion man delights to find
 The lov'd perfection of a female mind!

* The Gulf of that name, famous for the pearl-fishery.

'Blest were the days when Wisdom held her
 reign,

And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
 With Truth! she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal Truth! and daughters blest'd their
 love.

'O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
 The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 By Ind excell'd or Araby, no more.

'Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 The dear deserters shall return again.
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs
 are clear;

To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
 Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,

Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
 But man the most—not more the mountain doe
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.

Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew;
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.

No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:

Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;

And Love the last. By these your hearts approve;
 These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:

Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or, the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-day.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
 One cuse of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh:
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view,
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus
 began:

'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 way!

'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!

'Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cuse, his unrelenting rage?

'Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share!

'Here,

'Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 'Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 'In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 'Which plains more blest, or verdant vales
 'bestow:
 'Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 'And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 'way!
 'Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 'Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
 'The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
 'And life is dearer than the golden ore:
 'Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 'To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
 'Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
 'And are we only yet repaid by thee?
 'Ah! why this ruin so attractive made?
 'Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
 'Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 'The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
 'Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 'The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
 'Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 'Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 'way!
 'O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
 'When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of
 'woe.
 'What if the lion in his rage I meet!
 'Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
 'And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
 'Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 'By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 'Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
 'Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their
 'way!
 'Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 'way!
 'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 'If aught of rest I find upon my sleep:
 'Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
 'And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
 'Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor;
 'From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 'They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
 'Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
 'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 'way!
 'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
 'The tender Zara, will be most undone!
 'Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'rful
 'maid,
 'When fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus she
 'said:

"Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
 "Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain;
 "Yet, as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise
 "Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
 "Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see;
 "No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like
 "me!"
 'O let me safely to the Fair return,
 'Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!
 'O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 'Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!
 He said; and call'd on Heaven to bless the day
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are seen
 In distant view along the level green;
 While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade.
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade;
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.
 Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
 At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead:
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made.
 Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose*,
 The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows;
 All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.
 'Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away:
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
 At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
 'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
 The royal lover bore her from the plain;
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
 Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair, happy maid! to other scenes remove;
 To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
 Go, leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
 'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
 Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
 Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
 To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd:

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the Fair;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore;
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 'O happy days!' the maids around her say;
 'O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain, in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;
 At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
 And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
 Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
 Where 'wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
 Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.
 Along the mountain's bending side they ran;
 Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

Oh stay thee, Agib; for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, oh turn thee, and survey,
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried!
 And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind;
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Drops its fair honours to the conquering flame:

Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair;
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land! whose blessing stempt the sword;
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind:
 Midst fair Sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale;
 Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherds' whit'ning tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
 But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair.
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs pre-
 pare,
 To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
 Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

§ 99. *The Splendid Shilling.* J. PHILLIPS.

"—Sing, heavenly Muse!
 "Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"
 A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
 New owners cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
 But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To

To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall*, repairs;
 Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Chloë or Phillis, he each circling glass
 Withers her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers; or, from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent;
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High overshadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends:
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
 Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! His faded brow
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conick beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him
 Another monster, not unlike himself, [stalks
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 Erst have endued; if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him; till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
 Be circumspect: oft with insidious ken

This caitiff eyes your steps aloof; and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
 Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
 Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friends, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
 Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature—john-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)
 A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they rave, they pump, they swear,
they pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyfs.

§ 100. *An Epistle to a Lady.* NUGENT.

CLARINDA; dearly lov'd, attend
The counsels of a faithful friend;
Who, with the warmest wishes fraught,
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought!
But since, by ruling Heaven's design,
Another's fate shall influence thine;
Oh may these lines for him prepare
A bliss, which I would die to share
Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home;
To this should all her studies tend,
This her great object and her end.
Diseste unmingled pleasures bring,
And use can blunt Affliction's sting;
Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
And few are plung'd in utter woe:
While Nature, arm'd against Despair,
Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear;
And half the thought content may gain,
Which spleen employs to purchase pain.

Trace not the fair domestic plan
From what you would, but what you can!
Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,
Because you think you merit more!
Bliss ever differs in degree,
Thy share alone is meant for thee;
And thou shouldst think, however small,
That share enough, for 'tis thy all:
Vain scorn will aggravate distress,
And only make that little less.

Admit whatever trifles come;
Units compose the largest sum:
Oh tell them o'er, and say how vain
Are those who form Ambition's train;
Which swell the monarch's gorgeous state,
And bribe to ill the guilty great!
But thou, more blest, more wise than these,
Shalt build up happiness on ease:
Hail, sweet Content! where joy serene
Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene;
And, with blithe Fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought,
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace;
Effusion pure of bliss sincere,
A vestment for a god to wear.
Far other ornaments compose
The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,
Piec'd out with motley dyes and sorts,
Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports:

The troubled mind's fantastic dress,
Which madness titles Happiness;
While the gay wretch to revels bears
The pale remains of sighs and tears;
And seeks in crowds, like her undone,
What only can be found in one.

But chief, my gentle friend! remove
Far from thy couch seducing Love:
Oh shun the false magician's art,
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!
Charm'd by his spells fair Honour flies,
And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise;
Where Guilt in Beauty's ray beguiles,
And Ruin lurks in Friendship's smiles.
Lo! where th' enchanting captive dreams
Of warbling groves and purling streams;
Of painted meads, of flow'rs that shed
Their odours round her fragrant bed.
Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,
She wakes upon a desert coast;
No friendly hand to lend its aid,
No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;
Expos'd to ev'ry chilling blast,
She treads th' inhospitable waste;
And down the drear decline of life
Sinks, a forlorn, dishonour'd wife.
Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
But, clear from crime, be free from blame!
Tho' all were innocence within,
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin;
Virtue rejects the foul disguise:
None merit praise who praise despise.
Slight not, in supercilious strain,
Long practis'd modes, as low or vain!
The world will vindicate their cause,
And claim blind faith in Custom's laws.
Safest with multitudes to stray,
Than tread alone a fairer way:
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless train
Who forms adore, whom forms maintain!
Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuse thee to the partial crowd;
Foes who the laws of honour slight,
A judge who measures guilt by spite.

Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command;
As if Heaven's delegate design'd,
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether she try some favour'd piece
By rules devis'd in ancient Greece;
Or whether, modern in her flight,
She tells what Paris thinks polite:
For much, her talents to advance,
She studied Greece, and travell'd France;
There learn'd the happy art to please
With all the charms of labour'd ease;
Thro' looks and nods, with meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.
By her each latent spring is seen;
The workings foul of secret spleen;
The guilt that skulks in fair pretence;
Or folly veil'd in specious sense.

And

And much her righteous spirit grieves,
When worthlessness the world deceives;
Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot sway'd by private ends;
Or husband trust a faithless wife,
Secure, in ignorance, from strife.
Averse she brings their deeds to view,
But justice claims the rig'rous due;
Humanely anxious to produce
At least some possible excuse.
Oh ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace
Prepare a triumph for the base!

Mere forms the fool implicit sway,
Which witlings with contempt survey;
Blind folly no defect can see,
Half wisdom views but one degree.
The wise remoter uses reach,
Which judgment and experience teach.
Whoever would be pleas'd and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Great precept, undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in Custom's school;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads thro' all the human kind;
Beauty, and wit, and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.
Rich with this gift, and none beside,
In Fashion's stream how many glide!
Secure from ev'ry mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe;
From social sympathy, that shares
The public loss or private cares;
Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or Merit pine in Fortune's shade.

Hence gentle Anna, ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day,
Save where, perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent sorrow steep;
Save when, perhaps, a melting tale
O'er ev'ry tender breast prevail:
The good, the bad, the great, the small,
She likes, she loves, she honours all.
And yet, if slanderous malice blame,
Patient she yields a sister's fame.
Alike if satire or if praise,
She says whate'er the circle says;
Implicit does whate'er they do,
Without one point in wish or view.
Sure test of others, faithful glass,
Thro' which the various phantoms pass.
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone;
No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,
Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame;
Intent so wide her cares extend,
To make the universe her friend.
Now with the gay in frolics shines,
Now reason's deep with deep divines:
With courtiers now extols the great,
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate:
Now breathes with zealots holy fires,
Now melts in less refin'd desires:
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free;

Too various for one single word,
The high sublime of deep absurd:
While ev'ry talent nature grants
Just serves to shew how much she wants.

Altho' in ——— combine
The virtues of our sex and thine:
Her hand restrains the widow's tears;
Her sense informs, and soothes, and cheers:
Yet, like an angel in disguise,
She shines but to some favour'd eyes;
Nor is the distant herd allow'd
To view the radiance thro' the cloud.

But thine is ev'ry winning art;
Thine is the friendly, honest heart;
And should the gen'rous spirit flow
Beyond where prudence fears to go;
Such fallies are of nobler kind
Than virtues of a narrow mind.

§ 101. *Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Music.*
An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. DRYDEN.

T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crown'd,
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
the world:—

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he
 Bacchus, ever fair and young, [comes!
 Drinking joys did first ordain:
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain,

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
 slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise:
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look the joyless victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War he sung is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:

If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 And louder, yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around!

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in the air,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand,
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain;
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew:

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
 The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the King seiz'd a flambeau with zeal, to
 Thais led the way, [destroy;
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [before,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

§ 102. *An Epistle from Mr. Phillips to the Earl of Dorset. Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.*

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams that northern winds forbid to
 flow,

What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
 Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight
 All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
 The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
 No birds within the desert region sing.
 The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
 The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
 And spout his waters in the face of day.

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
 For many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
 There solid billows, of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
 And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear,

Ere

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain un sullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature, in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns shew,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd o'er, in the freezing æther shine.
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wint'ry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;
While here enchanting gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wand'ring feet the magic paths pursue;
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

§ 103. *The Man of Sorrow.* GREVILLE.

AH! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flow'rs!
Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!
For me, alas! the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings:
I have no pleasure in the rose;
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.
See how the sturdy peasants stride
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In cheerful ign'rance blest!
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay Contentment drest.
Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free;

She visits oft the hamlet cot,
When Want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.
But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden thro' the groves;
Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!
Welcome, oh welcome, Pleasure's queen!
And see, along the velvet green
The jocund train advance:
With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air;
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.
Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
A soul alive to joy!
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
To cares that peace destroy.
And see, with visionary haste
(Too soon) the gay delusion past,
Reality remains!
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul;
And horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.
Ten thousand beauties round me throng;
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
To the distemper'd soul?
I see the lawn of hideous dye;
The towering elm nods misery;
With groans the waters roll.
Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made.—
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke;
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th' unhallow'd shade.

§ 104. *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady.* SHAW.

YET do I live? Oh how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below?
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall.
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) the lives for me
no more.
I, who the tedious absence of a day (sigh;
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?
Was

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
 Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
 Did she not love me with the purest flame?
 And give up friends and fortune for my sake?

Though mild as evening skies,
 With downcast, streaming eyes,
 Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
 Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
 vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
 And oh, discard the pageantry of phrase:
 Ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!

Thus, haply, as I paint
 The source of my complaint,
 My soul may own th' impassion'd line:
 A flood of tears may gush to my relief, [of grief.
 And from my swelling heart discharge this load

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
 To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
 "How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
 In pity cease—alas! I know too well
 How in her sweet expressive face
 Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
 Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,
 Of manners most engaging, most refin'd!

No piteous object could she see,
 But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
 While smiles of affability
 Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
 Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
 Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
 Stranger to every female art,
 Alike to feign or to disguise:

And, oh the boast how rare!
 The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
 She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
 In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.
 Oh feeble words—unable to express
 Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
 With murd'rous hands deals havoc on man-
 kind.

Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
 And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
 Hark! groans come wing'd on every breeze!
 The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow,
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
 And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
 In vain—perverse, still on th' unweeving head
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
 And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
 When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
 When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
 Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
 Alas the day!—where'er I turn my eyes,
 Some sad memento of my loss appears;
 I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
 Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:

But, ah! in vain—no change of time or
 The memory can efface [place
 Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
 Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and
 despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
 Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?
 Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
 She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
 Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
 To see her force th' endearing smile,
 My sorrows to beguile,
 When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
 Sure they had ward'd that untimely dart,
 Which broke her thread of life, and rent a hus-
 bands' heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
 When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
 My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
 And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears:

"Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
 "And we must part, alas! to meet no more!
 "But oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
 "If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd
 "ear;

"If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
 "Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune
 "smil'd in vain;

"If it has been my sole endeavour still
 "To act in all obsequious to thy will;
 "To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
 "Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
 "If I have doated with that fond excess,
 "Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
 "If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
 "To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.

"When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
 "Some happier maid may take thy Emma's
 "place,

"With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
 "And hate it, for the love thou bor'st to me:
 "My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears;
 "But one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—
 "Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
 "(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
 "That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
 "This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
 "Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
 "And, oh! be tender, for its mother's sake.
 "Wilt thou?—

"I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
 "And, in that pleasing hope, thy Emma dies
 "content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
 The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
 But sink beneath the weight: [day
 Just Heaven! I cried, from memory's earliest
 No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known;
 Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,
 Has claim'd me for her own.

But oh! in pity to my grief, restore
 This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—

Vain

Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
 Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
 Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
 And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
 How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
 With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
 How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
 But whither would this dreadful phrensy lead?
 Fond man forbear,
 Thy fruitless sorrow spare, [creed;
 Dare not to ask what Heaven's high will de-
 In humble rev'rence kiss th' afflictive rod,
 And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
 Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
 To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
 And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:

To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,
 Which tow'ring Hope so fondly builds in air,
 One fatal moment can destroy,
 And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
 Then, oh! with pious fortitude sustain
 Thy present loss—haply thy future gain;
 Nor let thy Emma die in vain:

Time shall administer its wonted balm, [calm.
 And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
 Caught, and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
 Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
 Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
 But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
 No more it pants and rages for the plain;
 Moping awhile, in sullen mood

Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
 And meditates the song:
 Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous ease,
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven,—yet, yet the tears will flow,
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
 My budding joys, just promising to blow,
 All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blast!
 My hours, that laughing went to fleet away,

Move heavily along; [song?

Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund

Time creeps, unconscious of delight:

How shall I cheat the tedious day;

And oh—the joyless night!

Where shall I rest my weary head?

How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come Theban drug*, the wretch's only aid,

To my torn heart its former peace restore;

Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,

Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:

Haply, when lock'd in sleep's embrace,

Again I shall behold my Emma's face,

Again with transport hear
 Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,
 And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes:

If to the verdant fields I stray,
 Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?

Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
 And darkens all the scene with woe.

By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
 Sorrowing I rove

Through valley, grót, and grove;
 Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
 No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
 And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,
 Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
 With lenient hand support my drooping head,
 Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?

Should worldly business call away,
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
 Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,
 Impatient for my quick return?

Should ought my bosom discompose,
 Who now, with sweet complacent air,
 Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
 And soften all my woes?

Too faithful Memory—cease, oh cease—

How shall I e'er regain my peace?
 (Oh, to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
 Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
 To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
 When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
 And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
 How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
 When, twining round my knees, I trace
 Thy mother's smile upon thy face!

How oft to my full-heart shalt thou restore
 Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
 By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
 More beggar by the riches once possess'd,
 My little darling!—dearer to me grown
 By all the tears thou'st caus'd—oh strange to hear!

Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
 Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
 Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
 Thy infant steps to guide aright?
 She, who with doating eyes would gaze
 On all thy little artless ways,
 By all thy soft endearments blest,
 And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
 Alas! is gone—yet shalt thou prove
 A father's dearest, tenderest love;
 And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state!)
 As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,

* Laudanum.

When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And, oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou see'st the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

§ 105. *An Evening Address to a Nightingale.*

SHAW.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear;
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe;

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;

Else why so feelingly complain, [grove?
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the
Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?

Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas! for both I weep:

In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe, that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,

At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,

By ev'ry art that science could devise;
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.

Then, oh! our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,

And breathe our sorrows in this lonely
bow'r.

But why, alas! to thee complain,
To thee—unconscious of my pain?
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:

The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,

Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy
But, oh! for me in vain may seasons roll, [love.
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears:

Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long, ling'ring years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:

O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
"That Emma's fatal pledge of love,

"Her last bequest, with all a mother's care,
"The bitterness of sorrow should remove,

"Softened the horrors of despair,
"And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"

How oft, when fondling in my arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,

My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And oh what flatt'ring scenes had fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!

Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue
could utter more.

"Just Heaven!" I cried, with recent hopes elate,
"Yet will I live—will live, tho' Emma's dead:

"So long bow'd down beneath the storms of fate,
"Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!

"My little Emma, now my all,
"Will want a father's care;

"Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
"And, for her sake, the ills of life I'll bear:

"And oft together we'll complain,
"Complaint the only bliss my soul can know:

"From me my child shall learn the mournful
"strain,

"And prattle tales of woe:
"And, oh! in that auspicious hour,

"When Fate resigns her persecuting pow'r,
"With dutious zeal her hand shall close,

"No more to weep, my sorrow-streaming eyes,
"When death gives misery repose,

"And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought! it must not be—she too is dead,
The flatt'ring scene is o'er;

My hopes for ever, ever fled;
And vengeance can no more.

Crush'd by misfortune, blasted by disease,
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!

To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (oh falsely deem'd severe),

Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up ev'ry tear.

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But, ah! from my affections far remov'd!

The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been lov'd;

As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;

As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet, while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd

strain,
In piteous accents shall the muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:

For

For oh how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart !
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
Ev'n He*, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

§ 106. *An Ode to Narcissa.* SMOLLET.

THY fatal shafts unerring move ;
I bow before thine altar, Love !
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame !
For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows ;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul !
My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain ;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs !
Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear ;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die !

§ 107. *Elegy in Imitation of Tibullus.* SMOLLET.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy ?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest :
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.
Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.
For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe and virgins dance around,
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.
I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew :
There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
Awhile in silence o'er my fate repine : [pair,
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.
Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest ;
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast ?

§ 108. *The Propagation of the Gospel in Greenland.*

COWPER.

AND still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons, to pour it on the farthest north † :

Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

Oh blest within th' inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks ;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide.
That shew revers'd the villas on their side ;
No groves have ye ; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard ;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at ev'ning where you dwell :
But winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne ;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast ;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey ;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.

Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle ;
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile :
The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds ;
That decks with all the splendour of the true
A false religion—is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night ;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here ;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

§ 109. *On Slavery, and the Slave Trade.* COWPER.

BUT, ah ! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
For merchants, rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man ?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end ;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far receding shore,
But not the thought, that they must meet no
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow, [more,
What has he left that he can yet forego ?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind ;
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate !
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure ;
Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
To improve the fortitude that bears a load ;
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.

* Lord Lyttleton.

† The Moravian missionaries in Greenland. Vide Krantz.

But

But slav'ry!—virtue dreads it as her grave;
 Patience itself is meanness, in a slave:
 Or if the will and sovereignty of God
 Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod;
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.
 Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
 That has a heart, and life in it, Be free!
 The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
 He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
 And, conscious of an unencumber'd back,
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
 Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
 Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

§ 110. *On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard.*
 COWPER.

OH could I worship aught beneath the skies
 That earth hath seen, or fancy could devise,
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand.
 With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
 Duly as ever on the mountain's height
 The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
 Again, when evening in her sober vest
 Drew the grey curtain of the fading West;
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days: [praise
 But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
 But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
 Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
 A captive bird into the boundless sky,
 This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
 From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
 We feel thy force still active, at this hour
 Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r;
 While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
 Owns no superior but the God she fears.
 Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong
 Thy rites have suffer'd, and our land, too long;
 Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
 The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
 Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
 To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
 But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
 Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood;
 And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground
 Where covert guile and artifice abound:
 Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
 Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
 The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
 But let insolvent innocence go free.

Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
 Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
 Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
 Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
 I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
 (Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
 I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
 Blest with all wealth can give thee—to resign
 Joys, doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine;

To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow
 To seek a nobler, amidst scenes of woe; [home,
 To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring
 Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
 But knowledge, such as only dungeons teach,
 And only sympathy like thine could reach;
 That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
 Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage—
 Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
 The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
 Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,
 That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
 Were hush'd, in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
 The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!

§ 111. *On Domestic Happiness, as the Friend of
 Virtue; and of the false Good-nature of the
 Age.*
 COWPER.

DOMESTIC happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
 Tho' few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
 Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm
 Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
 Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
 Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
 Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
 Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
 That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
 And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
 Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
 For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
 And finding in the calm of truth-tied love
 Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
 Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
 Of honour, dignity, and fair renown,
 Till prostitution elbows us aside.
 In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
 Conven'd for purposes of empire less
 Than to release th' adult'ress from her bond!
 Th' adult'ress! what a theme for angry verse,
 What provocation to the indignant heart
 That feels for injur'd love! But I disdain
 The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
 Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame.
 No. Let her pass; and, charioted along,
 In guilty splendour shake the public ways:
 The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white;
 And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch
 Whom matrons now, of character unsmirch'd,
 And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
 Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time
 Not to be pass'd; and she that had renounc'd
 Her sex's honour, was repounc'd herself
 By all that priz'd it; not for Prudery's sake,
 But Dignity's resentful of the wrong.
 'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a wail
 Desirous to return, and not receiv'd;
 But was an wholesome rigour in the main,
 And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with
 That purity, whose loss was loss of all. [care
 Men too were nice in honour in those days,
 And judg'd offenders well: and he that sharp'd,
 And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,
 Was

Was mark'd, and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood that he had basely spar'd
The price of his default. But now—yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, a good-natur'd age!
That they are safe; sinners of either sex [bred,
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause:
But she has burnt her masks, not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

§ 112. *On the Employments of what is called an
Idle Life.* COWPER.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
Me therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call his debtors to account
From whom are all our blessings—business finds
Ev'n here. While sedulous I seek to improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life—
Has business; feels himself engag'd to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in storms
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize!

§ 113. *The Post comes in—the News-paper is
read—The World contemplated at a distance.* COWPER.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder
bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length

Bestrides the wint'ry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world, [locks,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.

Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings: have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeez'd,
And bor'd with elbow-points thro' both his sides,
Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage.
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break—
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit, see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes; [heels,
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take:
The modest speaker is ashamed and griev'd
T' engross

T' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
 Begg a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise:
 The dearth of information and good sense
 That it foretels us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
 There forests of no meaning spread the page
 In which all comprehension wanders lost;
 While fields of pleasantries amuse us there
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
 Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
 And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
 To peep at such a world: to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd:
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations; I behold
 The tumult, and am still, the sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man,
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
 The manners, customs, policy of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
 He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return, a rich repast for me!
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

§ 114. *A Fragment.* MALLETT.

FAIR morn ascends: fresh zephyr's breath
 Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath,
 Where, sown profusely, herb and flow'r,
 Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,
 Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
 And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
 Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
 Where, sweetly-pensive, Silence reigns;

And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
 A mountain fades into the sky;
 While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
 A river rolls with sounding sweep.
 Of human art no traces near,
 I seem alone with nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
 The Monarch's bliss, the Beggar's wealth,
 The seas'ning of all good below,
 The sovereign's friend in joy or woe.
 O Thou, most courted, most despis'd,
 And but in absence, duly priz'd!
 Pow'r of the soft and rosy face!
 The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace,
 The spirits, when they gayest shine,
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
 O sun of life, whose heavenly ray
 Lights up and cheers our various day,
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
 Till nature, with thy parting light,
 Reposes late in Death's calm night:
 Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
 Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
 Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
 Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
 But tosses through the midnight shade,
 Of death, of life, alike afraid;
 For ever fled to shady cell,
 Where Temp'rance, where the Muses dwell,
 Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
 Or, on the brow of mountain high,
 In silence feasting ear and eye
 With song and prospect, which abound
 From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
 Flames forth intolerable day;
 While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
 With Thirst and Langour in his train
 (All nature sick'ning in the blaze),
 Thou in the wild and woody maze
 That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
 Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,
 Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
 Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
 Imagination lays him down;
 Attentive in his airy mood,
 To ev'ry murmur of the wood:
 The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
 The chidings of the headlong brook;
 The green leaf quiv'ring in the gale;
 The warbling bill, the lowing vale;
 The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
 The thunder of the falling oak.
 From thought to thought in vision led,
 He holds high converse with the Dead;
 Sages or Poets. See, they rise!
 And shadowy skim before his eyes,
 Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
 That soften'd savages to men:
 Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
 To whom its moral will was given.

Fathers and Friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bow'r:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n,
Great Charter with our being giv'n;
For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled, thro' ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * * *

§ 115. *Ode to Evening.* Dr. JOS. WARTON.

HAIL, meek-ey'd Maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman
loves;
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.
When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.
The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return, to trip in wanton ev'ning dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.
To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene;
And from the sheep-cot, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.
The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.
Now ev'ry Passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subdue.
O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
List'ning to every wildly-warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

§ 116. *Ifis. An Elegy.* By Mr. MASON,
of Cambridge.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where, mildly
bright,
The pointed chrystals shot their trembling light;
From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops
fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreath'd

Pale Ifis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping Maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all his grace.
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science

seen,

Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien;
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace, sedate
and bland, [wand;
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas
green,

At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropp'd a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.

Yes, Ifis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead:
Oft hast thou stopp'd thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth, with fame's strong impulse
Press'd to the goal, and at the goal untir'd, [fir'd,
Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow
The Muses, Graces, Virtues, could bestow,

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers, shine.
See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breast strongpanting with its country's love,
All that to Albion gave their heart or head,
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honor'd spring.
Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray,
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free born majesty; [awe,
"My son," he cried, "observe this mien with
"In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
"The piercing notes shall strike each British ear;
"Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
"And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
"Each youth shall spurn at slavery's abject reign;
"Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
"And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's
"cause."

The Hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd;
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as she rovd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.
But, ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each rising sound,
Scarce

Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
 Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
 When Locke walk'd musing forth! e'en now I
 Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow; [view
 View Candour smile upon his modest cheek,
 And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
 'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
 Here stripp'd vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest;
 Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
 Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
 Ere long to shew to reason's purged eye,
 That "Nature's first best gift was Liberty."

Proud of this wondrous son, sublime I stood
 (While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood);
 Then, vain as Niobe, exulting cried,
 Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
 Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring
 Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful shade, [glade,
 Tho' ev'ry Academic green impress'd
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic
 boast?

See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast;
 See! Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain:
 Hence frontless crowds that, not content to fright
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
 Blast the fair face of day; and, madly bold,
 To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
 To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,
 Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound;
 The horrid notes my resluent waters daunt,
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
 Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
 Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam
 In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
 Where a firm few support her sickly head,
 Despis'd, insulted, by the barb'rous train,
 Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout,
 the plain,

Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muse approves,
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand
 To deal their insults through a peaceful land;
 And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue
 groans,

That "Isis taught Rebellion to her Sons?"
 Forbid it, Heaven! and let my rising waves
 Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves!
 In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
 As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
 Is this denied; then point some secret way
 Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may
 stray;

Some unknown channel lend, where Nature
 Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads:
 There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
 Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
 Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
 Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;

Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
 Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
 Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
 And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

§ 117. *Epistolary Verses to George Colman, Esq.*
written in the Year 1756. By Mr. ROBERT
 LLOYD.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those
 That condescend to write in prose:
 Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
 I always soar—in doggrel rhyme;
 And scarce can ask you how you do,
 Without a jingling line or two.
 Besides, I always took delight in
 What bears the name of easy writing;
 Perhaps the reason makes it please
 Is, that I find 'tis writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
 Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
 Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
 Than Addison, and his Spectator;
 Who says (it is no matter where,
 But that he says it I can swear)
 With easy verse most bards are smitten,
 Because they think it's easy written;
 Whereas, the easier it appears,
 The greater marks of care it wears;
 Of which to give an explanation,
 Take this, by way of illustration:
 The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
 Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
 And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
 Because he did not like the rhymes:
 To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
 In short, he labour'd to write easy.
 And yet no Critic e'er defines
 His poem's into labour'd lines.

I have a simile will hit him;
 His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him;
 Which (as no taylor e'er denied)
 The better fit the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
 Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
 'Tis the result of admiration
 To spend itself in imitation;
 If imitation may be said,
 Which is in me by nature bred,
 And you have better proofs than these
 That I'm idolater of Ease.

Who, but a madman, would engage
 A Poet in the present age?
 Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.

Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
 We travel in the beaten road:
 The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
 The only comfort that I know
 Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
 Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
 Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,

Ere

Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great Two the Connoisseur;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit;
And, happy in the close connection,
T' acquire some name from their reflection:
So (the similitude is trite)
The moon still shines with borrow'd light;
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time
To shew the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-finning,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see
Is, that I ramble loose and free:
The bard indeed full oft complains
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains;
And, when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme 's like your fetters on the stage,
Which, when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may, unperceiv'd, elope.
So M——rs of basest tricks
(I love a fling at politics)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng;
And make each puny rogue a prey,
While they, the greater, sink away.
This simile perhaps would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it dress'd a second time
In Prior's Ease, and *my* Sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haste to catch a thief;
While the sly rogue who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the crowd?
So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such what Briton can endure?
Minorca, and the Connoisseur!

To-day *, or e'er the sun goes down,
Will die the *Censor*, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With "blushing honours thick upon him:"

* September 30th, 1756, [when Mr. Town, author of the *Connoisseur*, a periodical Essay (since published in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London), took leave of his readers, with an humorous account of himself.

† This elegant Poem was written by a Gentleman well known in the learned world, as a token of gratitude for favours conferred on his father during the last war, whose character he has therein assume.

O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave:
"Know, Reader, that on Thursday died
"The Connoisseur, a Suicide!
"Yet think not that his soul is fled,
"Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.
"Howe'er defunct you set him down,
"He 's only going out of *Town*."

§ 118. Ode to Arthur Onslow, Esq. †

THIS goodly frame what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure ethereal spirit,
As mild Benevolence?

She, with her sister Mercy, still awaits
Beside th' eternal throne of Jove,
And measures forth with unwithdrawing
The blessings of the various year, [hand
Sunshine or show'r, and chides the madding [rity,
tempest.

With her the heaven-bred nymph, meek Cha-
Shall fashion Onslow forth in fair portrait;
And with recording cure

Weave the fresh wreath that flow'ring virtue
claims.

But, oh, what muse shall join the band?

He long has sojourn'd in the sacred haunts,
And knows each whisp'ring grot and
glade

Trod by Apollo and the light-foot Graces.

How then shall awkward gratitude,
And the presumption of untutor'd duty,
Attune my numbers, all too rude?

Little he recks the meed of such a song;

Yet will I stretch aloof,

And when I tell of Courtesy,

Of well-attemper'd Zeal,

Of awful Prudence soothing fell Contention,

Where shall the lineaments agree

But in thee, Onslow? You your wonted leave
Indulge me, nor misdeem a soldier's bold em-
prize,

Who, in the dissonance of barb'rous war
Long train'd, revisits oft the sacred treasures
Of antique memory;

Or where sage Pindar reins his fiery car

Through the vast vault of Heaven secure,

Or what th' Attic muse that Homer fill'd,

Her other son, thy Milton taught,

Or range the flow'ry fields of gentle Spencer.

And, ever as I go, allurements vain

Cherish a feeble fire, and feed my idle

Fancy: oh could I once

Charm to their melody my shrilling reeds!

To Henries and to Edwards old,

Dread names! I'd meditate the faithful song;

Or tell what time Britannia,

Whilom the fairest daughter of old Ocean,
 In loathly disarray, dull eyes,
 And faded cheek, wept o'er her abject sons:
 Till William; great deliverer!
 Led on the comely train, gay Liberty,
 Religion, matron staid,
 With all her kindred goddesses;
 Justice, with steady brow,
 Trim Plenty, laureat Peace, and green-hair'd
 Commerce,
 In flowing vest of thousand hues.
 Fain would I shadow out old Bourbon's pile
 Tott'ring with doubtful weight, and threat'ning
 cumb'rous fall;
 Or trace our navy, where in tow'ring pride
 O'er the wide swelling waste it rolls avengeful.
 As when collected clouds
 Forth from the gloomy south, in deep array,
 Athwart the dark'ning landscape throng,
 Fraught with loud storms, and thunder's dreadful
 peal,
 At which the murd'rer stands aghast.
 And wasting Riot ill dissembles terror.
 How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst distain'd
 With Moorish carnage, quakes thro' all her
 branches!
 Soon shall I greet the morn, [name,
 When, Europe sav'd, Britain and George's
 Shall sound o'er Flandria's level field,
 Familiar in domestic merriment;
 Or by the jolly mariner
 Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.
 The just memorial of fair deeds
 Still flourishes, and, like th' untainted soul,
 Blossoms in freshest age above
 The weary flesh, and envy's rankling wound.
 Such, after years mature,
 In full account shall be thy meed.
 Oh may your rising hope
 Well principled in ev'ry virtue bloom!
 Till a fresh-springing flock implore
 With infant hands a grandfire's pow'rful pray'r,
 Or round your honour'd couch their prattling
 sports pursue.

§ 119. *Ode to Melancholy.* OGLIVIE.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime! propitious
 pow'r, [roam,
 Who o'er th' unbounded waste art joy'd to
 Led by the moon, when, at the midnight hour,
 Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.
 O bear me, Goddess, to thy peaceful seat!
 Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd
 Or lodg'd where mountains' screen thy deep retreat,
 Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade.
 Say, rove thy steps o'er Libya's naked waste?
 Or seek some distant solitary shore?
 Or, on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd,
 Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?
 Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
 Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome?
 Or stray thy feet where pale, dejected Woe
 Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?

Hark! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear!
 See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole!
 O'er heaven's blue arch yon rolling world's ap-
 pear,
 And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.
 O lead my steps beneath the moon's dim ray,
 Where Tadmor stands all desert and alone!
 While from her time-shook tow'rs the bird of
 prey [moan.
 Sounds tho' the night her long-resounding
 Or bear me far to yon dark, dismal plain,
 Where fell-eyed tigers, all athirst for blood,
 Howl to the desert; while the horrid train
 Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel
 stood;
 That queen of nations! whose superior call
 Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy!
 When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her
 And deep reflection dash the lip of joy. [fall,
 Short is Ambition's gay, deceitful dream,
 Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her
 brow;
 Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
 And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering
 bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,
 When working secret with destructive aim,
 Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
 But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.
 Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man;
 Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope por-
 tray'd:
 Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the growing plan:
 Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.
 Beneath the plume that flames with glancing
 rays
 Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd;
 Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze
 Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.
 Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
 With beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart;
 While, closely couch'd, pale, sick'ning Envy near
 Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.
 Perch'd, like a raven, on some blasted yew,
 Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin;
 Scar'd—while her eyes survey th' ethereal blue,
 Lest heaven's strong lightning burst the dark
 within.
 Then paint, impending o'er the maddening deep
 That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly
 brave,
 Stood firm of soul—then from the dizzy steep
 Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.
 Here, wrapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,
 Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare;
 To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
 Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.
 Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
 Let judging Reason draw the veil aside;
 Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
 Read o'er the monument that tells—He died.
 What

What are the ensigns of imperial sway?
What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought?
Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms un-
known?

When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier?
Not wealth, but pity, swells the bursting grin;
Not pow'r, but whisp'ring Nature, prompts the
tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head;
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead?

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring;
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside?
Can these avail in that tremendous hour, [tide?
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple

Ah no! the mighty names are heard no more:
Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling
bloom,

Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
And swell with pompous verse th' escutcheon'd
tomb.

For me—may Passion ne'er my soul invade,
Nor be the whigs of tow'ring Phrenzy giv'n;
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful
shade [ven!

Where Contemplation wings the soul to Hea-

Oh guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare!
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft, when midnight's sadly solemn knell
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topt tow'r,
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell*,
Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obscure.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,
May some sad friend recal the former years;
Then, stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears.

§ 120. *Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare.*

OGLIVIE.

I. 1.

RAPT from the glance of mortal eye, [light?
Say, bursts thy Genius to the world of
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims its fields with rapid flight?
Or, mid yon plains where Fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy breathing gale?

* See Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream;
Or where young Zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all dissolv'd in fairy dream.

O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
Seest thou where Nature treads the deep'ning
gloom,

Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb?
Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along? [song?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous

I. 2.

Oft, while on earth, 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-eyed goddess lov'd to roam,
To trace serene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome;
Still hovering round the Nine appear,
That pour the soul-transporting strain;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,

The loose-rob'd Graces, crown'd with flow'rs,
The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the rosy-featur'd hours.

O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone,
How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
Her tresses loose, that wanton'd on the gale;
On thee the goddess fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips these melting ac-
cents broke:

I. 3.

"To thee, my favourite son, belong
"The lays that steal the listening hour;
"To pour the rapture-darting song,
"To paint gay Hope's Elysian bower.
"From Nature's hand to snatch the dart,
"To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
"Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
"And call the Love's with purple wing
"From the blue deep, where they dwell
"With Naiads in the pearly cell.
"Soft on the sea-born goddess gaze†;
"Or in the loose robes' floating maze,
"Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest;
"Or flutter o'er her panting breast.
"Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
"Let Sorrow, clad in sable stole,
"Slow to thy musing thought appear;
"Or pensive Pity, pale;
"Or Love's desponding tale [tear."
"Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic

II. 1.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind?
Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought?
Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd,
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
And zephyr breathes perfume;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuse the radiant goddess stood display'd,
With all her smiling offspring nigh.

† Venus.

Sudden

Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The broider'd mead, the landscape, and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grotts, rills, and shades, and bow'rs that breath'd
of love,

All burst to sight! while glancing on the view,
'Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the
dew.

II. 2.

The pale ey'd Genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bow'r;
Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whole dark spell chain'd the rapid hour:
Then rose serene the sea-girt isle;
Gay scenes, by Fancy's touch refin'd,
Glow'd to the musing mind:
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hovering angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing:
Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze,
The wild note trembling on the aerial string!
The form, in heaven's resplendent vesture gay,
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the
melting lay*.

II. 3.

Oh lay me near yon limpid stream,
Whose murmur sooths the ear of woe!
There in some sweet poetic dream
Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow!
'Tis done—o'er all the blushing mead
The dark wood shakes his cloudy head:
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;
While, in pastime all unseen,
Titania, rob'd in mantle green,
Sports on the mossy bank: her train
Skims light along the gleaming plain;
Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold;
Its pinions op'ning to the light!—
Say, bursts the vision on my sight?
Ah, no! by Shakespeare's pencil drawn,
The beauteous shapes appear;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near lawn †,
Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled

III. 1.

But, hark! the tempest howls afar! [waste!
Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless
What cherub blows the trump of war?
What demon rides the stormy blast?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath rushes on the sight;
Then, wrapt in sudden night
Dissolves.—But, ah! what kingly form
Roams the lone desert's desolated maze †
Unaw'd, nor heeds the sweeping storm?
Ye pale-ey'd lightnings, spare the cheek of age!
Vain wish! tho' anguish heaves the bursting groan,
Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage

* Ariel: see the Tempest.

† See the Midsummer Night's Dream.

‡ Lear.

§ The Witches in Macbeth.

Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan:
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds; and, stung with wild
despair, [hair.
Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver

III. 2.

Lo! on yon long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;
What phantoms bath'd in infant gore
Stand mutt'ring on the dizzy steep!
Their murmur shakes the zephyr's wing!
The storm obeys their powerful spell;
See from his gloomy cell
Fierce Winter starts! his scowling eye
Blots the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
And lowers along the ruffled sky,
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run §;
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew,
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering
fun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.
Hell howls; and fiends, that join the dire acclaim,
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid
flame.

III. 3.

But, ah! on Sorrow's cypress bough
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will passion glow?
Or Music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young Spring, with lip of ruby, here
Show'rs from her lap the blushing year;
While, along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wing swimming on the wind,
The Loves, with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold;
And oft the blue-eyed Graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too, when eve, demure and still,
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive strain;
Or, wrapt in soothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled stream, [the plain.
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along

§ 121. *Ode to Time: occasioned by seeing the
Ruins of an old Castle.* OGILVIE.

I. 1.

THOU, who mid the world-involving gloom,
Sitt'st on yon solitary spire!
Or slowly skak'st the sounding dome,
Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;
Say, when thy musing soul
Bids distant times unrol,
And marks the flight of each revolving year,
Of years whose slow-consuming pow'r
Has clad with moss yon leaning tow'r,
That saw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
That shook old Empire's tow'ring pride,
That swept them down the floating tide—

Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting
tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye:
Yon hill, whose gold-illumin'd brow,
Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below,
Once bore the branching wood
That o'er yon murmuring flood
Hung wildly waving to the rustling gale;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,
Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r;
Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
When, by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale, [tale.
And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy

I. 3.

Ye wilds where heaven-rapt Fancy roves!
Ye sky crown'd hills, and solemn groves!
Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells!
Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
Lightly glance along the wall;
Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
At the silent midnight hour,
Stand array'd in spotless white,
And stain the dusky robe of Night;
Or with slow solemn pauses roam
O'er the long-sounding hollow dome!
Say, mid yon desert solitary round,
When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
Does ne'er some dismal, dying sound
On Night's dull serious ear rebound, [years?
That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming

II. 1.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train
From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear; [flight.
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong
Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms!
Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms!
While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire
Bold Vict'ry flam'd, with eyes of fire;
Her limbs celestial robes infold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke: her words infus'd resistless might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the
soul of fight.

II. 2.

But, ah! what hand the smiling prospect brings:
What voice recalls th' expiring day?
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing moment bursts away!
So from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-eyed Fancy stands in sweet surprise:

The vale where musing Quiet treads,
The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,
Or streams where zephyr loves to stray
Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray;
Or waving woods detain the sight—
When from the gloomy cave of night
Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
And wraps the flying scene; that fades, and
swims, and dies.

II. 3.

Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom!
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail!
O'er yon long resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train;
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
O'er the bones that rest below!
While the dull night's startled ear
Shrinks aghast with thrilling fear!
Or stand with thin robes wafting soon,
And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon!
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim,
Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey,
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the
trump of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh?
Feels not each shrub the tempest's pow'r?
Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly?
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar?
Lo! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time!
I see Palmyra's temples fall;
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall!
Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode*;
Where sceptred once, an earthly god! [clime,
His pow'r-clad arm controul'd each happier
Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy
soars sublime.

III. 2.

Hark! what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the
Ah! what soul-thrilling scene appears? [gale?
I see the column'd arches fail!
And structures hoar, the boast of years!
What mould'ring piles, decay'd,
Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,
Where Rome's proud Genius rear'd her awful
Sad monument!—Ambition near [brow!
Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear;
Pale Honour drops the flutt'ring plume,
And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb;
Slow Patience sits, with eye deprest,
And Courage beats his sobbing breast; [flow,
Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'er-
And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of
Woe.

* Persepolis.

III. 3.

Lo, on yon pyramid sublime,
Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild! where ruin low'rs,
Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs:
On the steep height, waste and bare,
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair!
O'er his scythe he bends; his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
While the hours, and airy ring
Lightly flit, with downy wing,
And sap the works of man; and shade
With silver'd locks his furrow'd head;
Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad survey,
And seals the nations' awful doom:
He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray;
He yields to joy the festive day;
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks
them for the tomb.

§ 122. *Ode to Evening*, OGILVIE.

MEEK Pow'r, whose balmy-pinion'd gale
Steals o'er the flow'r-enamell'd dale!
Whose voice in gentle whispers near
Oft sighs to Quiet's list'ning ear;
As, on her downy couch at rest,
By Thought's inspiring visions blest
She sits, with white-rob'd Silence nigh,
And musing heaves her serious eye,
To mark the slow sun's glimm'ring ray,
To catch the last pale gleam of day;
Or, sunk in sweet repose, unknown
Lies on the wild hill's van alone;
And sees thy gradual pencil flow
Along the heaven-illumin'd bow.

Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue,
Thy tresses bath'd in balmy dew,
With step smooth sliding o'er the green,
The graces breathing in thy mien;
And thy vesture's gather'd fold
Girt with a zone of circling gold;
And bring the harp, whose solemn string
Dies to the wild wind's murm'ring wing;
And the Nymph, whose eye serene
Marks the calm, breathing woodland scene;
Thought, mountain sage! who loves to climb,
And haunts the dark rock's summit dim;
Let Fancy, falcon-wing'd, be near:
And through the cloud-envelop'd sphere,
Where musing roams Retirement hoar,
Lull'd by the torrent's distant roar,
Oh bid with trembling light to glow
The raven-plume that crowns his brow.

Lo, where thy meek-ey'd train attend!
Queen of the solemn thought, descend!
Oh hide me in romantic bow'rs!
Or lead my step to ruin'd tow'rs!
Where gleaming through the chinky door
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:
While beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the desert shrieking wile,

Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
And hears the slow clock's healing tongue;
Or, mid the dun discolour'd gloom,
Sits on some hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws life's gay glitt'ring robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.

Oft, shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
Lead o'er the forest's winding maze;
Where, thro' the mantling boughs, afar
Glimmers the silver-streaming star;
And, shower'd from ev'ry rustling blade,
The loose light floats along the shade:
So hov'ring o'er the human scene
Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene:
By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
Floats all the busy bustling mind;
While Mem'ry's unstain'd leaves retain
No trace from all th' ideal train.

But see! the landscape op'ning fair
Invites to breathe the purer air!
Oh when the cowslip-scented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When on her amber-dropping bed
Loose Ease reclines her downy head;
How blest! by fairy-haunted stream
To melt in mild ecstatic dream!
Die to the pictur'd wish, or hear
(Breath'd soft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays by angel-harps refin'd,
As half unchain the flutt'ring mind,
When on life's edge it eyes the shore,
And all its pinions stretch to soar.

Lo, where the sun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn;
While, led by ev'ry gentler pow'r,
Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour.
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the scene below;
Where, feebly glancing thro' the gloom,
Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb:
Not far, beneath the evening beam
The dark lake rolls his azure stream,
Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
Slow-sailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and spires, and forests bare,
Shoot glimm'ring thro' the misty air;
Dim as the vision-pictur'd bow'r
That gilds the saint's expiring hour,
When, rapt to ecstasy, his eye
Looks through the blue ethereal sky:
All heaven unfolding to his sight!
Gay forms that swim in floods of light!
The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome sublime;
The tow'rs in glitt'ring pomp display'd—
The bright scene hovers o'er his bed:
He starts—but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obscure the lessening rays;
On mem'ry still the scene is wrought,
And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.

On the airy mount reclin'd
What wishes sooth the musing mind!

How

How soft the velvet lap of Spring !
 How sweet the Zephyr's violet wing !
 Goddess of the plaintive song,
 That leads the melting heart along !
 Oh bid thy voice of genial pow'r
 Reach Contemplation's lonely bow'r ;
 And call the sage with tranced sight
 To climb the mountain's steepy height ;
 To wing the kindling wish, or spread
 O'er Thought's pale cheek enliv'ning red ;
 Come, hoary Pow'r, with serious eye,
 Whose thought explores yon distant sky ;
 Now, when the busy world is still,
 Nor passion tempts the wav'ring will,
 When sweeter hopes each pow'r controul,
 And quiet whispers to the soul,
 Now sweep from life th' illusive train
 That dance in Folly's dizzy brain :
 Be Reason's simple draught portray'd,
 Where blends alternate light and shade ;
 Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied,
 Sport on the bubble's glitt'ring side ;
 Bid Hope pursue the distant boon,
 And Phrensy watch the fading moon ;
 Paint Superstition's starting eye,
 And Wit that leers with guileful fly ;
 Let Censure whet her venom'd dart,
 And green-eyed Envy gnaw the heart ;
 Let Pleasure lie on flow'rs reclin'd,
 While Anguish aims her shaft behind.

Hail, Sire sublime ! whose hallow'd cave
 Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave ;
 Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
 Far on the lone, deserted shore,
 Where Orellano's rushing tide
 Roars on the rock's projected side.
 Hence bursting o'er thy ripen'd mind,
 Beams all the father's thought refin'd :
 Hence oft, in silent vales unseen,
 Thy footsteps print the fairy green ;
 Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
 That from the willow's quiv'ring bough
 Sweet warbling breathe—the zephyrs round
 O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
 When soft on bending osiers laid
 The broad sun trembling through the bed ;
 All wild thy heav'n-rapt fancy strays,
 Led thro' the soul-dissolving maze ;
 Till slumber downy-pinion'd, hear
 Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear ;
 The soul unfetter'd bursts away,
 And basks enlarg'd in beamy day.

§ 123. *Ode to Innocence.* OGILVIE.

'TWAS when the slow-declining ray
 Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold ;
 No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
 No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold :
 When, by a murm'ring rill reclin'd,
 Sat, wrapt in thought, a wand'ring swain ;
 Calm peace compos'd his musing mind ;
 And thus he rais'd the flowing strain :

" Hail, Innocence ! celestial Maid !
 " What joys thy blushing charms reveal !
 " Sweet as the arbour's cooling shade,
 " And milder than the vernal gale.
 " On Thee attends a radiant choir,
 " Soft-smiling Peace, and downy Rest ;
 " With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre ;
 " And Hope, that sooths the throbbing breast.
 " Oh sent from heaven to haunt the grove,
 " Where squinting Envy ne'er can come !
 " Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
 " Nor Anguish chills the living bloom.
 " But spotless Beauty, rob'd in white,
 " Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd ;
 " Serene as heaven's unfullied light,
 " And pure as Delia's gentle mind.
 " Grant, heavenly Pow'r ! thy peaceful sway
 " May still my ruder thoughts controul ;
 " Thy hand to point my dubious way,
 " Thy voice to sooth the melting soul.
 " Far in the shady, sweet retreat
 " Let Thought beguile the ling'ring hour ;
 " Let Quiet court the mossy seat,
 " And twining olives form the bow'r :
 " Let dove-eyed Peace her wreath bestow,
 " And oft sit list'ning in the dale,
 " While Night's sweet warbler from the bough
 " Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.
 " Soft, as in Delia's snowy breast,
 " Let each consenting passion move ;
 " Let Angels watch its silent rest,
 " And all its blissful dreams be Love !"

§ 124. *Morning ; or, The Complaint. An American Eclogue.* GREGORY.

FAR from the savage bandit's fierce alarms,
 Or distant din of horrid despot's arms,
 Tho' Pennsylvania boasts her peaceful plain,
 Yet there in blood her petty tyrants reign.

With waving pines tho' vocal woods be crown'd
 And stream-fed vales with living wealth abound,
 To golden fields tho' ripening rays descend,
 With blushing fruit tho' loaded branches bend
 To those who ne'er must freedom's blessings taste,
 'Tis barren all, 'tis all a worthless waste.

While hoarse the cataract murmur'd on the gale
 And chilling dews swept thro' the murky dale ;
 Along the hills the dismal tempest howl'd,
 And lightnings flash'd, and deep the thunder
 Beneath a leafless tree, ere morn arose, [roll'd ;
 The slave Adala thus laments his woes :
 Ye grisly spectres, gather round my seat,
 From caves unblest, that wretch's groans repeat !
 Terrific forms, from misty lakes arise !
 And bloody meteors threaten thro' the skies !
 Oh curs'd destroyers of our hapless race,
 Of human kind the terror and disgrace !
 Lo ! hosts of dusky captives, to my view,
 Demand a deep revenge ! demand their due !

And frowning chiefs now dart athwart the gloom
And o'er the salt sea wave pronounce your doom
But Gods are just, and oft the stroke forbear,
To plunge the guilty in tenfold despair.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

With limbs benumb'd my poor companions lie;
Oppress'd by pain and want the aged sigh;
Thro' reedy huts the driving tempest pours,
Their festering wounds receive the sickly show'rs;
In madd'ning draughts our lords their senses steep,
And doom their slaves to stripes and death in sleep;
Now, while the bitter blast surrounds my head,
To times long past my restless soul is led,
Far, far beyond the azure hills, to groves
Of ruddy fruit, where beauty fearless roves—
O blissful seats! O self-approving joys!
Nature's plain dictates! ignorance of vice!
O guiltless hours! Our cares and wants were few,
No arts of luxury or deceit we knew.
Our labour, sport—to tend our cottage care,
Or from the palm the luscious juice prepare;
To sit indulging love's delusive dream,
And snare the silver tenants of the stream;
Or (nobler toil) to aim the deadly blow
With dext'rous art against the spotted foe;
O days with youthful daring mark'd! 'twas then
I dragg'd the shaggy monster from his den,
And boldly down the rocky mountain's side
Hurl'd the grim panther in the foaming tide.
Our healthful sports a daily feast afford.
And ev'n still found us at the social board.

Can I forget, ah me! the fatal day,
When half the vale of peace was swept away!
Th' affrighted maids in vain the gods implore,
And weeping view from far the happy shore;
The frantic dames impatient ruffians seize,
And infants shriek, and clasp their mother's knees;
With galling fetters soon their limbs are bound,
And groan throughout the noisome bark resound.
Why was I bound! why did not Whydah see
Adala gain or death, or victory!
No storms arise, no waves revengeful roar,
To dash the monsters on our injur'd shore.
Long o'er the seaming deep to worlds unknown,
By envious winds the bulky vessel's blown,
While by disease and chains the weak expire,
Or parch'd endure the slow consuming fire.
Who'd in this land of many sorrows live,
Where death's the only comfort tyrant's give?
Tyrants unbless'd! Each proud of strict command,
Nor age nor sickness holds the iron hand;
Whose hearts, in adamant involv'd, despise
The drooping female's tears, the infant's cries,
From whose stern brows no grateful look e'er beams,
Whose bluthless front nor rapenorm murder shames.

Nor all I blame; for Nafsal, friend to peace,
Thro' his wide pastures bids oppression cease*;
No driver's goad, no galling fetters bind,
Nor stern compulsion damps th' exalted mind.
There strong Arcona's fated to enjoy
Domestic sweets, and rear his progeny;

To till his glebe employs Arcona's care,
To Nafsal's God he nightly makes his pray'r;
His mind at ease, of Christian truths he'll boast—
He has no wife, no lovely offspring lost.
Gay his savannah blooms, while mine appears
Scorch'd up with heat, or moist with blood and tears,
Cheerful his hearth in chilling winter burns,
While to the storm the sad Adala mourns.

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

Shall I his holy Prophet's aid implore,
And wait for justice on another shore?
Or, rushing down yon mountain's craggy steep,
End all my sorrows in the fullen deep?
A cliff there hangs in yon grey morning cloud,
The dashing wave beneath roars harsh and loud—
But doubts and fears involve my anxious mind,
The gulph of death once pass'd, what shore we find:
Dubious, if sent beyond th' expanded main,
This soul shall seek its native realms again:
Or if in gloomy mists condemn'd to lie,
Beyond the limits of yon arching sky.
A better prospect oft my spirit cheers,
And in my dreams the vale of peace appears,
And fleeting visions of my former life:
My hoary sire I clasp, my long-lost wife,
And oft I kiss my gentle babes in sleep, [weep.
Till, with the founding whip, I'm wak'd to

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains!

Chiefs of the earth, and monarchs of the sea,
Who vaunt your hardy ancestors were free;
Whose teachers plead th' oppress'd and injur'd's
cause,

And prove the wisdom of your Prophet's laws;
To force and fraud if justice must give place,
You're dragg'd to slavery by some rougher race.
Some rougher race your flocks shall force away,
Like Afric's sons your children must obey;
The very Gods that view our constant toil,
Shall see your offspring till a ruder foil,
The pain of thirst and pinching hunger know,
And all the torments that from bondage flow,
When far remov'd from Christian worlds we prove
The sweets of peace, the lasting joys of love.

But, hark! the whip's harsh echo thro' the trees!
On every trembling limb fresh horrors seize—
Alas! 'tis morn, and here I sit alone—
Be strong, my soul, and part without a groan!
Ruffians proceed! Adala ne'er shall swere,
Prepare the rack, and strain each aching nerve!

Lift high the scourge, my soul the rack disdains;
I pant for freedom and my native plains.

Thou God, who gild'st with light the rising day!
Who life dispensest by thy genial ray!
Will thy slow vengeance never, never fall,
But undistinguish'd favour shine on all?
O hear a suppliant wretch's last, sad pray'r!
Dart fiercest rage! infect the ambient air!
This pallid race, whose hearts are bound in steel,
By dint of suffering teach them how to feel.

* The Quakers in America have set free all their Negroes, and allow them wages as other servants.
Or,

Or, to some despot's lawless will betray'd,
Give them to know what wretches they have made!
Beneath the lash let them resign their breath,
Or court, in chains, the clay-cold hand of death.
Or, worst of ills! within each callous breast
Cherish uncurb'd the dark internal pest;
Bid Av'rice swell with undiminish'd rage,
While no new worlds th' accursed thirst assuage;
Then bid the monsters on each other turn,
The fury passions in disorder burn;
Bid Discord flourish, civil crimes increase,
Nor one fond wish arise that pleads for peace—
Till, with their crimes in wild confusion hurl'd,
They wake t' eternal anguish in a future world*.

§ 125. *Evening; or, the Fugitive. An American Eclogue.* GREGORY.

MOMBAZE.

SAY whether, wand'rer, points thy cheerless way,
When length'ning shades announce the close
of day?
In yon wild waste no friendly roof thou'lt find
The haunt of serpents and the savage kind.
And sure remembrance mocks me, or I trace
In thine the semblance of Zamboia's face?
Yet scarce thyself! for in thy alter'd eye
I read the records of hard destiny.
From thy rack'd bosom sighs that ceaseless flow,
A man bespeak thee exercis'd in woe.
Say, then, what chance has burst thy rigid chains,
Has led thee frantic o'er these distant plains?
What potent sorrows can thy peace infest?
What crimes conceal'd prey on thy anxious breast?

ZAMBOIA.

No crimes this heart infest, this hand defile,
Or frantic drive me o'er a foreign soil.
A murder'd wife and wrongs unmatch'd I mourn,
And buried joys, that never shall return!
If then thou'rt tempted by the traitor's meed,
Take this poor life, and prosper by the deed!

MOMBAZE.

Not the rich produce of Angola's shore,
Not all the miser's heap'd and glittering store;
Not all that pride would grasp, or pomp display,
Should tempt this hand the wretched to betray.
No traitors dwell within this blest domain,
The friends of peace we live, a guileless train.
Grief dims thy eye, or gladly wouldst thou see
Thy lov'd Mombaze yet survives in me.
Canst thou forget? I taught thy youth to dare
The sylvan herd, and wage the desp'rate war.
Canst thou forget? One common lot we drew,
With thee enchain'd, a captive's fate I knew.
Distrust me not, but unreserv'd disclose
The anxious tale that in thy bosom glows:
To part our griefs is oft to mitigate,
And social sorrows blunt the darts of fate.

ZAMBOIA.

Dear to my sight that form, and doubly dear
Thy well-known accents meet Zamboia's ear.

O! had I died, and left the name of slave
Deep, deep entomb'd within an early grave!
O! had I died, ere ruthless fates constrain,
With thee enthrall'd, to cross the western main!
Oh! to have met a glorious death in arms,
And ne'er beheld Melinda's fatal charms!
Time would be short, and memory would fail,
To dwell distinctly on the various tale.
Tedious to tell what treach'rous arts were tried,
To sooth the smart of still revolting pride.
I liv'd, and lov'd—then kiss'd the fatal chain;
No joy but one to cheer a life of pain.
Yet witness bear, thou dear departed ghost,
That lonely rovt thy Gambia's sacred coast!
How sweet the toil that met the morning's ray,
How light the labour that o'er-lasted day!
The reed-built hovel, and the scanty fare,
Imperial bliss could give, Melinda there!
Soft was my pillow, on thy gentle breast,
When o'erpress'd Nature droop'd in want of rest!
And if a rebel tear disgrac'd my eye,
Thine was the tear, and thine the bursting sigh.
Bliss I could boast, unenvied had it pass'd,
But bliss too great, for hapless slaves, to last.
A wretch, who banish'd from his native clime,
Defil'd with many a black and monstrous crime
Presided o'er us, and with iron hand
Held savage sway o'er all the servile band:
In him each hellish passion rudely glow'd,
And cruelty in him most cruel shew'd.
Him lust infernal, one sad ev'ning, led
To invade the chasteness of my marriage bed:
I chanc'd t' approach—the caitiff I surpris'd—
My wife preserv'd, and had his guilt chastis'd
While full with vengeance boil'd my wounded
But chance reserv'd him for a baser part. [heart:
Meanwhile, o'erjoy'd that vice e'en once had
I blest'd the gods that innocence prevail'd. [fail'd,
The baffled villain, now a foe profess'd,
Rolls scenes of blood within his rankling breast;
With coward arts he forg'd a crafty tale;
And hands unrighteous poize the partial scale.
Imputed crimes to crush the weak suffice,
Hearsay is guilt, and damning fact surmise.
Where uncurb'd will usurps the place of laws,
No friendly pleader takes the wretch's cause.
Our tyrant's fears each want of proof supplied,
We stand condemn'd, unquestion'd, and untried.
O! had the grief and shame been all my own,
And the black vengeance lit on me alone!
But harsher fates a harder curse decreed;
These eyes were doom'd to see Melinda bleed.
I saw her by relentless ruffians bound,
The brandish'd scourge inflict the mortal wound;
Her tender frame abus'd, and mangled o'er,
I saw her weltring in a flood of gore.
The murder'd scene had soon a dreadful close—
And do I live! and can I speak my woes!
Her pregnant womb no longer could sustain
The public shame, and agony of pain;
A birth abortive robb'd her of her breath,
And pangs convulsive seal'd her eyes in death.

* This Eclogue was written during the American war.

One only pledge my weary soul detains,
This hapless infant, all that now remains;
The mournful image of my once-lov'd wife,
And ties me down awhile to hated life.
Else this bold hand should liberty restore,
And my rapt spirit seek a happier shore.
Thro' devious paths with timid haste we fly,
Where yon blue mountains meet the bending
sky:
Nor serpents' haunts I dread, nor deserts drear,
The master-savage, Man, alone I fear.

MOMBAZE.

Since from our native realms compell'd to
part,
Such pointed sorrows have not touch'd my heart.
Insatiate plunderers! could it not suffice
To rend, inhuman, all the social ties?
From guiltless joys that bless'd our native soil,
Dragg'd to a life of misery and toil;
Would you yet take the little God has given,
And intercept the gracious dews of Heaven?
Your rage for blood, wild as your thirst of gain,
Shall no respects, not truths divine, restrain?
Th' eternal fabric can a name undo?
Is rape and murder sanctified in you?
And us, what laws, as impious as severe,
Forbid the common rites of man to share?
Didst thou, creative Power! thy views confine?
For one proud race the spacious earth design?
For them alone does plenty deck the vale,
Blush in the fruit, and tinge the scented gale?
For them the seasons all their sweets unfold?
Blossoms the fresh rose, and shines the waving gold?
O no! all bounteous is thy equal hand,
And thy fix'd laws irrevocable stand!
Hapless Zamboia! had it been thy fate
With me to share my more propitious state;
Thy soul had breath'd no impious wish to die,
Nor the big tear had trembled in thine eye.
Disjoin'd from thee, I too to slavery went;
But heaven a father, not a master, lent:
He seems as Virtue's self in mortal guise;
Tho' wealthy, simple; and tho' modest, wise.
Blest be the hand that life and freedom gave!
That pow'r can boast, exerted but to save!
Blest the sage tongue that stor'd the vacant mind,
The manners soften'd, and the heart refin'd!
That, still to Heaven's unerring dictates true,
Eternal truth unfolded to our view!
But, come! thy faint and weary limbs repose,
Forgetful of thy fears, thy griefs compose;
By morning's dawn with earnest foot I speed,
Nor sleep these eyes till I behold thee freed.
Some wealth I have; and, did I prize it more,
Well spar'd for this I deem the sacred store.

So talk'd these friends, and to the cottage haste;
While sad Zamboia his pursuers trac'd.
The ruffian band arrest the hapless swain,
And pray'rs, and tears, and promises are vain:
Their vengeful fervour, no—not gifts abate;
But, bound in chains, they drag him to his fate*.

* A higher reward is generally offered for the head of a fugitive negro than for bringing him alive.

§ 126. *A Description of a Parish Poor House.*

CRABBE.

THEIR is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
door;

There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day:
There children dwell, who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood fears!
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,

Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride;

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?

How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

§ 127. *Description of a Country Apothecary.*

CRABBE.

BUT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat, [walls
All pride and bus'ness, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy, is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

§ 128. *Description of a Country Clergyman
visiting the Sick.* CRABBE.

BUT, ere his death, some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men
despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah no! a shepherd of a different flock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves, and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them, or to chide;
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom miss'd,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist;
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that ev'n the pious feel?

§ 129. *The Reason for describing the Vices of
the Village.* CRABBE.

YET why, you ask, these humble crimes relate
Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
To shew the great, those mightier sons of pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied;
Such are their natures, and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:
So shall the man of pow'r and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxuriant lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:
And each in all the kindred vices trace
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last,
And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you reckon great;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;

While Sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger shakes the brave.

§ 130. *Apology for Vagrants.* ANON.

FOR him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Relieve with social mercy, and, with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who, then no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold, on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

§ 131. *Epistle to a young Gentleman, on his
leaving Eton School.* By Dr. ROBERTS.

SINCE now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's tow'rs,
Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,
Invites thy willing steps; accept, dear youth,
This parting strain; accept the fervent pray'r
Of him who loves thee with a passion pure
As ever friendship dropp'd in human heart;
The prayer, That he who guides the hand of youth
Thro' all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meand'ring path, upon thy head
May shower down every blessing, every joy
Which health, which virtue, and which fame
can give!

Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow
At undeserved praise? Perish the slave
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul
With vain conceit; whose base ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice, which some with honest hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast!
Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch th' accordant strings? From that blest
I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame; [hour
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breast.
Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-temper'd ear; sweet is the breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain

Waft

Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart :
 But not the concord of harmonious sounds,
 When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
 The well-temper'd ear ; nor the sweet breath
 Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
 Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart,
 So charm with ravishment the raptur'd sense,
 As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
 Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On ev'ry object thro' the giddy world
 Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
 Fresh is the gloss of newness; look, dear youth,
 O look, but not admire: O let not these
 Rase from thy noble heart the fair records
 Which youth and education planted there:
 Let not affection's full, impetuous tide,
 Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
 By selfish cares; nor let the idle jeers
 Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself:—
 When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,
 And feel thy heart at rest? Have I not seen
 In thy swoln eye the tear of sympathy,
 The milk of human kindness? When didst thou,
 With envy rankling, here a rival prais'd?
 When didst thou slight the wretched? when des-
 The modest humble suit of poverty? [pise
 These virtues still be thine; nor ever learn
 To look with cold eye on the charities
 Of brother, or of parents; think on those
 Whose anxious care thro' childhood's slippery path
 Sustain'd thy feeble steps; whose every wish
 Is wafted still to thee; remember those,
 Even in thy heart, while memory holds her seat.
 And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recal
 The sweet companions of thy earliest years,
 Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife
 Of every generous art, remember me.

§ 132. *Great Cities, and London in particular,
 allowed their due Praise.* COWPER.

BUT tho' true worth and virtue in the mild
 And genial soil of cultivated life
 Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
 Yet not in cities oft; in proud, and gay,
 And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
 As to a common and most noisome sewer,
 The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
 In cities, foul example on most minds
 Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
 In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
 And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
 In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
 Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
 By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
 Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
 I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
 In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
 Of warm encouragement, and in th' eye
 Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
 Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
 The fairest capital of all the world,
 By riot and incontinence the worst. [comes
 There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank be-

A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
 All her reflected features. Bacon there
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
 Nor does the chisel occupy alone
 The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much;
 Each province of her art her equal care.
 With nice incision of her guided steel
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
 So sterile with what charms foe'er she will,
 The richest scenery, and the loveliest forms.
 Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
 In London. Where her implements exact,
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans
 All distance, motion, magnitude; and now
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
 In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
 As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
 Increasing London? Babylon of old
 Not more the glory of the earth, than she
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.
 She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
 That so much beauty would do well to purge;
 And shew this queen of cities, that so fair,
 May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise.
 It is not seemly, nor of good report,
 That she is slack in discipline; more prompt
 T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law.
 That she is rigid in denouncing death
 On petty robbers, and indulges life
 And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
 To peculators of the public gold.
 That thieves at home must hang; but he that puts
 Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
 Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
 That, through profane and infidel contempt
 Of holy writ, she has presum'd t' annul
 And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
 The total ordinance and will of God;
 Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
 And cent'ring all authority in modes
 And customs of her own, till Sabbath rites
 Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
 And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd.

God made the country, and man made the town.
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound,
 And least be threaten'd, in the fields and groves?
 Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still
 Your element; there only ye can shine,
 There only minds like yours can do no harm.
 Our groves were plan'd to console at noon
 The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
 The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish;
 Birds warbling, all the music. We can spare
 The

The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

§ 133. *The Want of Discipline in the English Universities.* COWPER.

IN colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage, call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blush'd at its own praise, and press the youth
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning grew,
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one, among so many, overleap'd
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice, un-
strung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick, and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated Dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone blind, Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued:
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;

Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tassell'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world. What need of these
For gamelter's, jockies, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist, and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expence as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly; but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now, blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children, crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd
Through want of care, or her, whose winking eye
And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

§ 134. *Happy the Freedom of the Man whom Grace makes free—His Relish of the Works of God—Address to the Creator.* COWPER.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and tho' poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all:
Are they not his by a peculiar right?
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world,
So cloath'd with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chace, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd

Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
 And has a richer use of yours than you.
 He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
 Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
 Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.
 His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
 And no condition of this changeful life,
 So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
 Nor penury can cripple or confine;
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
 His body bound, but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
 Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
 His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
 Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
 Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
 Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
 Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
 Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
 And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
 It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
 Ruminates, heedless of the scene outspread
 Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
 From inland regions to the distant main.
 Man views it and admires, but rests content
 With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
 But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
 The paradise he sees, he finds it such;
 And, such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
 Not so the mind that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
 And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
 To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
 Fair as it is, existed ere it was:
 Not for its own sake merely, but for his
 Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
 Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,
 To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at once
 Its only just proprietor in Him.
 The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd
 New faculties; or learns at least t' employ
 More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
 Discerns in all things, what, with stupid gaze
 Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
 A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
 Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
 Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds
 With those fair ministers of light to man,
 That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
 Sweet conference! enquires what strains were they
 With which heaven rang, when ev'ry star, in haste
 To gratulate the new created earth,
 Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
 Shouted for joy—"Tell me, ye shining hosts,
 "That navigate a sea that knows no storms,

"Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
 "If from your elevation, whence ye view
 "Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
 "And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
 "Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
 "Favour'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,
 "And halting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
 "And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?
 "As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
 "Pants to return, and when he sees afar [rocks
 "His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd
 "From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
 "Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
 "So I with animated hopes behold,
 "And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
 "That shew like beacons in the blue abyss,
 "Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
 "From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
 "Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
 "That give assurance of their own success,
 "And that infus'd from heav'n must thither tend."
 So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
 Illuminates; thy lamp, mysterious Word!
 Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
 With intellects bemaz'd, in endless doubt,
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,
 With means that were not, till by thee employ'd,
 Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength
 Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
 That hear not, or receive not their report.
 In vain thy creatures testify of thee
 Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
 A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
 And with the boon gives talents for its use.
 Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
 Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,
 Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
 The uninstruct'd and heedless sons of men.
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
 The glory of thy work, which yet appears
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
 Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
 Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
 But chance is not, or is not where thou reign'st:
 Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
 (If pow'r she be that works but to confound)
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
 Yet thus we dote, refusing, while we can,
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves.
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome, Gods that sleep,
 Or disregard our follies, or that sit
 Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
 Thee we reject, unable to abide
 Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
 For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
 Then we are free: then liberty, like day,
 Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
 A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not
 Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song,
 A loud

A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, O! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

§ 135. *That Philosophy which stops at Secondary Causes reprov'd.* COWPER.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs,
This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that weilds it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heaven
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine; and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear: he springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects,
Of action and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease that Nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the
And did he not of old employ his means [world?
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means

Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, tho' late, the genuine cause of all.

§ 136. *Rural Sounds as well as Sights delightful.* COWPER.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain, [notes
But cawing rooks, and kites, that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pye, and ev'n the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

§ 137. *The Wearisomeness of what is commonly called a Life of Pleasure.* COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her
It is the constant revolution, stale [own.
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.

Others

Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again,
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it; as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the

dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits—all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been
The boast of mere pretenders to the name. [long
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

§ 138. *Satirical Review of our Trips to France.*

COWPER.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft
Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes,
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True, we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew:
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets, in peace, the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
And, sham'd as we have been, to the very beard
Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows that once
Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence: we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own.
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And shew the shame ye might conceal, at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!

§ 139. *The Pulpit the Engine of Reformation.*

COWPER.

THE Pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware

With what intent I touch the holy thing)—
The Pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
I say the Pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs) [stand,
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete,
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms,
Bright as his own; and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

§ 140. *The Petit-Maitre Clergyman.* COWPER.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof [whose life
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world
To make God's work a sinecure: a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patron's pride—
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

§ 141. *Armine and Elvira, a Legendary Tale.*

CARTWRIGHT.

PART I.

A HERMIT on the banks of Trent,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content
Had fled, from brighter, busier days.
If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh;
And Memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill'd his eye:
Then pious hope and duty prais'd
The wisdom of th' unerring way;
And while his eye to heaven he rais'd,
Its silent waters sunk away.

Life's

Life's gayer ensigns once he bore—
 Ah! what avails the mournful tale?
 Suffice it, when the scene was o'er,
 He fled to the sequester'd vale.
 "What tho' the joys I lov'd so well,
 "The charms," he cry'd, "that youth has
 "known,
 "Fly from the hermit's lonely cell!
 "Yet is not Armine still my own?
 "Yes, Armine, yes, thou valued youth!
 "Midst every grief thou still art mine!
 "Dear pledge of Winifreda's truth,
 "And solace of my life's decline.
 "Tho' from the world and worldly care
 "My wearied mind I mean to free,
 "Yet ev'ry hour that heaven can spare,
 "My Armine, I devote to thee.
 "And sure that heaven my hopes shall bless,
 "And make thee fam'd for virtues fair,
 "And happy too, if happiness
 "Depend upon a parent's pray'r:
 "Last hope of life's departing day,
 "In whom its future scenes I see!
 "No truant thought shall ever stray
 "From this lone hermitage and thee."
 Thus, to his humble fate resign'd,
 His breast each anxious care foregoes;
 All but the care of Armine's mind,
 The dearest task a parent knows!
 And well were all his cares repaid;
 In Armine's breast each virtue grew,
 In full maturity display'd
 To fond Affection's anxious view.
 Nor yet neglected were the charms
 To polish'd life that grace impart:
 Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms
 Till science humanize the heart.
 And, when he saw the lawless train
 Of passions in the youthful breast,
 He curb'd them not with rigid rein,
 But strove to sooth them into rest.
 "Think not, my son, in this," he cry'd,
 "A father's precept shall displease;
 "No—be each passion gratify'd
 "That tends to happiness or ease.
 "Nor shall th' ungrateful task be mine
 "Their native generous warmth to blame,
 "That warmth if reason's suffrage join
 "To point the object and the aim.
 "This suffrage wanting, know, fond boy,
 "That every passion proves a foe:
 "Tho' much it deal in promis'd joy,
 "It pays, alas! in certain woe.
 "Complete Ambition's wildest scheme;
 "In Power's most brilliant robes appear;
 "Indulge in Fortune's golden dream;
 "Then ask thy breast if Peace be there.
 "No: it shall tell thee, Peace retires
 "If once of her lov'd friends depriv'd;

"Contentment calm, subdued desires,
 "And happiness that's self-deriv'd."
 To temper thus the stronger fires
 Of youth he strove; for well he knew,
 Boundless as thought tho' man's desires,
 The real wants of life were few.
 And oft revolving in his breast
 Th' insatiate lust of wealth or fame,
 He, with no common care oppress'd,
 To Fortune thus would oft exclaim:
 "O Fortune! at thy crowded shrine
 "What wretched worlds of suppliants bow!
 "For ever hail'd thy power divine,
 "For ever breath'd the serious vow.
 "With tottering pace and feeble knee,
 "See age advance in shameless haste,
 "The palsi'd hand is stretch'd to thee
 "For wealth he wants the power to taste.
 "See, led by Hope, the youthful train,
 "Her fairy dreams their hearts have won;
 "She points to what they ne'er shall gain,
 "Or dearly gain—to be undone.
 "Must I too form the votive prayer,
 "And wilt thou hear one suppliant more?
 "His prayer, O Fortune! deign to hear,
 "To thee who never pray'd before.
 "O may one dear, one favour'd youth,
 May Armine still thy power disclaim;
 "Kneel only at the shrine of truth,
 "Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame!"
 Lo! to his utmost wishes blest,
 The prayer was heard; and freedom's flame,
 And truth the sunshine of the breast,
 Were Armine's wealth, were Armine's fame.
 His heart no selfish cares confin'd,
 He felt for all that feel distress;
 And, still benevolent and kind,
 He bless'd them, or he wish'd to bless.
 For what tho' Fortune's frown deny
 With wealth to bid the sufferer live,
 Yet Pity's hand can oft supply
 A balm she never knew to give:
 Can oft with lenient drops assuage
 The wounds no ruder hand can heal,
 When grief, despair, distraction, rage,
 While Death the lips of love shall seal.
 Ah then, his anguish to remove,
 Depriv'd of all his heart holds dear,
 How sweet the still surviving love
 Of Friendship's smile, of Pity's tear!
 This knew the sire: he oft would cry,
 "From these, my son, O ne'er depart!
 "These tender charities that tie
 "In mutual league the human heart.
 "Be thine those feelings of the mind,
 "That wake at Honour's, Friendship's call;
 "Benevolence, that unconfined
 "Extends her liberal hand to all.

"By Sympathy's untutor'd voice
 "Be taught her social laws to keep;
 "Rejoice if human heart rejoice,
 "And weep if human eye shall weep.
 "The heart that bleeds for others' woes
 "Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;
 "His breast, who happiness bestows,
 "Reflected happiness shall bless.
 "Each ruder passion still withstood
 "That breaks o'er virtue's sober line,
 "The tender, noble, and the good,
 "To cherish and indulge be thine.
 "And yet, my Armine, might I name
 "One passion as a dangerous guest,
 "Well mayst thou wonder when I blame
 "The tenderest, noblest, and the best.
 "Nature, 'tis true, with love design'd
 "To smooth the race our fathers ran;
 "The savage of the human kind
 "By love was soften'd into man.
 "As feels the ore the searching fire,
 "Expanding and refining too,
 "So fairer glow'd each fair desire,
 "Each gentle thought so gentler grew.
 "How chang'd, alas! those happy days!
 "A train how different now succeeds!
 "While sordid Avarice betrays,
 "Or empty Vanity misleads.
 "Fled from the heart each nobler guest,
 "Each genuine feeling we forego;
 "What nature planted in the breast
 "The flowers of love, are weeds of woe.
 "Hence all the pangs the heart must feel
 "Between contending passions tost,
 "Wild Jealousy's avenging steel,
 "And life, and fame, and virtue lost!
 "Yet falling life, yet fading fame,
 "Compar'd to what his heart annoy
 "Who cherishes a hopeless flame,
 "Are terms of happiness and joy.
 "Ah, then, the soft contagion fly!
 "And timely shun th' alluring bait!"
 The rising blush the downcast eye,
 Proclaim'd—the precept was too late.

PART II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
 Where art had form'd the moated isle,
 An antique castle tow'ring stood,
 In Gothic grandeur rose the pile.
 Here Raymond, long in arms renown'd,
 From scenes of war would oft repair;
 His bed an only daughter crown'd,
 And smil'd away a father's care.
 By Nature's happiest pencil drawn,
 She wore the vernal morning's ray;
 The vernal morning's blushing dawn
 Breaks not so beauteous into day.

Her breast, impatient of controul,
 Scorn'd in its silken chains to lie,
 And the soft language of the soul
 Flow'd from her never-silent eye.
 The bloom that open'd on her face
 Well seem'd the emblem of her mind,
 Where snowy innocence we trace
 With blushing modesty combin'd.
 To these resistless grace impart
 That look of sweetness form'd to please,
 That elegance devoid of art,
 That dignity that's lost in ease.
 What youth so cold could view unmov'd
 The maid that ev'ry beauty shar'd?
 Her Armine saw; he saw, he lov'd;
 He lov'd—alas! and he despair'd!
 Unhappy youth! he sunk oppress'd;
 For much he labour'd to conceal
 That gentlest passion of the breast,
 Which all can feign, but few can feel.
 Ingenuous fears suppress'd the flame,
 Yet still he own'd its hidden power;
 With transport dwelling on her name,
 He sooth'd the solitary hour.
 "How long," he cry'd, "must I conceal
 "What yet my heart could wish were known?
 "How long the truest passion feel,
 "And yet that passion fear to own?
 "Ah, might I breathe my humble vow!
 "Might she too deign to lend an ear!
 "Elvira's self should then allow
 "That Armine was at least sincere.
 "Wild wish! to deem the matchless maid
 "Would listen to a youth like me,
 "Or that my vows could e'er persuade,
 "Sincere and constant tho' they be!
 "Ah! what avail my love or truth?
 "She listens to no lowly swain;
 "Her charms must bless some happier youth,
 "Some youth of Fortune's titled train.
 "Then go, fallacious Hope! adieu!
 "The flattering prospect I resign;
 "And bear from my deluded view
 "The bliss that never must be mine!
 "Yet will the youth, whoe'er he be,
 "In truth or tenderness excel?
 "Or will he on thy charms like me
 "With fondness never-dying dwell?
 "Will he with thine his hopes unite?
 "With ready zeal thy joys improve?
 "With fond attention and delight
 "Each wish prevent, each fear remove?
 "Will he, still faithful to thy charms,
 "For constant love be long rever'd?
 "Nor quit that heaven within thy arms
 "By every tender tie endear'd?
 "What tho' his boastful heart be vain
 "Of all that birth or fortune gave,
 "Yet is not mine, tho' rude and plain,
 "At least as noble and as brave?
 "Then

"Then be its gentle suit preferr'd!
 "Its tender sighs Elvira hear!
 "In vain—I sigh—but sigh unheard;
 "Unpitied falls this lonely tear!"

Twice twelve revolving moons had pass'd,
 Since first he caught the fatal view;
 Unchang'd by time his sorrows last,
 Uncheer'd by hope his passion grew.

That passion to indulge, he sought
 In Raymond's groves the deepest shade;
 There fancy's haunting spirit brought
 The image of his long-lov'd maid.

But hark! what more than mortal sound
 Steals on Attention's raptur'd ear?
 The voice of harmony around
 Swells in wild whispers soft and clear.

Can human hand a tone so fine
 Sweep from the string with touch prophane?
 Can human lip with breath divine
 Pour on the gale so sweet a strain?

'Tis she—the source of Armine's woe—
 'Tis she—whence all his joy must spring—
 From her lov'd lips the numbers flow,
 Her magic hand awakes the string.

Now, Armine, now thy love proclaim,
 Thy instant suit the time demands;
 Delay not—Tumult shakes his frame,
 And lost in ecstasy he stands.

What magic chains thee to the ground?
 What star malignant rules the hour,
 That thus in fix'd delirium drown'd
 Each sense entranc'd hath lost its pow'r?

The trance dispel! awake! arise!
 Speak what untutor'd love inspires!
 The moment's past—thy wild surprise
 She sees, nor unalarm'd retires.

"Stay, sweet illusion! stay thy flight!
 " 'Tis gone!—Elvira's form it wore—
 "Yet one more glimpse of short delight!
 " 'Tis gone, to be beheld no more!

"Fly, loitering feet! the charm pursue
 "That plays upon my hopes and fears!
 "Hah!—no illusion mocks my view!
 " 'Tis she—Elvira's self appears!

"And shall I on her steps intrude?
 "Alarm her in these lonely shades?
 "O stay, fair nymph! no ruffian rude
 "With base intent your walk invades.

"Far gentler thoughts"—his faltering tongue,
 By humble diffidence restrain'd,
 Paus'd in suspense—but thus ere long,
 As love impell'd, its power regain'd:

"Far gentler thoughts that form inspires;
 "With me far gentler passions dwell;
 "This heart hides only blameless fires,
 "Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

"The faltering voice that fears controul,
 "Blushes that inward fires declare,
 "Each tender tumult of the soul
 "In silence owns Elvira there."

He said; and as the trembling dove
 Sent forth t' explore the watery plain,
 Soon fear'd her flight might fatal prove,
 And sudden sought her ark again,
 His heart recoil'd; as one that rued
 What he too hastily confess'd,
 And all the rising soul subdued
 Sought refuge in his inmost breast.

The tender strife Elvira saw
 Distrest; and as some parent mild,
 When arm'd with words and looks of awe,
 Melts o'er the terrors of her child,
 Reproof prepar'd and angry fear
 In soft sensations died away;
 They felt the force of Armine's tear,
 And fled from pity's rising sway.

"That mournful voice, that modest air,
 "Young stranger, speak the courteous breast;
 "Then why to these rude scenes repair,
 "Of shades the solitary guest?

"And who is she whose fortunes bear
 "Elvira's melancholy name?
 "O may those fortunes prove more fair
 "Than hers who sadly owns the same!"

"Ah! gentle maid, in mine survey
 "A heart," he cries, that's yours alone;
 "Long has it own'd Elvira's sway,
 "Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

"On Sherwood's old heroic plain
 "Elvira grac'd the festal day;
 "There, foremost of the youthful train,
 "Her Armine bore the prize away.

"There first that form my eyes survey'd,
 "With future hopes that fill'd my heart;
 "But ah! beneath that frown they fade—
 "Depart, vain, vanquish'd hopes! depart!"

He said; and on the ground his eyes
 Were fix'd abash'd: th' attentive maid,
 Lost in the tumult of surprise,
 The well-remember'd youth survey'd,
 The transient colour went and came;
 The struggling bosom sunk and rose;
 The trembling tumults of her frame
 The strong conflicting soul disclose.

The time, the scene she saw with dread,
 Like Cynthia setting glanc'd away;
 But scatter'd blushes as she fled,
 Blushes that spoke a brighter day.

A friendly shepherd's neighbouring shed
 To pass the live-long night he sought:
 And hope, the lover's downy bed
 A sweeter charm than slumber brought.

On every thought Elvira dwelt,
 The tender air, the aspect kind,
 The pity that he found she felt,
 And all the angel in her mind.

No self-plum'd vanity was there,
 With fancy'd consequence elate;
 Unknown to her the haughty air
 That means to speak superior state.

Her brow no stern resentments arm,
 No swell of empty pride she knew,
 In trivial minds that takes th' alarm,
 Should humble Love aspire to sue.
 Such Love, by flattering charms betray'd,
 Shall yet, indignant, soon rebel,
 And, blushing for the choice he made,
 Shall fly where gentler virtues dwell.
 'Tis then the mind, from bondage free,
 And all its former weakness o'er,
 Asserts its native dignity,
 And scorns what folly priz'd before.
 The scanty pane the rising ray
 On the plain wall in diamonds threw;
 The lover hail'd the welcome day,
 And to his favourite scene he flew.
 There soon Elvira bent her way,
 Where long her lonely walks had been;
 Nor less had the preceding day,
 Nor Armine less endear'd the scene.
 Oft, as she pass'd, her rising heart
 Its stronger tenderness confess'd,
 And oft she linger'd to impart
 To some soft shade her secret breast.
 "How flow the heavy hours advance."
 She cry'd, "since that eventful day,
 "When first I caught the fatal glance
 "That stole me from myself away!
 "Ah, youth belov'd! tho' low thy birth,
 "The noble air, the manly grace,
 "That look that speaks superior worth,
 "Can fashion, folly, fear erase?
 "Yet sure from no ignoble stem.
 "Thy lineage springs, tho' now unknown:
 "The world censorious may condemn,
 "But, Armine, I am thine alone.
 "To splendour only do we live?
 "Must pomp alone our thoughts employ?
 "All, all that pomp and splendour give
 "Is dearly bought with love and joy!
 "But oh!—the favour'd youth appears—
 "In pensive grief he seems to move:
 "My heart forebodes unnumber'd fears;
 "Support it Pity, Virtue, Love!
 "Hither his footsteps seem to bend—
 "Come, Resolution, to my aid!
 "My breast what varying passions rend!
 "Averse to go—to stay—afraid!"
 "Dear object of each fond desire
 "That throbs tumultuous in my breast!
 "Why with averted glance retire?
 "At Armine's presence why distress?
 "What tho' he boast no titled name,
 "No wide extent of rich domain,
 "Yet must he feed a hopeless flame,
 "Must truth and nature plead in vain?"
 "Think not," she said, "by forms betray'd,
 "To humbler worth my heart is blind;
 "For soon shall every splendour fade,
 "That beams not from the gifted mind.

"But first thy heart explore with care,
 "With faith its fond emotions prove;
 "Lurks no unworthy passion there?
 "Prompts not ambition bold to love?"
 "Yes, lovely maid," the youth replies,
 "A bold ambition prompts my breast,
 "The towering hope that love supplies,
 "The wish in blessing to be blest.
 "The meaner prospects I despise
 "That wealth, or rank, or power bestow;
 "Be yours the grovelling bliss ye prize,
 "Ye sordid minds that stoop so low!
 "Be mine the more refin'd delights
 "Of love that banishes controul,
 "When the fond heart with heart unites,
 "And soul's in unison with soul."
 Elvira blush'd the warm reply,
 (To love a language not unknown)
 The milder glories fill'd her eye,
 And there a softer lustre shone.
 The yielding smile that's half suppress'd,
 The short quick breath, the trembling tear,
 The swell tumultuous of the breast,
 In Armine's favour all appear.
 At each kind glance their souls unite,
 While love's soft sympathy imparts
 That tender transport of delight
 That beats in undivided hearts.
 Respectful to his lips he press'd
 Her yielded hand; in haste away
 Her yielded hand she drew distress'd,
 With looks that witness'd wild dismay.
 "Ah whence, fair excellence, those fears?
 "What terror unforeseen alarms?"
 "See! where a father's frown appears"—
 She said, and sunk into his arms.
 "My daughter! heavens! it cannot be—
 "And yet it must—O dire disgrace!
 "Elvira have I liv'd to see
 "Clasp'd in a peasant's vile embrace!
 "This daring guilt let death repay"—
 His vengeful arm the javelin threw;
 With erring aim it wing'd its way,
 And far, by Fate averted, flew.
 Elvira breathes—her pulses beat,
 Returning life illumines her eye:
 Trembling a father's view to meet,
 She spies a reverend hermit nigh.
 "Your wrath," she cries, "let tears assuage—
 "Unheeded must Elvira pray?
 "O let an injur'd father's rage
 "This hermit's sacred presence stay!
 "Yet deem not, lost in guilty love,
 "I plead to save my virgin fame;
 "My weakness Virtue might approve,
 "And smile on Nature's holy flame."
 "O welcome to my hopes again,
 "My son!" the raptur'd hermit cries;
 "I sought thee forrowing on the plain,"
 And all the father fill'd his eyes.

"Art thou," the raging Raymond said,
 "Of this audacious boy the fire?
 "Curse on the dart that idly sped,
 "Nor bade his peasant soul expire!"
 "His peasant soul!"—indignant fire
 Flash'd from the conscious father's eye:
 "A gallant earl is Armine's fire,
 "And know, proud chief, that earl am I.
 "Tho' here, within the hermit's cell,
 "I long have liv'd unknown to fame,
 "Yet crowded camps and courts can tell—
 "Thou too hast heard of Egbert's name."
 "Hah! Egbert! he, whom tyrant rage
 "Forc'd from his country's bleeding breast?
 "The patron of my orphan age,
 "My friend, my warrior stands confest!
 "But why?"—"The painful story spare:
 "That prostrate youth," said Egbert, "see;
 "His anguish asks a parent's care,
 "A parent, once who pitied thee!"
 Raymond, as one who, glancing round,
 Seems from some sudden trance to start,
 Snatch'd the pale lovers from the ground,
 And held them trembling to his heart.
 Joy, Gratitude, and Wonder shed
 United tears o'er Hymen's reign,
 And nature her best triumph led,
 For Love and Virtue join'd her train.

§ 142. *An Italian Song.* ROGERS.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.
 In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave,
 For those that win the race at eve.
 The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

§ 143. *Henry and Emma, a Poem upon the Model
 of the Nut-Brown Maid.* PRIOR.

TO CHLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend; at whose com-
 mand
 (Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;
 Careless of what the censuring world may say:

Bright Chloe, object of my constant vow,
 Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
 Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
 And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
 No longer shall the *Nut-Brown Maid* be old;
 Tho' since her youth three hundred years have
 At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd; [roll'd.
 And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
 No longer man of woman shall complain,
 That he may love and not be lov'd again:
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd;
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
 And, while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame;
 O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse:
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
 And grant me love, the just reward of verse.

As beauty's potent queen, with ev'ry grace,
 That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
 O let the story with thy life agree:
 Let men once more the bright example see;
 What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
 But oh! with pity long-entreated crown
 My pains and hopes; and, when thou say'st
 that one [alone.
 Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
 In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.
 When dreadful Edward with successful care
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
 This lord had headed his appointed bands,
 In firm allegiance to the king's commands;
 And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.
 From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
 In honourable ease and rural sport,
 The remnant of his days he safely pass'd;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
 He made his wish with his estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
 They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
 Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
 Yet as when little round his knees she play'd,
 He call'd her oft, in sport, his *Nut-brown Maid*;
 The friends and tenants took the fondling word
 (As still they please, who imitate their lord);

Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
 The mutual terms around the lands were known ;
 And Emma and the *Nut-brown Maid* were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd ;
 Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
 Oh ! what perfections must that virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair !
 From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth.
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
 They came ; they saw ; they marvell'd ; and they
 By public praises, and by secret sighs, [lov'd.
 Each own'd the gen'ral power of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse, the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ :
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair one's

heart,
 Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects
 of art.

Great Venus must prefer the happy one :
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown :
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him
 alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justify'd their flame ;
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
 His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes :
 In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
 Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
 Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
 In his right hand his beechen pole he bears :
 And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
 Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
 Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
 And shows the path her steed may safest take ;
 Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
 Pleas'd, in his toils, to have her triumph
 crown'd ;

And blows her praises with no common sound.

A falco'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks :
 With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
 Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,
 Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.
 And when superior now the bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
 With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair,
 And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
 Yet still, as from the sportive field he goes,
 His downcast eye reveals his inward woes ;
 And by his look and sorrow is express'd,
 A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves ;
 And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
 The neighb'ring swains around the stranger
 Or to admire or emulate his song : [throng,
 While, with soft sorrow, he renews his lays,
 Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.

But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain ;
 With dutiful respect, and studious fear,
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy, now the house he haunts,
 And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
 With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
 They tell the secret first, which he reveals :
 Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;
 What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
 But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
 A softer look unbends his op'ning brow ;
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply ;
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes ;
 Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
 And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame ;
 And oft, the pangs of absence to remove
 By letters, soft interpreters of love :
 Till time and industry (the mighty two
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
 Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;
 That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
 And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest,
 And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd ;
 The amorous youth frequents the silent groves ;
 And much he meditates, for much he loves.
 He loves : 'tis true ; and is belov'd again ;
 Great are his joys ; but will they long remain ?
 Emma with smiles receives his present flame ;
 But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
 Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds ;
 And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
 Another love may gain her easy youth :
 Time changes thought ; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life !
 Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife ;
 Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;
 And most we question, what we most desire.
 Amongst thy various gifts, great heav'n, bestow
 Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
 With nauseous grief : for our ill-judging thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ;
 Or deems it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
 By one great trial he resolves to prove
 The faith of women, and the force of love.
 If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
 That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure ;
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
 But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail ;
 If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail ;
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon the tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent nature shed her kindly show'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning

flowers;

Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present

crown'd,

Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For diff'rent this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his *Nut-brown Maid*;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more. [pow'r;
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were

laid;

The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid:
At last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes; tho' he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden, first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling, the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran:

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
And only, as the sun's revolving ray,
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For lo! these hands in murder are embru'd;
These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to

rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare,
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there, [care,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and
His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed, at least, my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indiff'rence of the *Nut-brown Maid*:
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe:
For I attest, fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and say:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forlook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour once, is always stain'd:

M m 4

Timely

Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love; [rove.
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
 Let ev'ry tongue its various censures choose;
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
 Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
 And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
 O! let my presence make thy travels light;
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name
 Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
 Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
 Will ever Emma other grace implore, [known,
 Than that this truth should to the world be
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the
 With active force repel the sturdy foe? [bow?
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
 Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd;
 'Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly: [love
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
 A banish'd man condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew:
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame?
 And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Though my inferior strength may not allow,
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
 With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Should'st thou (but Heav'n avert it!) should'st
 thou bleed;
 To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
 hair:

Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?

8

Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
 Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east,
 When, chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
 Berries and acorns from the neighb'ring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (Tho' then alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding fate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return: [mourn;
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man condemn'd in woods
 to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determin'd to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
 While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return:
 And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err), [deer
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the
 With humble duty, and officious haste, [food;
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
 And when, at night, with weary toil oppress,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight
 pray'r

Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
 And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day,
 My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend;
 By all these sacred names be Henry known
 To Emma's heart: and grateful let him own,
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him
 alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
 Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
 Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;

Or

Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the boddice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear,
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side:
The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:
And, with a bolder stride, and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there;
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view;
For such must be my friends; a hideous crew
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches war;
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake;
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love; [rove.
Or leave a banish'd man condemn'd in woods to

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates;
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst; if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,

Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dress'd;
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them, by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd, my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchange'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black foot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better
dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still in Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve; if he shall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
And blow with empty words the susceptible
flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind per-
Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex: [plex?
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou
long'lt to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames and
swords;
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame?
More fatal Henry's words: they murder Em-
ma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?

And

And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee
alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When, arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear:
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee why shouldst thou
pursue?

Forget thy present flame, indulge a new.
Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Changest thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep? let Nature judge
our case;

I saw thee young and fair; pursu'd the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows;
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me with the fair at large in woods
to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend):
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou, forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart; [tear
Thou sure must give one thought and drop one
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove! and, conscious Venus, hear!
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man condemn'd in woods to rove
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess; for she has felt his sword
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And sees his num'rous herd imprint her sands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy
thought

To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn:
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run;
And Age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet superior Love shall mock his pow'r;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold:
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest),
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love!
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there then no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was rash and vain;
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
No other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goodess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel: [pow'rs,
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall
I see thee, lord and end of my desire, [hide)
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Gracious and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them, play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapp'd their wings and low they bow'd:

* Cynosure, an affected phrase; Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole. Dr. Newton on the word in Milton.

They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts; a precious store,
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipp'd with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy;
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopp'd her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught
to yield;

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump
again,

To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlbro's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his.
Let her at least perform what I desire; [hand:
With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great god of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy those memorable loves:
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise,
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

§ 144. *An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight, Comptroller General of his Majesty's Works, and Author of a late Dissertation on Oriental Gardening. Enriched with Explanatory Notes, chiefly extracted from that elaborate Performance.* ANON.

Non omnes arbuta juvant humilesque myricae. VIRGIL.
KNIGHT of the Polar Star! by Fortune plac'd,
To shine the Cynosure* of British taste;

Whose

Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtù;
And spreads their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That Kings themselves are dazzled, while they
gaze!

O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song
With scenes of Yven-Ming*, and sayings of
Li-Tsong†;

Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each ha-ha of truth and common sense;
And, proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of him, whom we and all the world admit
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does Envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train!
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
Witness ye H*lls, ye J*ns, Sc*ts, S*bb*s,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let D**d H*e, from the remotest North,
In fee-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
D**d, who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest Hog of Epicurus' lye;

Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
D**d shall bless old England's halcyon days;
The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smolett from his coffin steal;
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble *truth at Court*‡.

There was a time, "in Escher's peaceful grove,
"When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's
"love,"

That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that Beauty bleis'd their mutual toil.
Mistaken Bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?

Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.
For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and
water§.

So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's;
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolific art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
To Richmond come, for see untutor'd Brown
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's Cave;
Knock'd down the waxen Wizard, seiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet de-
Of Stephen Duck and good Queen Caroline. [sign
Haste, bid yon livelong Terrace re-ascend,
Re-place each vista, straighten every bend;
Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's King?
No! let Barbaric glories || feast his eyes,
August Pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
"A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew."

Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl¶;

* One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin.

† "Many trees, shrubs, and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants, and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

‡ Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of Lord B—te's administration.

§ This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. "Nature (says the Chinese, or Sir William for him) affords us but few materials to work with. Plants, ground, and water, are her only productions; and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of *changes rung upon bells*, which, though in reality different, still produce the same unit in kind of *jingling*; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived."—"Art must therefore supply the *scantiness of Nature*." &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, like the honest Bachelor's feast, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; *three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies*." Preface, page 7.

|| So Milton:

"Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings *Barbaric* pearl and gold."

¶ "In their lofty woods *serpents* and *lizards* of many beautiful sorts crawl upon the ground. Innumerable *monkies, cats, and parrots* clamber upon the trees." Page 40. "In their lakes are many *islands*, some small, some large, amongst which are seen stalking along, *the elephant*, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant baboon." Page 66. "They keep, in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by it, and guarded by enormous *dogs of Tibet*, and *African giants*,"

Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In some fair island will we turn to grafs
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and afs.
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades, [maids;
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar
Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we
Damsels alike adroit to sport and sting. [bring
Now, to our lawns of dalliance and delight
Join we the groves of horror and affright:
This to atchieve no foreign aids we try;
Thy gibbets, Bagshot *! shall our wants supply;
Hounslow whose heath sublimer terrors fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder-mills.
Here too, O King of Vengeance †, in thy fane,
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain †;
And round that fane, on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate-history;
On this shall H*ll*d's dying speech be read,
Here B—te's confession, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age,
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)
The R*g*ys, —s §, Mungos, B*df*ws there,
In straw-stuff effigy, shall kick the air.
But, say ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls ||?
The Eastern feature, Art must next produce:
Tho' not for present yet for future use,
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould:
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;

For Him, that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
Of marble arches ¶, in a bridge, that cuts
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts,
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the bishoprick of Parson Horne.
There, at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's Street;
Stout T*lb*t there shall ply with hackneychair**,
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there ††.
Like distant thunder, now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its
weight;
The Court hath cross'd the stream; the sports
Now N**l preaches of rebellion's sin: [begin,
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fl**r's eyes ††.
While skulking round the pews, that babe of
grace,
Who ne'er before at sermon shew'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop, stop thief§§!
He's stol'n the E* of D*nb*hs' handkerchief.
Let B*rr*t*n arrest him in mock fury |||,
And M**d hang the knave ¶¶ without a jury.
But hark! the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Macaronis are at war***; [stocks,
The Jews prevail, and, thundering from the
They seize, they bind, they circumcise ††† C*sF*.
Fair Schw***n smiles the sport to see,
And all the Maids of Honour cry Te-he †††!

giants, in the habits of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses: where beauteous *Tartarean damsels*, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusakin down." Page 40.

* "Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. *Gibbets*, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, foundries, lime-kilns, and glass-works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of volcanos." Page 37. "Here the passenger from time to time is surpris'd with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here submitted the occasional explosion of a *powder-mill*, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of *lime-kilns* and *electrical machines*, and imitate *thunder* and the *explosion of cannon* into the bargain. Vide page 40.

† "In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the *King of Vengeance*, near which are placed pillars of stone, with *pathetic descriptions of tragical events*; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by *outlaws* and *robbers*." Page 37.

‡ This was written when Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

§ *Martins*. The asterisks will be easily supplied.

|| "There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming Yven, near Pekin, a *fortified town*, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale. In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much the *slaves of their greatness* to appear in public, and their women, who are secluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital which is here represented, several times of the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

¶ Sir William's enormous account of Chinese *bridges*, too long to be here inserted. Vide page 53.

** "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

†† "Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." Page 33.

‡‡ "Drew iron tears down Plato's cheek." Milton.

§§ "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dextrous eunuchs!" Vide *ibid*.

||| "The watch seizes on the culprit." Vide *ibid*.

¶¶ "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." *Ibid*.

*** "Quarrels happen—battles ensue." *Ibid*.

††† "Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons." *ibid*.

††† This is done to divert his Imperial Majesty, and the ladies of his train." Vide *ibid*.

Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great B*nsfw*k's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er, from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
'Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd;
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprise,
O let that Bard his Knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

§ 145. *Pleasures of Memory: a Poem.*

By SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

DOWN by yon hazel copse, at evening blaz'd
The Gypsy's faggot--there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt-face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest
shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:
And heroes fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,
How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes
and fears,

To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my
breast!

This truth once known--To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way;
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his pray'r; "Long may such good-
"nefs live!"

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with fullen
swell [well!

The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes fare-
It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
'That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

§ 146. *From the Same.*

OFt has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From fire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak war'd the winter wind;

When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from his door,
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth;
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations blest the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—
'Tis vain! thro' ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest. [attest,
When with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
Want, with her babes, round generous Valour
clung,

To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd
from the sky.

§ 147. *From the Same.*

WHEN the blithe son of Savoy, roving round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Of, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With Memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends, to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chace the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on phrenzys wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain,
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!

He,

He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
Who from the quarried mass, like Phidias drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.

Cold was her grasp, a withering frown she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothing of his art!
From the rude stone, what bright ideas start!
Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images declare,
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
Go, spring the mine of elevated thought.

He who, thro' Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, prophan'd by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.

Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So richly cultur'd ev'ry native grace:
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?
When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove th' impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the light leaves the truant-boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

§ 148. *From the Same.*

OF may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!

O thou! with whom my heart was wont to
share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happiness below;

If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul:
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

§ 149. *Verses on a Tear. From the Same.*

OH! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.
The little brilliant ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sentibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law * which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

* The law of Gravitation.

§ 150. *A Sketch of the Alps at Day-break.*
From the Same.

THE sun beams streak the azure skies,
 And line with light the mountain's brow :
 With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
 And chase the roe-buck thro' the snow.
 From rock to rock, with giant bound,
 High on their iron poles they pass;
 Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
 Rend from above a frozen mass *.
 The goats wind slow their wonted way,
 Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
 Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
 From desert cave or hanging wood.
 And while the torrent thunders loud,
 And as the echoing cliffs reply,
 The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,
 Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

§ 151. *A Wisp.* *From the Same.*

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
 A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.
 The swallow, off, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.
 Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.
 The village-church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were giv'n,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heav'n.

§ 152. *An Ode on Classic Education* †. ANON.

DOWN the steep abrupt of hills
 Furious foams the headlong tide,
 Thro' the meads the streamlet trills,
 Swelling slow in gentle pride.
 Ruin vast and dread dismay
 Mark the clam'rous cataract's way.
 Glad increase and sweets benign
 Round the riv'let's margin shine.

Youth! with steadfast eye peruse
 Scenes to lesson thee display'd;
 Yes—in these the moral Muse
 Bids thee see thyself pourtray'd.
 Thou with headstrong wasteful force
 Mayst reflect the torrent's course;
 Or resemble streams, that flow
 Blest and blessing as they go.

Infant sense to all our kind
 Pure the young ideas brings,
 From within the fountain mind
 Issuing at a thousand springs.

Who shall make the current stray
 Smooth along the channell'd way?
 Who shall, as it runs, refine?
 Who? but CLASSIC DISCIPLINE.
 She, whatever fond desire,
 Stubborn deed or guileful speech,
 Inexperience might inspire,
 Or absurd indulgence teach,
 Timely cautious shall restrain,
 Bidding childhood hear † the rein
 She with sport shall labour mix,
 She excursive fancy fix.

Prime support of learned lore,
 PERSEVERANCE joins her train,
 Pages oft turn'd o'er and o'er
 Turning o'er and o'er again;
 Giving, in due form of school,
 Speech its measure, pow'r, and rule:
 Meanwhile memory's treasures grow
 Great, tho' gradual; sure, tho' slow.

Patient CARE by just degrees
 Word and image learns to class;
 Those compounds, and sep'rates these,
 As in strict review they pass;
 Joins, as various features strike,
 Fit to fit and like to like,
 Till in meek array advance
 Concord, Method, Elegance.

TIME meanwhile, from day to day,
 Fixes deeper Virtue's root;
 Whence, in long succession gay,
 Blossoms many a lively shoot:
 Meek Obedience, following still,
 Frank and glad, a Master's will;
 Modest CANDOUR, hearing prone
 Any judgment save its own:

EMULATION, whose keen eye
 Forward still and forward strains,
 Nothing ever deeming high
 While a higher hope remains:
 SHAME ingenuous, native, free,
 Source of conscious dignity:
 ZEAL impartial to pursue
 Right, and just, and good and true.

These and ev'ry kindred grace
 More and more perfection gain;
 While ATTENTION toils to trace
 Grave record or lofty strain;
 Learning how, in Virtue's pride,
 Sages liv'd or heroes died;
 Marking how in Virtue's cause
 Genius gave and won applause.

Thus with EARLY CULTURE blest,
 Thus to early rule inur'd,
 Infancy's expanding breast
 Glows with sense and pow'rs matur'd,
 Whence, if future merit raise
 Private love or public praise,
 Thine is all the work—be thine
 The glory—CLASSIC DISCIPLINE.

* There are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above. GRAY, *sect. v. let. 4.*

† Spoken in the year 1794 at the annual Visitation of Dr. Knox's School at Tunbridge.

‡ *Adde curras habenas.* VIRGIL.

